



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

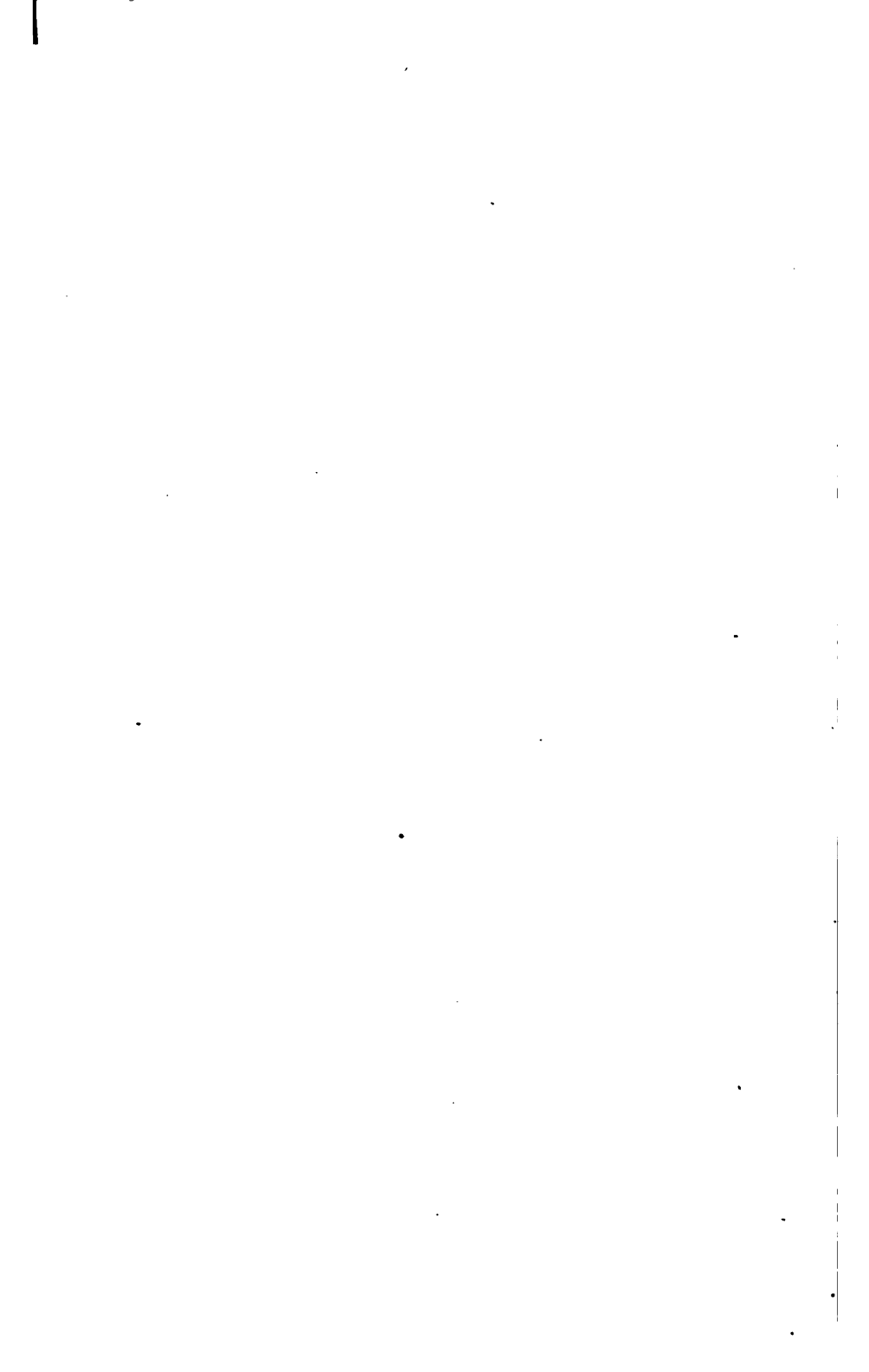
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per 384 d $\frac{25}{23}$

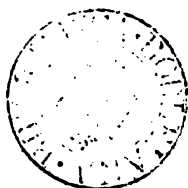


BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-THIRD.



LONDON:
A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

1873.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHANCERY CROSS.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIII.

- Mr. Fredrick Brockman : a Biography, 1.
Tally-ho, 3.
Stud Prospects, 4.
Letters to Tyro, 11, 64.
Country Quarters : The Cheltenham Staghouads, 16.
 Ditto The Vale of the White Horse, 67.
 Ditto The Tedworth, 148.
 Ditto The South Wilts, 188.
 Ditto Hertfordshire, 250.
November and December in the Shires—Rugby, 29
Cricket : The School Averages, 39, 353, 403.
Our Van, 48, 110, 172, 233, 293, 362, 418.
Sir Humphrey de Trafford : a Biography, 63.
The Pheasant and the Fox, 79.
Wolf-Hunting and Wild Sport in Brittany, 80, 126, 200, 269, 320, 379.
Lord Kintore on Mr. Meynell's System of Hunting, 88.
Recollections of our Stale Contributor, 93, 134.
A Dream of the Happy Hunting Grounds, 97.
A Shooting Excursion from Naples, 104.
Forest Hunting, 107.
The Earl of Guilford : a Biography, 125.
Coursing : The Waterloo Cup, 138.
The Dog Breaker, 144.
Tom Hills, 161.
A Day's Shooting near Ephesus, 165.
A Night's Fishing by the Bay of Biscay, 168.
Lieutenant-Colonel Everett : a Biography, 187.
A Man from the next Country, 208.
Mr. Trelawny's Foxhounds, 219.

A Day amongst the Ptarmigan, 224.
'The Fayre One with ye Golden Locks,' 226, 285, 328.
The Vixen, 232.
Viscount Valentia: a Biography, 249.
The Shires: Melton, 277.
Turtle Turning at Ascension Island, 289.
Lord Carington: a Biography, 311.
Fresh Fields and Pastures New, 312.
Lord Zetland, 318.
Farewell to the Horn, 327.
The Lovers' Quarrel, 338.
The Road in 1873, 339, 387.
Otter Hunting in the West, 343.
May Song, 349.
A Chapter on Bagmen, 349.
Yachting and Rowing, 360, 414.
The Earl of Shannon: a Biography, 373
Our Contemporary Reviewer, 374.
Vive la Chasse! 385.
Sport in France in 1793 and 1873, 395.
A Strange Adventure with a Tiger, 400.
The Old Horse, 399.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title-page—Mr. Yardley.

Mr. Fredrick Brockman. . . Page 1	Lieutenant-Colonel Everett Page 287
Sir Humphrey de Trafford . . . 63	Viscount Valentia 249
The Earl of Guilford 125	Lord Carington 311

The Earl of Shannon, page 373.



Portrait

Portrait

Friedrich Brockman

born 1811, died 1881

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. FREDRICK BROCKMAN.

THE portrait of this gentleman, of all Masters of Hounds the best known to the British Army, will be recognised by many an old friend, not only in his own country but in far-distant lands, with pleasant memories and hearty greeting; and, for ourselves, we beg to thank him for the honour he has done our Valhalla by the addition of his good company.

Mr. Fredrick Brockman was the seventh son of Mr. James Drake Brockman, of Beachborough, Kent; and by the death of his late brother, the Rev. Tatton Brockman, succeeded, in 1868, to the patrimonial estates. It needed not, however, the broad acres of Beachborough to start him as a Master of Hounds; for, so far back as the year 1833, we find him succeeding Lord Fitzwalter and Mr. William Deedes, of Sandling Park, as Master of the East Kent Hounds; those gentlemen having followed Sir Henry Oxenden, of Broome Park, who had a noted pack of spayed bitches, and hunted the country for fourteen years. From that date to the year 1871, a period of thirty-eight years, Mr. Brockman carried his own horn, doing his duty in the field like a thorough workman, showing fine sport and managing his country with signal success. Indeed, but for his tact towards the farmers, with whom he was a great favourite, foxes would have fared but ill among the great game preserves with which that land abounds. In spite of many difficulties, therefore, and sundry discouragement, Mr. Brockman succeeded not only in establishing a rare pack of hounds in East Kent, but in creating a fine spirit and love of fox-hunting among the tenant farmers of that country. In those early days it was found necessary to turn out a batch of French foxes, which, landed at Dover and passed through the Custom House without paying duty, were turned out at the dead of night in the interior of the Beachborough covers. One of them, however, a remarkably white fox, found his way next morning into the York Hotel, Dover, evidently bent on taking his passage home by a return packet; but he fell into good hands, as luck would have it, and that night the landlord despatched him again in a safe box to

Beachborough, and this time he was put down on more distant and safer ground.

Mr. Brockman's father kept hounds before him for a long period, so the son's ears must have been attuned to kennel-music from his earliest childhood, and his nature indoctrinated with that love of hunting that made him what he was, and will only end with life. Although a real houndsman, and essentially one of the old school, letting hounds alone when they could work, and only helping them when they couldn't; dearly loving, too, plenty of music from the 'tambourines,' yet few men could be quicker in their casts than he was, and none could kill a shifty or flying fox in better style.

His military field were not always under proper discipline, and in the cub-hunting season especially, when young hounds require the undivided attention of huntsmen and whips, the sudden appearance of half-a-dozen blazers from the adjoining camp at six in the morning, was a visitation to which Mr. Brockman was not unfrequently treated. On one occasion he had just found a litter of cubs in Ilden Wood, and was rattling them up and down, like bones in a dice-box, when 'Tally-ho !' 'Gone away !' came ringing on his ears from the upper side, and he had just time to view an old dog-fox making himself scarce, and striding over the open for a distant cover. 'He's gone away, I tell ye—gone away,' shouted several young heroes madly ; 'Come on, old fellow, clap 'em on ; this was his line.'

Now Mr. Brockman's apparel was not exactly hunting costume, but simply an old Tweed shooting-coat, and pantaloons to match, all telling visibly of cover work and many a rough day ; so the blazers, mistaking him for one of the kennel servants, shouted the lustier at him : 'This way, I tell ye, old fellow ; he's gone away, gone away.'

The hounds, however, coming to the edge of the cover at that moment, were instantly stopped by Mr. Brockman's 'Loo-back, 'Loo-back,' to the great chagrin of the officers, one of whom, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a crown, telling him to pouch that, and clap on the hounds ; another said, he'd make it half-a-sovereign, at the same time trying to force the money into his hands. But Mr. Brockman, lifting his finger to his forelock, said, firmly, 'Much as my place is worth, sir ; daren't do it ; hoick-back, 'hoick-back.' An hour after, having killed their cub, the whole party pulled up at a way-side inn for refreshment, when the landlord, taking his hat off to Mr. Brockman, as he handed him a glass of sherry, made it too apparent to the heroes who the 'old fellow' was whom they had treated with so little ceremony. However, during the subsequent season, Mr. Brockman was never the worse friends with them for that little episode.

When at length, from sheer ill health, he was compelled to resign his horn and hounds, it is impossible to describe the regret with which that step was viewed by the whole country ; and a valuable gift of plate—a heavy load for one sideboard—bore testimony to his good service, and the esteem in which he was held by his-fellow-men.

TALLY-HO !

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THERE are soul-stirring chords in the fiddle and flute
When dancing begins in the hall,
And a goddess in muslin, that's likely to suit,
Is the mate of your choice for the ball ;
But the player may strain every finger in vain,
And the fiddler may rosin his bow,
Nor flourish, nor string, such rapture shall bring,
As the music of sweet Tally-Ho !

There's a melody, too, in the whispering trees
When day has gone down in the west,
And a lullaby soft in the sigh of the breeze
That hushes the woods to their rest ;
There are madrigals fair in the voices of air,
In the stream with its ripple and flow,
But a merrier tune shall delight us at noon,
In the music of sweet Tally-Ho !

When Autumn is flaunting his banner of pride
For glory that summer has fled,
Arrayed in the robes of his royalty, dyed
In tawny, and orange, and red ;
When the oak is yet rife with the vigour of life,
Though his acorns are dropping below,
Through bramble and brake shall the echoes awake,
To the ring of a clear Tally-Ho !

' A fox, for a Hundred !' they know it, the pack,
Old Chorister always speaks true,
And the Whip from his corner is told to come back,
And forbid to go on for a view.
Now the varmint is spied, as he crosses the ride,
A tough old campaigner I trow—
Long, limber, and grey, see him stealing away
—Half a minute !—and then—Tally-Ho !

Mark Fanciful standing, all eye and all ear,
One second, ere, wild for the fun,
She is lashing along with the pace of a deer,
Her comrades to join in the run.
Your saddle you grip, gather bridle and whip,
Give your hunter the office to go,
In his rush through the air little breath is to spare
For the cheer of your wild Tally-Ho !

At the end of the wood the old farmer in brown,
 On the back of his good little mare,
 Shows a grin of delight and a jolly bald crown,
 As he holds up his hat in the air ;
 Though at heart he's as keen as if youth were still green,
 Yet (a secret all sportsmen should know)
 Not a word will he say till the fox is away,
 Then he gives you a real Tally-Ho !

There's a scent, you may swear, by the pace that they drive,
 You must tackle to work with a will,
 For as sure as you stand in your stirrups alive,
 It's a case of a run and a kill !
 So I wish you good speed, a good line, and a lead,
 With the luck of each fence where it's low,
 Not the last of the troop, may you hear the Who-Whoop,
 Well pleased as you heard Tally-Ho !

STUD PROSPECTS.

WHEN the last saddling bell at Warwick has tolled the knell of the legitimate racing season, and the silks and satins of the Turf proper are folded away, to see the light again with the buds of March, we turn from the last leaves of the Calendar, erst so fruitful a theme for contemplation, to its first page, and quitting the post for the paddock, commence anew an attempt to unravel that theory of breeding which seems, year by year, less reducible to practice. After all that has been said and written and argued on the subject, the minds of men are eventually led away from fancies anent the systems propounded by those learned in the breeding art, to that solemn array of stubborn facts and hard figures which go to make up Messrs. Weatherby's annual list of 'Winning Stallions.' Nothing succeeds like success, and let a horse but once make himself a name by the parentage of a youngster of more than average promise, his haras is immediately besieged by an anxious host of Belgravian mothers, eager for early favours, the owners of which despatch them to those happy pastures, regardless oftentimes of blood, or make, or shape, in their insane search after 'running blood.' It is left for the yearly record above alluded to, to show what success such popularity has achieved; and let a horse have one or two unsuccessful seasons, and his name is well-nigh wiped out of our remembrance, save where his services are advertised along with the common herd. Year by year we notice the same familiar dishes in the breeder's bill of fare, and as the old and well-tried ones drop away, there are plenty of aspirants for the vacant places; while it is curious to notice the various methods adopted by owners or lessees of stallions to attract the public notice. Some are so curt and exact

in their advertisements, that we may be sure their wares are pretty well known and appreciated, while others rival Autolycus himself in their glowing descriptions, and leave nothing to be imagined regarding the blood, performances, and looks of their pets. But by the sublime impartiality of alphabetical order and identity of type, all are brought to the same dead level in the pages of *Weatherby*, and long and anxious will be the discussion their perusal will evoke in the long evenings sacred to many a tale of racing lore, and to consultations as to entries in important stakes on the point of closing. Death has laid his hand on many of those whose names figure prominently as successful sires, and owners of brood mares are busily casting about for something to take their favourites' place; for most are prejudiced in favour of some particular strain of blood, and are inclined to seek the same taproot over and over again. Fortunately, every one considers himself capable of breeding a Derby winner, and inasmuch as ideas differ widely as to the method to be adopted, it comes to pass that even the third-rate animals advertised to stand at moderate prices attain a moderate degree of patronage; for as there is a certain class in the community of breeders who rush at fashionable blood and high prices, so there is a still larger division who prefer breeding their Cup horse on the cheap, and who live in hopes of immortalizing their obscure sires by some happy hit or chance cross of blood. The dispersion of the great *Blenkiron* establishment will leave open, for those who choose to contend for it, the vacant place of premier breeding stud of England; but inasmuch as the Stud Company makes no sign, and Her Majesty is content with the beaten ways and old paths, it is improbable that that honour will be hotly contested. So many owners, now-a-days, the more influential and important especially, prefer to breed their own animals, that there is great danger of the market being glutted with inferior goods, as was the case last year at *Doncaster*; and the plunging division having subsided, there is none of that keen competition which woke up the ring-side so merrily on the old *Eltham* Saturdays. The present existence of so many weedy and worthless animals is owing to the fact, that when breeding was temporarily a paying game, every one with his taste in the slightest degree that way inclined deemed it possible by the acquisition of any mare in the '*Stud Book*' to realize a speedy fortune, and many an embryo *Blenkiron* must now be uselessly lamenting the want of judgment which led him to undertake, unadvisedly, a business far beyond his experience or capabilities.

Among the 'mighty dead,' the halo of whose glory still survives in the achievements of their offspring, we may reckon the 'Emperor' of stallions, whose memory *Cantinière* once threatened to make more famous than ever; *Skirmisher* of the 'accursed blood'; the neat little *Saccharometer*, on whose behalf Mr. Eyke laboured so energetically; *Wild Dayrell*, a sad failure at the stud; the angular *Beadsman*, whose stock so well rewarded the perseverance and fidelity of Sir Joseph; the heavy-shouldered *Nutbourne*, beloved of

Sussex yeomen ; Prime Minister, of the old Melbourne line ; Westminster and West Australian, those 'lights of other days ;' and a host of minor luminaries, whose setting rays have attracted no attention.

Blair Athol, of course, is 'full,' and Parmesan, with the Ranger as his aide-de-camp, receives at Rufford. As the sire of two Derby winners, the natty little Sweetmeat fully deserves his promotion into the 'century' list, and no victory was ever better merited or received than Cremorne's, home-bred, home-trained, and, we might almost add, home-ridden. Lord Clifden is another potent seigneur, whose services Hawthornden and Wenlock have raised to three figures, and Citadel, the hero of the Agricultural Hall, and beloved of Captain White, boldly inscribes 'Acropolis' on his banner, and revels in his Sortie blood. Monarque right royally upholds the fame of fair France, and Trumpeter, who generally gives us some youngster out of the common, has kept his place fairly among the 'Sires of the Day.' So good-looking a horse, and sure foal-getter, is certain to repay the patronage of the public, and he worthily occupies old Orlando's drawing-room at Hampton Court. The fiery 'Saint' appropriately succeeds him on the winning list, and the padded and palisaded box at the Royal Stud still attracts his old admirers, who stood by the 'stallion' through his brilliant fortune of the spring, and found their allegiance crowned by a still more glorious autumn triumph. Young Melbourne, who has twice 'run up' for Derby honours with General Peel and Pall Mall, still hobbles round those jealously walled enclosures, and 'twenty-five mares at fifty guineas' is his portion.

If Blair Athol or Cremorne had never been foaled, and if fate had permitted the Earl to carry the colours of Spider and Fly in Blue Gown's year, what would his 'figure' and his fame have been? Adventurer holds his own fairly, and his son, one of the few lucky Pretenders, solicits public support at Fairfield, with Mandrake and Macgregor as his companions. The former will be sought after by those who worship the old Weatherbit blood—the recollection of a yearling or two by him still lingers in our minds—while the sensational Two Thousand winner, a much-abused Derby 'impostor,' will have a chance among the Northern Division of breeders. No more stoutly-bred horse can be found in the list, and those who talk of want of size, or length, or point suspiciously at 'proppey' forelegs, had better think of Parmesan, and hold their peace. Macaroni's stock have hardly kept up their reputation, but he will have a rare chance at Cobham, and the Stud Company have done wisely and well in securing such an addition to their horses. For Scottish Chief we have always had a most sincere respect, and the change from Moorlands to Hurstbourne may work an alteration in his rather fretful temperament. King of the Forest and Marie Stuart are no bad advertisements, and nearly everything got by the Chief can run. Oxford and the Duke are, of course, standing dishes at Yardley, and Messrs. Graham, those

Blenkiron of the North, are sure of abundance of patronage for their favourites. Their sample of home produce at Doncaster only needed to be seen to be appreciated, and their enterprise in 'un-earthing' an unknown sire like Oxford, and their boldness in dipping so deeply into an untried animal like the Duke, has met with its due reward. The hollow-backed Cathedral has done as well as could be expected, considering that he had no pretensions to be considered a first-class performer, but the Tykes have a sort of fondness for him not easily to be explained. Old 'Rat' still presides at Tickhill, but his fame is a trifle on the wane, and when Drummond 'curled up' in the St. Leger, many of his former followers forsook him and fled. The gallant grey Strathconan keeps him company, but the public will not patronize second-class horses, and so the Newminster cross with Chanticleer is likely enough to die out. Marsyas, whose nervousness seems to abate with years, is one of the Cobham stars; but his old companion, Saunterer, still lingers in the peaceful shades of Eltham, and the sloping stallion parade-ground, so well known and loved of holiday-making cockneys, will know the fiery black once again. Victorious and King John, too, are not divided, and Hawthornden is a new aspirant for stud honours in the deep Kentish pastures. Thunderbolt is Mr. Alexander's mainstay at Sutton Place, and if a few more of the Vulcan stamp could be ensured, his forty-guinea subscription would not be long in filling. Austria has claimed Kettledrum, who most assuredly failed to make his mark at home; and France, with Plutus, Dollar, and the Flying Dutchman, need not fear for holding her own when Greek meets Greek. Lord Lyon is under Milton's charge once more, and, with the memory of Cœur de Lion and other youngsters of more than average merit, is not likely to languish in the cold shade of opposition. No horse ever stamped his image more exactly on his offspring than my Lord, and as a descendant of Stockwell, he seems bound to sustain the family reputation. The mighty 'King' still responds to Markham's greeting of 'Tom, Tom,' in the snug Mentmore homestead, and if he can show but few winners this year, he can, at least, lay claim to that exclusive patronage which keeps his name from appearing with the common herd in the great page of the Calendar, and dooms him to a select coterie of stud matrons. Lecturer, Restitution, and the evergreen North Lincoln, are his faithful henchmen in 'the Vale,' and will dispute the Monarch's throne when he shuffles off this mortal coil. Old Calabar owes most of his winnings to that erratic animal Indian Ocean, and Lambton lives yet to get more 'tight 'uns' for the honour of the Cure and the accursed house of Blacklock. Caterer and Camerino are much of a kidney, and both deck their offspring with the white feather for which both were so conspicuous, while Knight of St. Patrick, appropriately enough, keeps his collar days in the Emerald Isle.

Breeders may regret, in after-times, that Silesia has claimed Fitz-Roland, and Austria that very handsome horse Cambuscan, for men

do not pick up Paladins and Onslows every day of the week. If Spennithorne has made the Count, Lilian has done the same kind office by Wingrave; and Orest could always get his little 'uns to run a bit, and with that somewhat unlucky horse, The Drummer, holds his court at Alfriston. The 'luckless game Dundee' makes no sign in the advertising columns, and a more distinguished brother in arms, Thormanby, rather pines in retirement at Moorlands. When we paid him a visit in the autumn, no horse could possibly look better; but, somehow or other, his stock train off, though there is plenty of time for the chesnut to make his mark yet. Knight of the Garter and Speculum bear him company within hearing of the Minster Bells; and Yorkshire has nodded its approval of the former, while the latter's foals, at any rate, do not lack size. Cape Flyaway gets a winner now and then, and in Ireland many have a good word to say for Solon. Nothing has come yet from Ely 'the beautiful;' but Julius has done well his first season, and Wellingtonia at one time threatened to bring the name of Chattanooga prominently before the public. Thorn has, in a measure, revived the name of King of Trumps, but the breed do not stay; and Knowsley does creditably, but is still on hire at Enfield. No one regrets the exportation of that 'noble savage,' The Marquis, to Australia; but Toxophilite's name will be handed down to posterity as the sire of that sterling horse, Musket. Atherstone, considering his chances, has not done amiss, and old Arthur Wellesley still keeps his head above water. Sundeelah is announced as Grand Master at Middlethorpe, but we fancy the Leopard must change his spots before winning the Derby, and time will show whether or not he is one of those chance horses which periodically disturb breeding calculations, and elevate their sires into wonders of a day. At any rate the blood is as undeniable as it is rare, so it is only fair it should have a trial. Caractacus is no great loss, but Breadalbane gave promise of better things before the Prussians requisitioned him at Middle Park.

Among the lesser lights of the breeding world, and the untried division of 'fathers of our kings to be,' we may especially notice Blinkhoolie and Broomielaw. The former, whom Mr. Watson has got at Waresley, has stamped his image on one or two remarkably good-looking youngsters, led round the sale rings of the past year; while his brother in blood at Elsham has already made his mark with a winner or two. And if he only gets the chance he deserves, Colonel Astley may well be proud of him, even if the red and green is wiped out of Weatherby's pages. Costa and Cramond only demand a modest 'tenner' for their services; but what can read better than their pedigree tables? Le Maréchal, too, combines some excellent strains of blood, but, after all, we must have another Christopher Sly before he will command popularity, for any duffer can get a few platers. Mr. Cookson's patronage of the Palmer and the Earl will secure them a just share of public support, and we hope they have not yet lost the patent for breeding winners of the Oaks at Neasham. The Palmer is almost as handsome a horse as

his full brother, Rosicrucian ; but we suppose that the world which 'credits what is done,' and is deaf 'to all that might have been,' will think doubtfully of his staying powers, until he unexpectedly makes himself famous. One or two of the Earl's stock we have seen make us regret that there is not more of that Promised Land and Vedette power of procreation about him, which yearly filled the Diss paddock to overflowing, and made it worthy of Brigham Young's especial patronage. Paul Jones, like many other hapless seconds for great races, is left out in the cold at Bromsgrove, and it will take the horse power of many 'steam-engines' to bring him into notice. Breeders seem to fight shy of the Wild Dayrell blood, or the Rake would not have quitted his box at Newmarket to seek patronage further North ; but Elland should not be suffered to pine unnoticed, as he possessed the rare qualification of staying, and has proved his ability to get something that can run. See-Saw, though located somewhat too remotely, ought to have a chance given him, and possesses, at least, equal claims to stoutness as his illustrious sire.

It is difficult to imagine what claims Tibthorpe may have to the notice of breeders, but at any rate he will have an opportunity of propping up the fortunes of the house of Blacklock, and might profitably be sent to 'walk' Hayling Island during the season. The description of Westwick is worthy of the late Mr. George Robins, and as Yorkshire was once mad on him for the St. Leger, that enthusiastic county may be tempted to give him their support ; and truly his blood is undeniable on paper. And we should not be doing our readers justice if we closed this brief notice without an allusion to the collection at the Glasgow Stud Farm, an inspection of which will convince even the 'Senex' and congenial twaddlers of his acquaintance, that blood and bone may occasionally go together, and size be associated with substance. The nomenclature is somewhat confusing, and the repetition of names a stumbling-block to both Jew and Gentile ; but we shall be surprised if many of those sires to let are disengaged in February next, and heartily commend them to the notice of Her Majesty's Government, who might form them into the nucleus of a central depôt for the production of cavalry horses, admitting a certain number of public mares. Should they ever come into the market, we may depend that there are plenty on the look-out for them, and the army of foreigners will quickly gather round to sweep them away from the shores of *perfidie Albion* for ever. Some fine day or other Lord Glasgow's name will be held in greater reverence as a contributor of good and stout blood to the Turf, than when he persisted in matching his horses with more pluck than judgment, and in handicapping his own stable out of every important event ; and those connected with the Enfield Stud are doing true service to the community by keeping together the tribe of giants at present under their care, for times and fashions will change, and breeders, both for home and foreign markets, will find it to their advantage to patronize animals, whose stock, if they should dis-

appoint the trainer, are likely to be more useful in other capacities than the many weeds annually turned adrift from racing establishments.

We shall not prolong the notice of the 'Sires of the Day' by any attempt to discuss the much-vexed question of the deterioration of the thoroughbred, and shall forbear to lead our readers into that labyrinth of facts and fancies so ingeniously laid before them by maudlin sentimentalists; so to 'Senex' and his opponents we leave to settle their differences through 'the largest circulation in the 'world.' England is the nursery of the thoroughbred, and if our national resources have been somewhat heavily drawn upon by other countries, we should take it rather as a compliment to our reputation than as a reproach to our national pride. We should accept the sentiment put into the mouth of the worldly-wise Achilles by the greatest of living poets:

' Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are.'

We have supplied the Continent with material to carry on a system of sport copied from our racing practice at home, and if we have winged an enemy's dart, we should be the last to grumble at our loss of feathers. As a nation of shopkeepers we shall probably continue that exportation of thoroughbred stock, which certain wiseacres insist should be kept at home, forgetting that we have already material at hand more than enough to supply the demands of the British Turf, and assuming that the foreigners possess the luck and judgment to select the best and most perfect animals for their purpose. There is still enough of spirit and enterprise left among English breeders to prevent our choicest and best proved strains of blood from becoming extinct in the land, and we only require some national representative Stud to put our own country on a footing with those whose rulers—wise in their generation—have thought it worth while to foster national tastes tending in so useful and profitable a direction. But, as yet, such an establishment seems entirely beyond the intention of the powers that be, and the ancient dames and decaying glories of the Royal Stud give no earnest of better things to come. Liberal Governments with limited ideas and economical views, with Beales' boys and Odger, like the Medes and Persians, at their gates and throne, have no thought to bestow on horseflesh save as to how it may best be made food for the masses in the event of an universal strike. Conservative administrations dare not go with requisitions for imperial horses before a House which begrudges Queen's Plates to her own lieges, and can always find some of the 'unco guid' to start to their legs and out of their skins at the very mention of racing or betting. And we imagine that even Earl Russell himself, to whom the command of Her Majesty's land forces, or of the Channel Fleet, would come as naturally as the rôle of a reformer, would shrink from such an

arduous and thankless office as that of administering the economy of a great national Stud (unlimited); and Ayrton lose himself and his temper in pedigrees as among plants. Masters of the Horse, too, are but ephemeral beings; and do not care to raise structures only to be undermined by their successors; so that what is one person's business becomes nobody's; and institutions of monarchs, which should be patterns to subjects, are suffered to fall into decay and disrepute. Still, we need not despair for the future of our breed of horses, so long as men of standing and education can be found to take it up partly as a hobby, and partly as a profitable pursuit. The Cooksons and Blenkinsons of our day have gone into it in a liberal and praiseworthy spirit; not merely satisfied with fashion, but bringing to bear upon their labours a wealth of knowledge, not accumulated without much pains and research, and showing that in this, as in all other callings, there is no royal road to success. That which public spirit has failed to establish, private enterprise has been found to effect; and we leave the theory and practice of breeding safe in the hands of those who have no other object save the attainment of perfection in a profession which is as useful in its aim as it is interesting in its pursuit.

AMPHION.

LETTERS TO TYRO.

NO. III.

DEAR YOUNG ONE,

Woodbine Cottage, Dec. 26th, 1872.

I am not surprised that the remarks in my last letter, upon the prevailing system of pressing hounds, and giving them no room to make their cast, do not find favour with some of your friends. It would only be a waste of time to argue the question with gentlemen who take so different a view of how hunting ought to be conducted. They may be right, and I may be wrong, but, as Mr. Meynell once observed, 'there must be gross ignorance on the one side or the other.' The next greatest drawback to sport in the present day I take to be, that you have weak, short-running foxes. Foxes do not make the same long straight points as formerly. To some extent this is owing to the country having become more enclosed, and to the increase of buildings and of population, but it is still more due to the animal itself having deteriorated. The reason appears to me to be very obvious. In the early days of fox-hunting countries were much larger in extent. We hear of Mr. Coke having hunted the whole country between London and Holkham, and my Lord Berkeley's country extended from Barnet to Bath. Those old sportsmen had frequent blank days, and it often took them some time to find a fox; but, when once found, he was likely to be a tough old customer, who had foraged for his food over many a mile of ground, as every wood was not then full of tame pheasants. That one fox sufficed

for the day's sport. When the old countries came to be divided and subdivided again amongst a number of packs, each of which killed a greater number of foxes (no criterion of sport, by the way,) than the original pack that hunted the whole district, the stock of natural foxes was killed down. The country hunted by Mr. Meynell three days a-week is now divided amongst four packs of hounds, and yet that gentleman found it necessary to give a large portion of his country a jubilee for two years, in order that the stock of old foxes might get up again.

How has the country been replenished? By annually turning down cubs from Scotland, or from France, or from Leadenhall Market, in small outlying places, far away from any holding covert, under the mistaken notion that they must necessarily run. The neighbouring farmer, with the best of intentions, feeds them regularly like rabbits in a hutch. The poor tame things are weak, and know no country, and, if they did, there is no point for them to make for. The consequence is that they ring about, and, if they are not quickly killed, take refuge in the first drain. One natural wild fox from Owston Wood is worth the whole lot of them.

Wild foxes like big woods, where they are little likely to be disturbed. These places, however, are not fashionable with the present generation, who see no fun in dirtying their boots up and down the deep rides. They call them beastly places, but they are the places to show sport, provided they are well rattled. In woodlands where foxes are inclined to hang, the first one that the hounds have the luck to lay hold of should be eaten in the heart of it. That will make them fly the next time you go there. If the huntsman has a cheery voice, and good dog language, he will teach his hounds to draw well—'Loo in there, yooi over my lads, yooi try,' and every hound will disappear from his horse's heels into the thick fern and underwood. You will only every now and then see one of them as he skips lightly over a bramble in his path. You may judge from the manner of the hounds whether they expect to find in a covert or not. Where the underwood is composed of birch, hazel, privet, or withy, you may go in with the hounds and see them find their fox, but in scrubby oak, or strong thorn coverts, you will be obliged to keep to the tracks and trust to your ears.

'Yooi Singwell, old man,' as suddenly a heavy-lipped throaty hound sends forth a deep note. Many masters of the present day would draft such a hound because he was throaty, but who ever saw a throaty hound with a bad nose? By getting rid of the throaty hounds you lose the finest nosed ones, for it is a provision of nature that the two should go together. Another and another hound join in until there is a regular crash.

In woodlands plenty of tongue is wanted to keep hounds together, and there is nothing more exhilarating than a good cry. Much store was set upon the tongue of hounds by sportsmen of the past generation. In the pages of old Izaak Walton, *sic loquitur Venator*: 'For my hounds, I know the language of them, and

‘they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly
‘as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.’

If the fox crosses the track in front of you, pull up short of the spot and give one halloo, ‘Tally ho, over,’ waving your hat in the direction the fox has gone. The hounds that first carry the scent across the ride you may reckon amongst the best in the pack. This is not the rule with those that lead in the open. Indeed, a hound that is constantly first ought to be drafted. Such a hound, especially if so peculiarly marked as to be easily distinguished, is generally a favourite with the field, but he does more harm than good. It is next to impossible that a hound should be so superior to his fellows as to be always first by fair means. Depend upon it he is a skirter, or runs mute, and is too jealous to be an honest worker. The best hounds are those of whom you see but little in the open, and you do not see them because they are working in the body of the pack. They have as good noses, and are as able to go the pace as their more flashy brethren, but they are of a more patient disposition and will not go a yard without a scent.

Let us, however, hark back for a while to the woodland where your hounds are sticking to their game with the pertinacity of bulldogs.

If you happen to have got upon a travelling fox, with his home miles away, and that home in his eye, you may chance to come in for a real old-fashioned run. Whether for the purpose of preparing himself for the day’s work before him, or, perhaps, to get a better start of the hounds, a fox usually takes a turn round the covert before he breaks. However deep the rides may be, this is no time to think of saving your horse; you must keep as near to the hounds as you possibly can: it is a very poor excuse to make, that you did not get away. If the fox’s point is up wind, and the hounds get away close at his brush, they will give him such a warming that he will emit a scent from every pore. There is little chance of killing a good fox unless you burst him at first. You will hear little music at the pace hounds will stream over the open, however near you may be to them. Perhaps some favourite old hound may sign his own death-warrant by throwing his tongue behind, not being able to get up.

Minutes pass like moments in the excitement of the chase, but they are not the less distressing to the pursuers and the pursued, upon whom the pace will tell. The fox, who, at starting, went straight across the middle of the fields, and disdained to sneak under the fences that might have afforded him concealment, feels the strength, in which he trusted, beginning to fail him. With the pack pressing too close upon his heels to be pleasant, he will find himself compelled to give up the original point for which he was making, and to turn short down wind.

The hounds will probably overrun the scent, but, at any rate, what with being blown by the pace, and the great alteration of scent, they will almost inevitably come to a check. You should not miss

the opportunity of jumping off your horse's back, and turning his head to the wind. You will not have much time for rest, for, on a good scenting day, the hounds will not long continue at fault, but will quickly hit off the line again, although at a pace not quite so fast as at first. 'Forrard it is,' as the hounds at one time only able to hunt, and at another time able to chase their fox, according to the alternations of soil that they pass over, keep going on, and quite fast enough too for the horses, out of whom the burst has taken the pull. It is this quick hunting, when the hounds make every turn with their fox, that is so attractive to the sportsman :

' Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Chauntress commences her song,
And Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
With Sinbad, go sailing along.'

Over the ploughed lands hounds will not be able to carry so good a head, and you will have a chance of easing your horse by pulling him into a trot.

An old fox takes a deal of killing. He will keep on his course without stopping until nature fails him, or until he reaches a place of safety. Should the hounds be brought to a check, through a flock of sheep having crossed the line, or by a failure of scent down stony roads, or over greasy fallows, such a fox will all the time be getting ahead whilst they are standing still, and the scent will be getting colder every instant. It is at a critical moment like this that, unless the huntsman is in his place, and able to assist his hounds, the fox will beat the best pack that ever went out of kennel doors. The country may be rough and blind ; there may be rivers without fords, bottoms that no horse could jump, or marshy land that no horse could gallop over, and yet, to deserve success, the huntsman must persevere in his attempts to get to his hounds. It is the province of a sportsman to share his dangers and his difficulties.

In the course of the chase you will probably come to woods through which it is impossible to follow hounds, when you should sink the wind, and keep them as much as lies in your power within hearing distance. As they will have to force their way through the thick underwood whilst you are going in the open, unless you have to make a very long circuit, you ought to reach the end of the coverts as soon as they do. These are the natural impediments of a hunting country, to which must now be added railways and branch railways in every direction, whose cuttings and embankments the fox has learned to cross in his midnight rambles, but which are quite impracticable to horse and rider. There is nothing for it but to make for the nearest bridge, and, however far hounds may have got ahead of you, to keep going on, and to trust to a lucky nick. A person well acquainted with the country will know the run of foxes, which, with the wind in the same quarter, will usually make for certain points, and he will be able to shape his course accordingly. If you have not got such an one for your pilot, you will have to trust a good deal

to the vague information of countrymen ; but you may be tolerably sure that a fox which, when first found, tried to make his point up wind, and, having failed, turned down wind, will seldom, if ever, turn again. I am not going to tell you that you can catch hounds running hard three fields ahead ; but, if you are determined to get to the end, there will nearly always be a check or a turn sufficient to enable you to do so. A convenient lane may be a great help to you, and, however bad going it may be, you will do better to stick to it than to commit yourself again to the fields until you are compelled to quit it. Your horse, floundering in some deep ground, and with difficulty able to save himself from pitching on to his head, will give you timely notice that he has nearly had enough of it :

‘ Oh, Elmore, and Anderson, why did ye say
Of your horses the things that were not ?
Piccadilly’s proud cattle are dying away,
And Uxendon Flices reduced to a trot.’

You will then find that blood will tell. Your well-bred horse, however distressed he may be, will always try to jump, and if he falls, will try to get up again ; whilst the under-bred brute will blunder through his fences, and hardly make an effort to save himself, and when once down will lie there. Every horse when beaten will hang upon your hand : you must not loose his head for a moment, but you must pick your ground the more carefully, and fight for the headlands. Most countries are now well gated, a circumstance of which the few who are left in the run must take every advantage. In opening or in catching a gate you should be ambidexter. How helpless is the man, with his whip in his right hand, niggling away at the latch, when he ought to be using his left. If the gate opens towards you, you should not get so near to it as to prevent your getting the full swing of your arm, and you should put the hook of your whip upwards under the top bar, where it will not be so liable to slip. With a gate opening away from you, the knack is to unfasten the latch at the right moment, just as your horse is about to chest it, or you will have to pull him back—a great effort for a beaten horse in a poached gateway. But you ought not to find any difficulty, unless a heavy gate wants lifting, and then the quicker you jump off and put your back to it the less will be the delay.

The successful termination of a run depends upon the condition of the hounds ; for if they are more tired than the fox, they have little chance of catching him. Few of those who go out give a thought as to the care that is required to be taken in feeding each individual hound so as to make the most of him. They little think that as many foxes are killed in the kennel as in the field. Unless hounds are full of muscle, and you can see their ribs, they cannot go through a long day’s work. Yet a run is never complete without blood at the end of it, and then it is allowable to use any means to obtain it. You hear men say that they are glad that a good fox has escaped, and that he lives to give them a run another day. They do not

consider how often hounds have been cheated of their fox when they have fairly deserved him, and sometimes it has been through the fault of these very men themselves. The method of breaking a hawk from game that he is not intended to pursue, is to fly him weighted with shot. After a few unsuccessful flights he is sickened. Nature points out to him that there is no good in trying where there is no chance of success. In like manner hounds, if they fail time after time to catch their foxes, will inevitably become slack. Not that hounds care for the actual eating of their prey; for oftentimes those that drive the most and work the hardest for their fox will refuse to break him up when he is dead. It is the consciousness of success which sends hounds home with their sterns up. There is nothing so successful as success. When hounds are full of blood, they kill fox after fox by themselves, and the men have little more to do than to take the hounds to the meet, and to take them home again after hunting.

I will now conclude with wishing you a happy New Year, and remain,

Yours very sincerely,

SYLVANUS.

P.S.—I do not see your name down as a subscriber to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. This is not as it should be. If you are a sportsman at heart, you will immediately send your cheque for five guineas to the bank of Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., St. James's Street. It is only a few steps from your Club door.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE CHELTENHAM STAGHOUNDS.

' BEFORE introducing the hunting to be now had from Cheltenham and
' its neighbourhood, I must say a word or two about the Stagounds
' —a subscription pack—which for many years formed an additional
' attraction to the town. Though they have ceased to exist since
' 1858, they must not be overlooked. At first they were under the
' management of a Committee, consisting of Mr. Sydenham Teaste,
' Mr. Cregoe Colmore, Mr. Pearson Thomson, who had a good
' deal of property in the town, Mr. Crowther, a wealthy farmer,
' Mr. Pitt the banker, and Mr. Armitage, a Yorkshireman, who
' lived at Cheltenham, and under the mastership of the Hon. Craven
' Berkeley, M.P. for the town. Lord Segrave, afterwards Lord
' Fitzhardinge, gave them some hounds and some stags to begin
' with. The kennels were on the borders of the town, on the
' Prestbury Road. Charles Allen carried the horn, with Charles
' Roberts as his whip, who afterwards went to Lord Fitzhardinge,
' and subsequently as huntsman to the HH. in 1852. This Charles
' Allen was quite an original. He saw the first and last of the stag-

‘ hounds. He always took charge of the stags, whether as huntsman or not, by the express wish of the Lords Fitzhardinge who always presented fourteen or fifteen red deer to the hunt. He died three years ago—he put his thick boots and his ash plant in the corner the night before he died—to all appearance well enough, and said he should want them no more. He passed away in his sleep, aged seventy-three, and had never, till the week before his death, been ill; or, to quote his own words, “had a headache.” He was most popular with the country, and his quaint sayings and doings would alone make a readable chapter. One anecdote I must not omit. A lady of his acquaintance was telling him, with tearful eyes, that she and her husband couldn’t get on together without quarrelling, although before their marriage they cooed and loved like two turtle-doves, and, pointing to the dog and cat on the hearth-rug, said, “See how they agree: why can’t we?” “Lord bless your heart!” said old Charley, “just tie ‘em together, and see what a blessed row there’ll be!”

‘ The country in the vicinity of Cheltenham is well suited for stag-hunting, being mostly a wall country, and as a rule, where a stag can go here a horse can go also. The “Cheltenham Examiner’s” file shows a continual record of excellent sport with them. Some of the principal men and staunchest supporters were—Mr. Stone, Mr. Cook of Stanway, a first-rate yeoman, and supporter of hunting, Mr. John New of Ashchurch, Mr. George Fletcher, Sen., of Shipton, as good a man as ever lived, and great promoter of hunting in every shape, Mr. Isaac Nind of Tredington, Mr. Thomas of the Cross Keys at Tewkesbury, Horatio Powell, well known as a steeplechase rider, when a real hunting country was selected for the line, and the fences not cut down as at present, Mr. Lousada, and Mr. W. Stewart of Cheltenham, better known in the Berkeley Hunt, who is still to be seen in the Club; Fred Jacobs of Cheltenham, one of the best light weights before he took to putting on flesh: he had great success as a dealer in Cheltenham, but has lately gone to London; and Isaac Day of Northleach, of whom I told you before a capital story of his putting some jalap into the gingerbread nuts, and physicking a certain lawyer, who not only did not eat fairly, but filled his pockets, which Isaac could not stand. When he died one of his jockeys saw the parson of Northleach, and asked if it was true his master was dead. “Yes,” was the reply. “Oh, please sir, did he die penitent?” “Indeed,” replied the pastor, “I don’t know; I was not sent for. I hear, however, his end was peaceable. He lay half an hour before they knew he was gone.” “Did he now,” said the boy, “lay half an hour before they knew he was dead? That was just like master. He always was a ‘kidding’ old cove.”

‘ In 1841 we find Captain Evans, a very dapper little fellow in the King’s Dragoon Guards, who went well on an extraordinary chestnut mare, but the Captain’s nerves required to be strongly braced. He could not wait for the find with a fox, but went with

' the stag when he galloped up to the meet, took his little dram, and then went like a bird ; and also Captain, now Colonel, Wood, late of the 17th Lancers.

' In 1843 Mr. Benyon Barton, from Devonshire (who once got a nasty fall over a bull couchant), became Master, with Charles Allen as huntsman. He kept the mastership for two seasons, and showed capital sport. He was much assisted by Mr. S. D. Penrose, who had kept hounds in Ireland. He was the most brilliant heavy weight ever known in the country. He died last year at Folkstone, and left a gap which cannot be filled. The following year Mr. Ainslie Robinson took them, and Allen still continued as huntsman. Mr. Robinson was a very jolly man, and of course exceedingly popular. Mr. W. P. Butt of Arle was well known as an additional supporter ; as were Capt. Whitehead of Grovefield, Mr. Wade of Cheltenham, and Mr. James Humphrey, a farmer of Cowley.

' In 1847 Mr. Theobald Theobald, who had previously kept stag-hounds, took them, and in 1849 he hunted the Quantocks, near Taunton, and the country round Dulverton, before the regular Cheltenham season began. Sam Richards was his huntsman, and James Lowe turned them to him.

' In the field were Mr. Tottenham of Cheltenham ; Mr. Wm. Holman, sen., who, since taking up his residence in Cheltenham, forty years ago, has taken a leading part in steeplechasing, especially since the years 1841-2, when he won the Grand Chases on Dragsman ; R. Gordon, and A. Lindsey Gordon, who met such a sad fate in Australia a few years ago ; Mr. Webster of Hatherley Court ; Mr. W. La Terriere and his brother Richard, both hard men ; Jack Esdaile, a Devonshire man ; Mr. Curwen, from Essex, a wealthy friend of Mr. Theobald's ; Sir John Malcolm both hunted and raced ; Capt. James, said to be the real husband of Lola Montes, whom he had known in India ; Capt. Fraser of the 4th Dragoons ; Col. Whyte of the 7th Dragoons, who kept hounds in Ireland ; Mr. R. Chapman the elder ; Mr. W. B. Caldwell, who could fancy nothing but bits of blood ; Black Tom Oliver, who was quite the King of the Pigskin in his day, and has, since he resigned the saddle, trained Fairwater, Ely, Albert Victor, and other turf cracks for Mr. Cartwright ; Charley Boyce, who won the Liverpool Grand National on Emigrant, in 1857 ; and Billy Archer, the steeplechase rider of Prestbury, whose son won the Cæsarewitch on Salvanos this last autumn.

' In 1851 Mr. Arthur Edwin Way, who, when at Trinity College, Oxford, used to ride on the flat, and was a first-rate man with the drag, yet died nineteen stone in weight, became the Master. Mr. Way was a favourite with all who knew him. After him succeeded Capt. West, and his brother who lived at Prestbury. It is universally admitted that when Captain West had the Mastership from 1853, for three seasons, then the Cheltenham stag hounds showed the best sport.

' The Captain went in for hunting only. He was early to bed and early to rise, and rode to his hounds right well. He was ably seconded by "Old Sam," his huntsman, who was a wonderfully hard rider. In 1856 fourteen picked stags were presented by Lord Fitzhardinge to Captain West; and Old Charley Allen, as usual, fetched them from Berkeley in a big van by road. He fixed them up all right in their paddock, but the following Sunday, when the boys in the neighbourhood gathered to peep at them, some of them must have broken a pale or two probably on purpose, and when Old Charley went early on the Monday morning to feed them he was amazed to find nine of them missing.

' He at once sent messengers and billstickers all round the country to ensure their immunity from death by gunshot, and to offer a reward for any intelligence of their whereabouts. The excitement was general and wonderful. Captain West very soon had his hounds out, albeit October had only just set in, and ere the hunting season proper had opened three weeks, all of them were taken alive and sent back to their paddocks. Such sport as these nine stags gave was never seen in the country.

' Sportsmen from all parts came to Cheltenham to see the hounds draw the coverts for a stag, and it was remarkable how well the hounds kept to their business.

' I don't think that, during the whole of the search for the missing stags, the hounds ever got on the line of a fox, although the ardent sportsmen, who were waiting for a find, would often halloo a fox away when the hounds were drawing. This is not very surprising, as it is well known, that a stag's scent is the sweetest of all, and that all hounds prefer it to that of the fox if they are not trained to the latter. Captain West, I am told, is to be met with in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove, not on horseback, but feeling his way with a stick, for, alas! he is stone blind.

' Mr. Frederick Marshall, the solicitor, was secretary during his Mastership. He rode a little bay horse belonging to Mr. W. S. Davis, of the Queen's Hotel—a perfect wonder. He is only fourteen hands high, and is still to be seen at the hotel, aged twenty-two, as good and game-looking as he was when aiding in the pursuit of the runaways, at the capture of which (save one) he was present and took part. Mr. Marshall always rode very well to hounds, and knew how to take a stag, as did Mr. Edward Griffiths, of Marle Hill, who wanted no assistance at that sort of thing. One of the most conspicuous men who hunted with the staghounds, was Mr. Ward, then a fishmonger. He was a big, strapping fellow, six feet high, with a military air got from his yeomanry drill. He had a white horse called the Miller, and took the shine out of the swells, both with the stag and fox-hounds. The miller is, I believe, dead, but his master still lives to talk about the performances of his grand old horse. Going also with Capt. West were Chris Holman of Coxhorn, a convivial sort of fellow, who used to take some doing on Sambo or Frank; Mr.

‘ Toogood of Hayden, and Young Tom Oliver, who sometimes had Tiny Wells to stay with him.

‘ The last Master was Capt. W. H. White in 1857, who took the Essex and Suffolk in 1858, on the death of Mr. Thomas Nunn, and is the present Master of the East Essex, a first-rate rider on horses that nobody else can ride. Charles Allen was his huntsman, and John Dixon, whip. Hunting with him about this period were Sir Alexander Ramsay, and Mr. E. Horridge of Cheltenham, who also knew a little too well the line of a fox, and had a great knowledge of hunting; Mr. Edward Griffiths of Marle Hill, who rode well, Mr. William Barnett, who kept racehorses at Holman’s, winning the Grand National with Freetrader, and several big stakes with Sir Peter Laurie; and his brother, Mr. C. J. Barnett, a magistrate for the county; Mr. W. N. Skillicorne, a very influential man, who looked after the finances of the hunt, and was very popular; Mr. Hugh D. Owen of Prestbury; Mr. Charles Hogg, brother of Sir James Weir Hogg, the well-known Indian Director; Mr. George Reeves, now a large horse-dealer at Maiden Erleigh, near Reading; and Mr. W. R. Holman, who, as a lad, set the field on a four-year-old over the widest part of Boddington Brook.

THE COTSWOLD.

‘ Let us now turn to the Cotswold, which, as an offshoot, as it were, of the Berkeley country, will come in more appropriately here than in any other place. It had been hunted alternately with the home country from the time that Colonel Berkeley commenced in 1808; but when Lord Fitzhardinge died in 1857, it became a separate country, and the first Master was Mr. Cregoe Colmore, who had for some years lived at Cheltenham. He wisely engaged Charles Turner, who had lived with Sir Maurice Berkeley, and whipped in, to Ayris, as his huntsman, and bought a pack of hounds from Lord Gifford. Charles Pike, from the old Berkshire, was engaged as whip, but he went, in 1859, to the North Craven, a new pack in the West Riding, which did not last very long, and was succeeded by Joseph Ford, from the Herefordshire, and then came Ben Painting, now huntsman to the East Kent.

‘ Up to 1866, Mr. Colmore hunted also the Broadway country, but in 1867, a fresh arrangement was made, and Lord Coventry took the northern part.

‘ What sort of country is it?

‘ The Cotswold Vale country, between Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, is a very small one, and consists of a piece of the Severn Valley, bounded on the east by the Cotswold Hills, on the north by Lord Coventry’s country, whilst the Cheltenham and Tewkesbury road is the boundary on the south. It is rather heavy, with strong hedge and ditch fences, and has a fair share of grass. Taken, as a whole, the Cotswold is not a very good hunting

country, as it is exceedingly hilly, and Leckhampton Hill would almost attract the attention of the Alpine Club; owing also to the prevalence of rock it is a most difficult country for earthstopping. It has a great deal of wood, and is a good country for making young hounds. The Cotswold is not a heavy man's country at all, and a good, quick, compact, handy cob is about the best conveyance, or a thoroughbred, such as Isaac Day used to ride. The best part of it extends from Northleach to Naunton Inn and Winchcomb, commonly called the Puesdown country, and thence to Andoversford, including the coverts so well looked after by Mr. George Fletcher. There is also a long stretch from Bagendon to Northleach, which forms one of the finest wall countries in the kingdom, and which, from the light nature of the soil, is always good going, even when the Vale is not rideable, but it is not a good scenting country. But the especial charm of the country is the wildness of the hills, as a fox will sometimes run for miles without meeting anybody.

Mr. Colmore spared no expense, and soon brought his hounds as near perfection as possible; but some people said his establishment represented the maximum of expense and the minimum of sport. He was ably assisted by Turner, as merry a little fellow as ever lived, good in kennel and covert, and quick over a country, until late years, when his health failed him. I shall never forget seeing him once, at the finish of a quick gallop, when we killed in a pit near a farmhouse. The farmer's wife came out to see the fun, and Charley right gallantly presented her with the brush, and in doing it contrived to snatch a kiss, and blooded her at the same time, much to the amusement of the field, and apparently not much to the distaste of the lady, who took it all in good part. Another curious incident happened on the same day. A couple of Cheltenham ladies had chartered a fly to see the meet, and as much of the fun as they could afterwards. In this fortune favoured them, for the fox made directly for the place where they were standing. The flyman viewing him down a long turnip-field, exclaimed, "Look out, here comes the fox," on which the good ladies, no doubt, looking on him as "fearful wild fowl," immediately went to ground and took sanctuary under their fly. Poor Turner, in 1869, was laid up from a bad fall while cub-hunting, when Tom Hills, from the Heythrop, supplied his place, and held the horn until the death of Mr. Colmore, while Turner lost his reason and is now under confinement. Mr. Colmore was a quiet, gentlemanly man, whose health did not let him hunt a great deal, but was fond of his hounds on the flags, and bred them to great perfection.

Amongst good men going with this pack, I may mention Tom Taylor of Turkdean, a famous rider; Mr. Fullerton, who then rented Rendcombe, but now of Aynho, in Oxfordshire; the Rev. Joseph Pitt, the vicar of Rendcombe, still in great force, very cheery, and very popular with all classes; Mr. Penrose, a hard and

' heavy Irishman, always with the hounds, who died recently ; Mr. George Rayer of Eastington near Northleach ; Mr. Dangerfield of Chalford, formerly a large coach proprietor, who was a great deal at Berkeley, was a very useful man in the county in arranging any little difficulty ; Tom Barton, and Charles Cooke, the farmer of Taddington, who is still going, and whose son, Tom Cooke, now rides well ; Mr. Corbett Holland, who has recently taken the name of Corbett, from Cropthorne ; Mr. Pryse Lewis of Cheltenham, a famous old sportsman and a hard man up to the last ; Mr. Findon of Prestbury, formerly well known with the Warwickshire, and a very useful man ; Mr. Marriott, also well known with the Heythrop ; the Holmans', of whom George, on Princess Dagmar, and Mrs. Jacobs on her favourite chesnut, once cut the whole field down, and killed their fox, in the Heythrop country near Cold Aston. It is superfluous to say that this lady is an extraordinary fine rider. She is perfectly independent, can choose her own line, and never requires the assistance of anybody. Mr. Edward Griffiths of Marle Hill, a bruising rider and very good fellow ; Mr. Owen, a brother-in-law of Mr. Colmore ; Mr. Caldwell of Cheltenham, Mr. Isaac Averill of Broadway, a great farmer, much looked up to, and a good friend to fox-hunting ; Mr. Robert Chapman of Oaklands House—the "pink of dealers and the pet of "swells"—a wonderfully good man to hounds, not only over the walls in his own country but in Leicestershire, where he is equally at home. He always rides first-class horses, knows the country thoroughly, generally takes the lead and keeps it. Mr. Charles Lindow ; Mr. W. La Terriere, who was always fond of hunting, and went very well in his day ; George Gardiner of Cheltenham, who generally gave high prices for his horses ; Mr. Omwell Lloyd Evans, was always well mounted, and went very straight, but migrated into Leicestershire, and hunted regularly with the Quorn, has given up hunting and gone in for racing ; H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale and the Duchess, who went capittally on the Broadway side ; Sir Charles Rushout of Seizincote, Henry Humphreys of the Repository, and poor Alexander Lindsey Gordon, then well known in the Cotswold country, who wrote such spirited verses. Mr. Esdaile rode very well in his day, but he gave up hunting, retired into Devonshire, and took to distributing tracts.

' In 1865 there was a committee, as Mr. Colmore was absent, and Mr. Hugh Owen, his brother-in-law, was the manager. Going with them, were Mr. Tyrrel Smith of Hinchwick House ; Captain Gist of the 7th Hussars ; Mr. H. C. Benyon Barton of Bays Hill Lawn, formerly Master of the Stag Hounds. Then there were also about that time, Rev. G. G. Coventry of Woolston ; Mr. G. C. Colquitt Craven, a son-in-law of Mr. Fulwer Craven, of Brockhampton Park, who was the owner of Deception, the winner of the Oaks, in 1839, and other horses in John Day's stable ; Mr. Thomas Walker of Stowell Park, a farmer in the

' Pusedown country, where Tom Golby trains. In 1868, Mr.
 ' George Fletcher of Shipton, an influential farmer, called the King-
 ' of the Cotswold, who knows all the early history—a first-rate
 ' sportsman, and most hospitable, his house being always thrown
 ' open—is now unfortunately blind, but his sons, George and Willie,
 ' follow in his steps, are always well up with the hounds; for it
 ' was truly said: "Meet where'er they may, Squire Fletcher and
 ' "his gallant sons would not be far away." Mr. Fletcher was a
 ' great peace-maker, being often selected as arbitrator, he settled all
 ' the little disputes in the country; Mr. Thomas Beale Brown of
 ' Salperton Park, renowned for his breed of Cotswold sheep;
 ' Captain Frank Gist of the 5th Dragoon Guards—than whom there
 ' is no better man to hounds anywhere in the kingdom. He is also
 ' a first-rate shot, and quite a perfect specimen of a *beau sabreur*.
 ' Mr. Handy, a farmer noted as a sheep-breeder, and very good
 ' supporter of fox-hunting; Sir Alexander Ramsay of Cheltenham, is
 ' a very useful promoter and supporter of sport; Sir Francis Goldsmid
 ' of Rendcombe, who preserves an abundance of foxes, and is a most
 ' liberal supporter of hunting; Mr. F. H. Elwes of Colesborne Park,
 ' and his two sons; Mr. J. C. Dent of Sudeley Castle; Tom Taylor
 ' of Turksdean; Colonel Stevenson, a Devonian, who winters at
 ' Cheltenham. From the town of Cheltenham, came Captain Bath;
 ' Mr. Watson of the Beauchorns, who managed the hounds during
 ' Mr. Colmore's absence in 1868; Dr. Hadley of Needwood
 ' Lodge; Mr. Frank Holland of Cropthorn, "a well-known pilot
 ' in the chase;" Mr. Frederick Marshall, and Mr. Walter Jessop,
 ' another solicitor, who has hunted over fifty years, and often jumps
 ' places that even young ones crane at.

' Coming down to a more recent period, there were Col. Thomp-
 ' son, Miss Podmore, and Miss Williams, who both ride very well
 ' on some nice horses, Mr. Bryer, the veterinary surgeon, Capt.
 ' Grant of the 46th Regiment, Mr. Charles Harland, formerly
 ' in the Indian Civil Service, Mr. Holland, Mr. H. G. English,
 ' the riding-master, who "can always hold his own," whose es-
 ' tablishment is well worth a visit; Mr. W. Donald of Cheltenham,
 ' Capt. Vyner Williams of Cheltenham, Major Peplow Peplow of
 ' Garnstone Castle, Herefordshire, who has a large stud of weight
 ' carriers, Captain F. O'Neal of the Inniskilling Dragoons, a thrusting
 ' light weight, who rides Irish thoroughbreds.

' On Mr. Cregoe Colmore's death, which took place rather sud-
 ' denly, in May 1871, the country was open for a time, when Sir
 ' Reginald Graham came forward and undertook to hunt it, having
 ' bought the hounds, on behalf of the country, of Mr. Colmore's
 ' executors.

' Tom Hills, who had taken the horn in 1869, on Turner's being
 ' incapacitated, still held it under the new *régime* until he was laid
 ' up, early in the season of 1871, when Sir Reginald caught hold of
 ' them himself, and has never let it go since. He had wonderful
 ' sport—the best, in fact, for many years—no doubt in some mea-

‘ sure contributed to by the weather being open and the country
 ‘ wet, though we cannot but think that he inherits the talent as well
 ‘ as the extraordinary keenness of his father, the late Sir Bellingham
 ‘ Graham, in all hunting matters. While, as regards hounds, not con-
 ‘ tent with the old pack, he went to the fountain-head at once, and
 ‘ secured some from Mr. Henry Chaplin’s kennel, feeling sure that
 ‘ “the late Lord Henry Bentinck’s was the best and stoutest blood
 ‘ “in the whole world.” How could it fail to be, when his Lordship
 ‘ always noticed the merits and defects of each individual hound as
 ‘ carefully and accurately as many men do those of their children, and
 ‘ tried to correct them as zealously? At present the whips are
 ‘ Charles Travess, from the Worcestershire, who also acts as kennel
 ‘ huntsman, and Will Shepherd, from the Rufford, as second. The
 ‘ hunting days are three times a-week, and the present establishment
 ‘ of men, horses, and hounds both look and mean business.

‘ The subscription is good, the town of Cheltenham giving 500*l.*,
 ‘ Sir Francis Goldsmid, M.P., of Rendcombe Park, 500*l.*, also doing
 ‘ still better by preserving for them. Amongst other preservers are
 ‘ the Earl of Eldon, of Chedworth Woods, said to be some of the
 ‘ finest woods in England. Lord Wemyss, Mr. J. Waddingham of
 ‘ Guiting Grange, Lord Bathurst: Mr. W. Gist of Dixton House,
 ‘ near Winchcomb, preserves capitally; he is also exceedingly
 ‘ hospitable, for nobody ever passes without being asked in. Mr.
 ‘ Elwes of Colesborne Park, Mr. W. L. Lawrence of Seven-
 ‘ hampton, Mr. Edmund Waller, of Farmington Lodge, who
 ‘ also has several coverts in the Puesdown country; Mr. T.
 ‘ Beale Brown at Salperton Park, Mr. Capel Croome at Bagendon,
 ‘ who owns Hinton Gorse, the crack covert; Mr. R. Cox-
 ‘ well Rogers at Dowdeswell Court, the Hon. and Rev. G. Talbot,
 ‘ Mr. J. G. Baker at Prescott House, and at Queen’s Wood and
 ‘ Coomb End always sure finds, Mr. T. W. Swinburne at Corndean
 ‘ Hall, Mr. J. C. Dent of Sudeley Castle, Lady Cromie at Witcomb
 ‘ Park, Mr. Goodwin Craven of Brockhampton Park, Mr. Chris
 ‘ Capel and the Rev. J. Edwards of Prestbury, Mr. St. John Ackers
 ‘ of Prinknash Park, near Painswick, and Mr. George Fletcher of
 ‘ Shipton, all preserve well.

‘ The county has strong woods in most parts, and is hilly with
 ‘ walls, except in the Gloucester Vale, where Uckington^r Gorse and
 ‘ Stoke Brake are sure finds, and almost a certainty for a gallop over
 ‘ a nice grass vale, probably into the Berkeley country. Others of
 ‘ the best Meets are Puesdown Inn, the first draw usually being
 ‘ Hazelton Grove (from which Harry Ayris once had a famous run
 ‘ to Eyford in the Heythrop country, where his fox got in, and Jem
 ‘ Hills found him on the following Friday, and brought him home
 ‘ again, through Hazelton, to the big woods at Chedworth), An-
 ‘ doversford, Rendcombe Park, Bagendon, Colesborne Inn, Wolston
 ‘ Gate (overlooking which is Bushcomb Wood, from which Ayris
 ‘ ran a fox across the vale, and killed him in Barton Street, at
 ‘ Gloucester, nine miles as the crow flies), Naunton Inn, Cowley

House, Star Wood, and Beech Pike. Some of the regular men at the present time are the two Captains Gist, both first-raters, always right in front, Mr. Tom Taylor of Turkdean, a famous little nippy fellow, always on their backs—nobody can beat him over the walls—Sir Alexander Ramsay, Mr. F. La Terriere, Mr. Baker of Prescott, Mr. W. R. Holman, Honorary Secretary to the Hunt, Capt. Jones, R.N., Mr. Smith of Benhall Farm, Sir Morgan Crofton, Mr. William Watson of Polefield, brother of the Master of the Carlow hounds, who knows all about fox-hunting, as does also Mr. W. Brigstocke, a very quick man to hounds, and Mrs. Brigstocke, who rides right well, Colonel Stevenson, Mr. Robert Chapman, Mr. E. W. Nunn, Mr. Grant of the 46th, a very nice rider, Sir Robert Dick Cunyngham of Cheltenham, Mr. William Donald, Mr. Christie, Mr. Capel Croome, of Bagendon, Mr. William Croome of North Cerney, Mr. Hargreaves of Leckhampton Court, Mr. H. Benyon Barton, young Tom Cooke of Taddington, who hunts also with Lord Coventry, Doctor Hadley, General Cureton, Capt. Cumberland, Capt. Shepherd, Mr. Hugh Owen, nephew of the late Mr. Colmore, who has some nice horses, Mr. John Chetwynd of Hayden Villa, who keeps a good stud of hunters, and drives a well-appointed drag, Mr. George Pardoe late of Pegglesworth, Major Mac Mahon on the Burmese Embassy, and his brother-in-law Captain Carthew, Col. Stevenson, Mr. Hoare, Mr. J. G. Stephenson, Mr. Crooke, Mr. John Hanks of Charlton Abbots, Mr. Pat Hart, and Mr. Humphrys of the Repository. There is also a wonderful family of Walkers—one at Stowell, one at Compton—big, heavy fellows, who ride very hard, and are fine specimens of British yeomen. The brothers Holman, from the racing stables at Cleeve Hill, four miles from Cheltenham, on which one of the best race meetings in England was held forty years ago, since which time it has become almost classical as a training ground. Two or three Grand National winners have been trained there, namely, Vanguard, Peter Simple, and Freetrader. There are coverts that hold foxes all round it, and it is covered with mossy turf that no amount of wet weather makes heavy. The coverts are Dowdeswell Wood and Corndean Plantations, where one day Harry Ayris killed five cubs! and was running a sixth, which had a silver brush. Old Hall, the keeper, ran and opened the earths, and let him in, exclaiming, “be darned if I stands any more of this, Master Harry, “you’ll be grumbling about Corndean being blank one of these “days, and then ‘that d——d old Hall’ will get the credit of it.” And there is West Wood, through which once, during a heavy snowstorm early in January, the hounds were running, when three or four couples suddenly threw up and bayed under an old pollard oak. Ayris, being near at hand, got off his horse, scrambled to the top of the tree, and found four newly laid-up cubs, which he brought down in his inside pockets, and then deposited in a place of safety.

‘ There are very few who really ride very hard with the Cotswold, except the farmers. Of course there are some exceptions, but the Cheltenham men, as a rule, come out in crowds, and go back to their clubs early, so all the best sport is in the afternoon, when they meet near the town; but there are smaller fields when they meet on the Heythrop side. The country holds a good scent when very wet, and when the dust flies they can sometimes run over the walls.

‘ The chief features of the country are the excellent stamp of yeomen, and the stoutness of the foxes on the Cotswold Hills. Cheltenham and Cirencester are the best places to hunt from, and from either you can get six days a-week. The fields are large from the former place, but nothing to complain of on the Cirencester side.

‘ Where should a sportsman stay ?

‘ The Plough at Cheltenham is a first-class hotel, and has a better cook than most. It is not cheap, but it is very good, which is the main thing, and there is good stabling attached. There are also The Queen’s, kept by Mr. W. S. Davis; and The Royal, greatly improved under the-direction of Miss Logan, late of Stourbridge; also The Belle Vue, Lansdown, The Fleece (patronized by the old Lord Fitzhardinge), and The Lamb. There is good stabling at Mr. Holman’s, who can put up forty hunters, and at Messrs. Humphrys, English, and Smith’s.

‘ At Cheltenham there are two very good clubs. There are always plenty of hunting men staying there during the winter. Cheltenham is one of the prettiest and cleanest towns in England; from it you can reach Lord Fitzhardinge, the V. W. H., in the neighbourhood of Cirencester, the Heythrop, Lord Coventry, and occasionally the Duke of Beaufort.’

THE NORTH COTSWOLD.

‘ Now let us turn to the Broadway or North Cotswold, which, as you will have gathered from what I have previously said, was once under the Fitzhardinge rule, and was hunted with the Cheltenham country on alternate months. After Lord Fitzhardinge’s death it was hunted by Mr. Colmore with the Cotswold country till 1867, when it was separated, and Lord Coventry took the Northern Division, having got together a very useful pack of hounds, the principal part of which came from the South Wilts, when Captain Jarrett gave them up; added to which were drafts from the Badminton and Berkeley, and secured an able assistant in the field in Tom Squires, who came from the old Berkshire, and is a son of Squires, who is as well known in the South of England as he is in Scotland. His lordship was next assisted by Price, who came to him from the Hon. Mark Rolle; and the country “marches,” with the Heythrop, the South Warwickshire (with whom they have some neutral coverts), the Cotswold, and the Worcestershire.

‘ Their best meets are Spring Hill Lodges, Hinchwick House, Ford Village, and Weston Park, in the wall country, and Dumbleton, Wickkamford, Whitechapel, and Taddington Toll-bar in the Vale; while we may sum up the best coverts as Weston Park, a fine wood noted for holding a good scent. Sezincote Warren, The Guiting, Greatwood, Buckland Wood, Great Grove, Dumbleton Wood, Campden Wood, Middle Hill Gorse, Stayts Gorse, Gallipot Gorse, Broadway Copse, Sedgcomb, and the Slatepits. Since Mr. Colmore’s death they have the Guiting Woods, and Mr. Allsop has given up the Bredon Hills, a horrid place, as there is so much of them which you cannot climb; but they are good for scent. The country is a variable one, some of the Vale being as good as any in England, but, unfortunately, there are few coverts, and hounds seldom run across the best part of it. The wall country (on the Gloucestershire side) is rather mountainous, but one in which a good pack of hounds may be made, for the banks hold a good scent, and as the hounds are rarely pressed (for it is difficult enough to live with them), they have to do most of the work themselves, and learn to swing round and cast, in a way which would gladden the heart of any true sportsman. Parts of the wall country, especially that about Guiting and the Slate-pits, is very good, and a quick twenty minutes over it, with a thoroughbred one under you, that can jump “up” is very enjoyable, and generally quite long enough, for hounds in a wall country run as they do nowhere else. There cannot be a more sporting country than the North Cotswold. The gentlemen and farmers love fox-hunting, and pull together in doing their best to support it, and amongst some of the staunchest are the names of—Lord Wemyss at Stanway, near Winchcomb, Lord Gainsborough at Campden House, Lord Redesdale at Batsford Park, Lord Northwick at Northwick Park, Sir Charles Rushout of Sezincote, Mr. E. Holland of Dumbleton, where there is always a good show of foxes, and where a blank day has never been known; Mr. Phillips of Bourton, Mr. Wilson of Elmington, Sir Charles Clifford, the Governor of New Zealand, who looks after Weston Park, Lord Sudeley of Toddington Park, Mr. Grisewood of Spring Hill, Mr. Waddingham, of Guiting Grange, looks after the Grange Brake.

‘ In the neutral country also are some good men and true who always have plenty of foxes. Amongst those who generally see a run well are—Sir Charles Rushout, and his brother Mr. Algernon Rushout, Lord Camperdown, Captain Frank Gist of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and his brother Captain Theophilus Gist, of the 7th Hussars, both first-rate men, Mr. J. T. Wynniatt of Stanton Court, near Broadway, and his brother Mr. Reginald Wynniatt, Mr. Frank Holland of Cropthorne Court, Charles Cook, senior, of Taddington, a tenant of Lord Wemyss, on the Worcestershire side, and his son Tom Cook, well known as a performer in hunt steeplechases and among the competitors for jumping prizes; Mr. Robert Chapman, who comes out occasionally; Jemmy Adams, whom we have seen going rarely on a hard-pulling grey; E.

' Weaver, who has shone on the plain-looking black that acted as schoolmaster to the celebrated sisters Emblem and Emblematic ; Dick Hoddenott of Campden Ash, Martin and Dick Meadows who go very well, Frank Taylor of Wickhamford, the three brothers—Alfred, David, and William Smith, W. Corbett of Dumbleton, Smith of Willersey, George Hyatt, of Snowhill, Charles F. Drury, son of the landlord of the Lygon Arms, Roberts, and others, are all first-class. Besides these are Isaac Averill of Broadway, the secretary, who looks after the Earth-stopping Fund, Talbot of Guiting, Ashwin, who flies the walls on a good-looking grey, C. E. Flower, Stratford-on-Avon, T. E. Hiron of Shipston-on-Stour, J. Randell of Evesham, Garrett, Lord Coventry's stud-groom, W. Rimell, Blyth of Aldington, Phillips of Bourton, R. Careless of Hidcote, J. Tracey, T. Hoddenott of Campden Arch, Fletcher of Challingworth, T. Shailer, Mr. Hattil Foll of Beckford Hall, where there is a marvellous box berceau walk, 460 feet long and 30 high, supposed to be 400 years old ; W. Greenwood, T. Coldicott, Mr. Wilson of Ilmington, and his son Edwin, owner of the Tiger and Little Rogue, H. Byrd, of Willersey Hill, T. Freer, R. Smith of Willersey, B. Garrett of Charlton, Lady Coventry on her horse Sir Charles, and her sister Lady Chelsea, and Miss Randell of Chadbury.

' A keener sportsman than Lord Coventry was never seen, and he is indefatigable in showing sport ; and whether over the walls or the Vale, is always in his place ; and to see him charge some of the big six-foot stone walls, on the grand old brown Solferino, who would not be pulled out of his stride or interfered with, at the rate of forty miles an hour, was a great treat. This horse was, I believe, quite thoroughbred, and tried, good enough to win a Grand National, but his Lordship never ran him. When I tell you that Lord Coventry hunted his own hounds from Croome Court, eighteen miles from the kennels at Broadway, until the present season, when he rents Spring Hill from Lord Beauchamp as a hunting-box, which is only three miles off, you may judge of his energy in the present. He has built some first-rate stables near the kennels, and has a good stud turned out in the pink of condition.

' I cannot close our conversation about this country without noticing a celebrated leap, that a few years ago was taken out of the turnpike, some distance up the steep hill on the Oxford side of Broadway. The mare of a farmer, named Bluck, overpowered him on this hilly ground, and coming full tilt down one of the pastures jumped a gate into the road, and then a good fair wall out, with a drop of what, to measure by the eye, appears like eighteen or twenty feet deep, landing on sloping ground—strange to relate—without a fall or any injury to man or horse.

' What are the best places to stop at to meet these hounds ?

' There is a very well-known, good, old-fashioned inn at Broadway, the Lygon Arms, once on the coach road from Oxford to Worcester, which now lies off the railway, and I have heard that Mr. Drury, the landlord, an old servant of the Coventry's, will

‘make a sportsman welcome and comfortable. There is the
‘White Hart at Moreton in the Marsh. The Unicorn and White
‘Hart at Stow. At Tewkesbury there is the Hop Pole, an old-
‘fashioned house, which the readers of Dickens may remember was
‘patronized by Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Bob Sawyer, and Mr. Benjamin
‘Allen. There is good stabling at the Northwick Arms, Evesham,
‘and The Three Tuns is a good inn at Pershore. But the meets
‘are nearly all within reach of Cheltenham, which is the most
‘cheerful place to stop at.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER IN THE SHIRES.

RUGBY.

NOVEMBER is seldom accepted as a likely month for good sport. There are twenty reasons why it should not be for one why it should. Neither the country, the scent, the foxes, nor the hounds can be expected to show to advantage; and it is only by the luckiest combination of accident and circumstance that they will be subservient to our wishes. The country generally rideshard, and always blind; and perversely, if the ground is tolerably soft and rideable, the ditches will be tenfold darker. Then, too, this is a period when tillage is populating every acre of arable, when sheep-dogs are prowling over every pasture, and when the bullocks are foiling each rood of greensward. The coverts are so thick, that hounds can scarcely follow their game; and the leaves, showering down from tree and hedgerow, are staining the earth wherever the wind carries them. Foxes are incessantly baffled in their course, hounds are constantly thwarted in pursuit, and neither one nor the other have learned their parts. Horses are seldom in condition to gallop, hounds scarcely fit to hunt, and foxes usually too fat to run.

But this year there has been a happy subversion of the order of things. The ground kept soft and moist all summer. September and October did all they could to favour the processes of cub-hunting and conditioning; more rain was continually falling, to clear the soil, encourage scent, and discourage wheat-sowing; the leaves dropped early from the thorn, and, by the first of November, horses, hounds, and foxes had been worked up to the mark, while the country itself was some two months ahead of what it would be in ordinary seasons.

Since then there has been a continual succession of fine sport on the side of Leicestershire within reach of Rugby; and thus, in spite of all the difficulties it has to contend against, November has this year been as replete with good things as even the richest month of last exceptional season. Rain came down almost daily; but even rain has no power to damp the keen pleasure of a good run; and as wet increased, so did the power of the hounds and the vigour of the scent. Foxes are everywhere plentiful to an extraordinary

degree; and here at least they would seem to be actuated by a thorough love of hunting—so readily and so gaily have they left their fastnesses at the first challenge, and gone forth to battle in the open. There are *too* many of them, in fact. They divide the hounds in covert, and hinder them from getting away together; they jump up in front of them during a run, and draw attention off a sinking relative. You frequently walk them up in a turnip field, and hear of them prowling about the villages. (Happily, though, no Hon. Sec. in these parts has yet been found with sufficient credulity to pay for forty turkeys eaten in one night, a claim said to have been recently defrayed in Hertfordshire to one noble-minded agriculturist!)

It may be irrelevant if I tell of an adventure of a few nights ago; but a true ghost-story cannot but be in place at Christmas-tide.

The lamp of the smoking-room was burning dimly and dubiously, the clock ticked heavily and distinctly, and the cigar of solitude was reduced to its last few whiffs, when a wailing, long-continued cry as of some poor creature in pain broke in through the walls. Sharper and more touchingly it rose on the quiet night air, sinking again into a plaintive whine, that seemed full of distress and agony; and when I threw open the window, its appeal for help rang touchingly through the black darkness.

I pictured to myself some favourite dog, faithful companion of hearth or field, tortured in the fangs of a horrid gin, and biting helplessly at the iron teeth fixed vengefully in its suffering leg. Again and again the urgent cry from the near hill-side smote the ear. Every man who lays claim to the title of sportsman must have *some* heart, and at last I could stand it no longer; so, fortifying myself with a greatcoat, a bullseye lantern, and a fresh weed, I set off in the direction of the sound.

Now it was moving round the hill, more bitter, apparently, as each moment intensified distress, and as if a maimed form were dragging itself painfully along. Then it stopped suddenly, and with a piteous intonation, just beyond where the old church-tower loomed against a sullen heaven.

Thinking now to be able to reach the poor beast, I hurried along the footpath that traversed the churchyard, and, as the entrance-gate swung behind me, stopped a moment to listen. All was silent as the death-vaults, whose memorial stones stood white and shadowy on every side; not a sound disturbed the quiet obscurity—not even a breath of air to break the solemn stillness, as I stood one living among the many dead. Once I fancied a low moan reached me; but, advancing a step, there was nothing to be heard but my own footfall, which sounded ghostly and hollow. Again I stopped and listened, every sense strained eagerly, and a damp chilliness creeping through my greatcoat, and searching my very bones. Suddenly a vivid, startling thought flashed into my mind, awakening the spark of remembrance that had, half unconsciously, been smouldering since my ear had caught the first cry. That long-continued, painful yelping

could convey but one familiar, awful meaning. I bethought me of a moment years ago, when I was face to face with a Cuban blood-hound in a room alone, and the vision seemed to take life as memory brought back the poor brute springing in his madness against the only one he was wont to caress. I called to mind the glaring, blood-shot eye, the foaming mouth, the glistening teeth, and the bullet-hole that a lucky shot placed where I had thought to put it at leisure. I remembered the awful fate of a French consul whom I had known, who raved his life out in the horrors of hydrophobia; and I even thought of the horrible death-struggle in the 'Maid of Sker.' As memory and imagination conjured up these pictures, the same painful, thrilling outburst broke out once more from the border of the churchyard. Darkness utter and silent followed, while I listened and waited for what might happen further. A hissing noise close at hand set the roots of my hair tingling, as a black, uncanny cat spat defiance at me from the nearest tombstone. I am not a coward above my fellows; but I felt I should like to be elsewhere, as I stood watching and alone in this ghostly neighbourhood, resolved on carrying out the mission of kindness, yet hating each moment as it passed. I almost jumped as the old village-clock boomed in my ear, each of the twelve strokes seeming to drown an evil footstep or re-echo an unearthly yell. Scarcely had the last toll melted away, and a trying, feverish emptiness succeeded, than close—not a dozen graves away—came the hideous, snarling bark, rendered sharper and more frenzied by propinquity. In desperation I grasped my only weapon, the bullseye lantern, and turned it full on my spectral foe—my very life's blood seeming to course the wrong way as I threw my eyes along the blaze of light. . . . Tally ho! Tally ho!! A real healthy, honest dog-fox, staring right into my face, with his bright eyes winking, and his red ears pricked! The spell is broken; and I never screamed so hearty a view-holloa as when he whisked his white tag in the light, and scampered off at a pace that showed that *he* at least was in little discomfort.

What could have prompted this fox to make such a fool of me I know not. Often and often have I listened to them barking in the spring and summer, but never, that I remember, in the winter. Certainly I never heard one give vent to such unearthly sounds as this one, and it is far beyond my knowledge of vulpine habits to account for it. Did he think that by my pen I have long prompted and abetted the persecution of his race? or, on the other hand, did he wish to make personal acquaintance with one who does his best to elevate them to high esteem? At any rate, he finished the night by serenading me from within hearing of my bed-room window, and did the same the whole of the two following nights.

But to return to our main subject. One would imagine that Rugby, from its many advantages of position, would attract hunting men in great numbers; and, indeed, it is popularly supposed that it does; but in reality this is by no means the case. This season, for instance, there are at present not more than half a dozen visitors, in

addition to the men who have taken up permanent quarters here. Yet Rugby is only a two-hours' journey from London, and commands as good a five-days-a-week country as is to be found—including the best meets of the Pytchley and Atherstone, Mr. Tailby's Mondays, and, by railing to Harboro', his Thursdays too (I am confining myself to the Leicestershire side). With these attractions, and its facility of access, it is surprising that Rugby does not become a great central depôt, to which men more or less tied to London might resort to indulge a taste for a grass country. Scores of good sportsmen seek a doubtful recreation in riding with some suburban pack, and scrambling through a hateful country with such a mob as only Cockneydom can produce, while, with a scarce perceptible increase of trouble and an infinite addition of pleasure and comfort, they might be enjoying the sweets that Rugby holds out.

Let me run through the *menu* of the week. On Mondays, as I have said, Mr. Tailby is within reach; and Monday, in my humble opinion, is the *bonne bouche* of the six days. The Atherstone and the Pytchley have shown almost equally brilliant sport; but there is a tone about the Mondays in this district that is not to be found on other days. It is not only in the superiority of country, nor in the virtues of the grand pack that Goodall left with his master, but it lies, more than all, in the steel and temper of the men you meet, who give quality to the field and a character to the sport. A vein of good sportsmanship and good fellowship runs through the list of the Billesdon Hunt, in a degree that only Melton itself can emulate. They enjoy hunting, and they hunt for enjoyment, giving their whole minds to the subject in hand; not looking upon it as a thing conducive to minor ends, but loving it for its own sake. To watch the disciples of the Tailby school ride to hounds, alone furnishes food for wonderment and imitation. When the pace is really good, there are fifty men—not six or a dozen—forming a front rank; while, on a hunting scent, there are more than a double proportion watching and appreciating the work in hand.

As a rule, Mr. Tailby's sport is like Offenbach's music, brilliant, stirring, and decisive—the old threadbare term *dash* more truly giving the character of the hounds than any less conventional term. Indeed, *dash* is the definition of their character, the essential of their power, and the soul of their success. Let them once get hold of a scent, they seem to make so much more of it than other equally well-bred packs, in whom this quality is less strongly developed; and they show a drive and determination that it is worth going a long distance to see.

It is true there is a great variety in their country. Most of it is wild; but whereas, in some parts, this wildness amounts to ruggedness, in others it lends an additional advantage to grand stretches of grass that further inroads of civilization would ruin, for foxes would be forced to shifty courses, and hounds would lose half their freedom in pursuit.

1 Amateur hunting cannot be made amenable to casual criticism;

but this, I may say, Mr. Tailby *ought* to hunt a pack of hounds in Leicestershire. He has the leading essential of *always* being with them, and when there lets them work without flustering them. He is fortunate, too, in having a man like Christian, on whom he can at all times depend to whip in to him.

In this country one cannot but come to the conclusion, that absolute science is not so much a *sine qua non* for brilliant sport as quickness, never-failing presence of mind, and, still more, of body. In short, the keeping-up of the pluck, courage, and self-dependence of the hounds is far more important than erudite calculation or scientific casts. In Leicestershire you require to burst your fox before he runs you out of scent. You can seldom trail along his line till you have worn him down; nor is this what you go out for.

Mr. Tailby's decision in getting rid of his dog-pack, and retaining only the ladies when his country was reduced, was an idea which brought good fruit. To the mind of an outsider, at all events, there is twice the pleasure in watching a quick pack of bitches, than is to be derived from the working of their coarser brothers. The latter are, doubtless, stronger and more capable of hunting large woodlands; but in an open country, and on a scent, there can be no comparison. They are wanting altogether in the *verve* and sparkle that belong exclusively to the fair sex of every genus; they are less keen, less obedient, and much more easily discouraged. See a pack of dog-hounds overridden by their field or disappointed by a few unlucky casts! They lose their energy at once, no matter how close they may be to their game. On very slight provocation they exhibit a sullenness and obstinacy as irritating as irremediable. Nothing can be more trying to a huntsman than to see his hounds showing slackness and indolence. Too often he will lose his temper and have them driven up with the lash—an expedient about as useful as thrashing a hot horse to quiet his irritability.

This leads me to speak of a principle which, though generally taken as a hypothesis by writers and talkers on hunting, is yet an essential so often neglected in practice, that to it may be attributed nine-tenths of the failures of huntsmen. I allude to the paramount necessity of keeping hounds in good temper with themselves and their work; of establishing a confidence by rousing enthusiasm, and, as it were, putting them in conceit with their own powers. One false alarm and one disappointment do more towards dispiriting and slackening a pack than can be mended by a dozen brilliant hits. Hounds cannot be treated as a mere piece of machinery, to be dragged and driven over certain ground under the idea that they will stick their noses into any spare foot of it left vacant by surrounding horsemen. The most brilliant hound will, perhaps, cut through a crowd a few times, if certain that he is flying to share what his fellows are already rejoicing in; but if he finds himself continually left behind and disappointed, he is certain to lose all his energy and interest. One or two huntsmen I could mention—men, too, of some

reputation and experience—are woefully prone to scuttle away with only a single hound or so immediately their fox has broken covert, trusting that the others will find their own way to the front. The nearest and keenest probably will, dodging through the crowd as only a high-bred hound can; but the others, with a remembrance of having been served so before, will only come on at their leisure, disgust apparent in drooping ears and sterns, and their whole appearance suggesting the old simile of drowned rats. Of course it is very necessary in this country to get away quick at starting; but one hound won't make run. In the same way hounds will not submit to be blown hither and thither in the track of their huntsman, who expects the one or two nearest his heels to pick up the scent as they gallop across it, while they have to strain every nerve to keep near him. So sensitive are they of being 'sold,' that the best pack in England might soon be ruined by a course of balking and disappointment. A hound is quite as fond of hunting as any of us; but if he finds that he is never waited for nor considered of any consequence, he quickly gets bored and loses all interest in the game. A head, as we all know, is the secret of a run—(for though one hound can go fast enough up a straight furrow, it takes many to carry a twisting line); and the secret of a head is encouragement and enthusiasm. See Mr. Musters on a sinking fox! He will work each hound up to such a pitch that one and all of them are *mad* to kill; and the scream that makes them fly to the cry will almost set your own bristles on end with excitement. His sharp, cheery voice sends them forward on to their fox with a crash and vigour that never gives him a chance of getting away from them. Thus they always carry a head, because every hound is on his mettle, feels he is depended upon, and knows he will not be left in the lurch.

But to leave abstract theory and return to history. Mr. Tailby's November and December have been full of rich treats, the former month especially. Most of these have, I see, already met with more or less chronicle at the hands of the 'Field' correspondent; so a reproduction at any length here would only be regarded as a *réchauffé*. Limited as his country now is, he has found plenty of room in it for his old style of quick happy bursts; and few Mondays or Thursdays have been without one of these. His two best runs took place on two following Thursdays, and over nearly the same line, the wild grass country below Carlton being the scene. In both instances he killed his fox; the first after a rattling forty minutes, the other after galloping for upwards of an hour, and hunting for two hours and a half more.

I have spoken of the exceptional quality of Mr. Tailby's field, and perhaps I ought to illustrate the assertion with instances. It would be a very difficult task—and certainly one that I do not care to undertake—to dwell upon the special merits of all the good sportsmen and good riders that compose his field. The spring before last an article in 'Baily' enumerated most of them, so I shall take refuge behind that, and curtail my remarks accordingly.

Mr. Tailby himself has not altered one jot since then, in spite of some terrible crushers during the last season or two. Last winter he suffered concussion of the brain, and this autumn he broke a collar-bone; but he rides every bit as hard, and is even more quick and certain in being with hounds than ever.

The leading division are much the same as then, except that Mr. Powell is no longer a terror to the carpenters and to those who used to ride in his wake. Nor has any meet successor yet been found for him; so expediency echoes the sentiment of his friends, that the sooner he returns the better. The nervous system of the Messrs. Gosling does not yet seem to have suffered any severe shock; Mr. Pennington has grown no slower in pursuit; Mr. Holland-Corbett is much the same man over a country as Mr. Corbett-Holland used to be; Mr. Cochrane sails away little less freely than he is of but imperceptibly lighter burthen than then; Captain Robertson is still as desperately enamoured of hunting and big fences as ever; the Messrs. Murietta have a new but equally neat lot of horses, and ride them no less neatly than their predecessors. Sir Henry Halford still holds his horse's head as straight as he does his rifle; and Captain Hunt is bringing out a young entry that will do all credit to their father. Mr. Braithwaite still bears the character of being the best one-armed man in England; Colonel Wigram has introduced a novice (to this country), who need scarcely aspire to improve upon his patron; the Messrs. Baillie are such staunch supporters that they might almost be termed the Horatii of the Hunt (Captain Charles doing the work of Hon. Sec. in a way that would make any country a strong one); while Captain Whitmore may (without impertinence) be called its Beau Brummel, so inimitably is he always turned out. Mr. Douglass has now a black Bellerophon that can carry even him in a front place; and Mrs. Douglass, though not hunting so frequently as she used, can tread close on her lord's heels when hounds run temptingly—witness the first of the two Carlton gallops, when there were few in front of them. Mr. Farquhar, and Captain Wingfield, and most of the old lot belonging to this side of the divided country, are still to the fore; while there are new comers at Harborough and in its neighbourhood who are quite equal to the scene they have chosen for themselves. Harborough has Captain Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Samuda, and two who have journeyed from the other side of the Atlantic to gain an insight into the delights of British fox-hunting—Messrs. White and Stuart. Kibworth has the Hon. Cavendish afore referred to; Sir Charles Nugent has taken Glenn, and Mr. Harry Arkwright has founded a new covert at Peatling Parva.

I must attempt to enumerate no more, having already broken through avowed intentions—but, stay, if I don't mention Mr. Goodchild of Glen Parva, and Mr. Paulet of Theddingworth—the first to fly a big post-and-rail, the other to crash through a black bullfinch—I shall rob my short list of two of its best heavyweights. And, though I have only jotted down these few names as coming first to mind, is it right not to speak of Mr. Bennett of Marston, one of the best

friends of the Hunt, and Mr. John Bennett of Bosworth, who can generally show such a stamp of young horses as is not easily beaten.

Lord Hopetoun is not present this season to bore through a thick place in the kindly way he was wont. Mr. Hay's bad accident of last year has reduced him to wheels for a time, leaving the saddle to the sole but able representation of his son. Fond as Mr. St. John is of hounds and hunting, he has not yet appeared on the scene. And now I think I have alluded to most of the changes that the past year has wrought among Mr. Tailby's field.

Thus, supposing Rugby to be your head-quarters, Monday and Thursday are disposed of; and on the latter day you may often, if you are so minded, take advantage of the North Warwickshire close at hand.

On a Tuesday you will find it hard to know what to do with yourself, unless a game of billiards at the club has any attractions for you; but on Wednesday the Pytchley should be within easy distance, albeit they have fought so strangely shy of the Rugby district during the last two months.

The Pytchley started this year under a new administration, and with an entirely fresh staff. Mr. Naylor undertook the reins; sent for Machin from the flints and hop-gardens of Kent, on the strength of his reputation as first whip to the Quorn; secured another pupil of Mr. Muster's—Ridley—to help young Goddard to whip in to him, and has mounted them all on horses that make a poor man's mouth, water to look upon. The pack is still well worthy of its time-honoured reputation, the ladies being especially good. Still, like most high-bred hounds, they are easily 'put out;' and though they can get through even the rampant crowd of a Pytchley Wednesday in an extraordinary manner, they are apt to become careless if left behind or otherwise slighted. The present huntsman is remarkably quick in action, observant of what his hounds are doing, and ready in grasping the course of his fox; and he is also an undeniable rider. A man in his capacity is always open to fair criticism, being more or less a public servant; and criticism must point out to him that he has occasionally slipped into the error of not waiting for his hounds—a fault so palpable that lookers-on are certain to be more struck by it at the time than by his many obvious good qualities. It is asserted on several hands that he has been urged to this course by high authority; but though it is a fault so easily fallen into from over eagerness as to be almost excusable, surely no one can be found to support it in theory!

Let this be as it may, the Pytchley have had some fine runs, and not a few of them this autumn—perhaps the most notable of all being that from Pipwell Wood almost to Oakham, an eleven-mile point. This happened on a Monday; so Harboro' and Rugby were 'previously engaged' to Mr. Tailby, and the particulars are, consequently, hearsay. They had, also, a wonderfully good hour and twenty minutes on Saturday, December 21, from Stowe Wood, quite the boundary of their country. Hounds ran unassisted and

well ahead throughout ; sweeping along splendidly all the time, the ground being too deep for horses to live with them ; and they ran into their fox handsomely in the end. The nicest gallop we have seen with them was the half hour from Thornby to Sulby some three weeks ago, which took place when only the last hour of daylight remained to retrieve the character of a luckless day's hunting. But on most of the comparatively rare occasions when their prettiest country—that within reach of Rugby—has been visited, there has been sport of more or less lively character.

Of the members of the Pytchley Hunt I can scarcely speak individually in this limited article. I may, however, say of them collectively that, though not by any means such a thrusting, hard-riding fraternity as their neighbours of high Leicestershire, they are as sport-loving and zealous in the good cause as are to be found in any country. Fox-preserving is carried on as religiously and universally as tobacco planting in Havannah. Hunting is here the basis on which society stands ; and he who has no interest in it can scarcely be said to live. The crowded fields, wherein every house within distance is represented, the sociable chatty meets, and the fox talk which deluges every dinner-table, all testify to this. The same spirit pervades the riding to hounds. There is a constant zeal on every hand to see what is going on (to an extent often baffling to a huntsman) ; but the front rank in a really quick thing is numerically a meagre one, except on such days as the Harboro' division chimes in. Of course, men like Captain Chaplin, Messrs. Mills, Ashby, Watson, Captain Clarke, the Messrs. Langham, and some others, are a credit to any hunt, but I am speaking of the proportionate character of the field as compared with others we have alluded to. One is too apt to be led away into gloryfying hard riders above men who may see as much, and understand a great deal more, of sport in a less head-long fashion ; and it is a great mistake to suppose that the taste and appreciation of an individual deteriorate as soon as, from one cause or another, he modifies his eagerness for big or unnecessary fences. Maturity of thought and experience has done nothing to harm the sense of pleasure—but much to improve the discernment—of men like Mr. Naylor, Colonel Arthur, General Mayow, Lord Henley, Mr. Haig, Mr. Topham, Sir Rainald Knightley, General Horne, &c. Mrs. Arthur's practical knowledge and powers are too well known to need comment ; Mr. Morrice is as good as ever in a long, trying run ; while there are some new settlers who will not be seen far behind at any time, to wit, Sir John Reid, Captain Soames, Mr. Schoolbred (all of noted calibre) ; Mr. Kennard, who has the best, if not the largest stud in the hunt ; Mr. Ridgeway, who, as well as Colonel Jay, has come over to learn the grand sport peculiar to the mother country, Mr. Corbett, &c. Mr. Angerstein has not been out very frequently at present ; and Captain Harding Brown and Mr. Wyatt Edgell have not yet appeared to assist the country that claims them. The Weedon garrison is a very sporting one this winter, and Colonel Greene has been again dating from

there; and lastly, as the place of honour, I will name a few farmers who are invariably right in front: Messrs. Wood, Oldacre (*père et fils*), Gee (2), Atterbury (2), Elkins, Hipwell, Biggs, Perkins, Topham, jun. With these and Messrs. Perceval, Gilbert, Daniel, and Norton, I will close my incomplete notes on the Pytchley. Were I to attempt a classification of all who ride to hounds, who support hunting, and who help to form the large united body of which the Pytchley Hunt consists, I should require a whole number of 'Baily' to myself.

On a Saturday, too, these hounds are generally within reach of Rugby, as also occasionally on Friday. But on this last-named day the Rugby men expect to go out with the Atherstone, the cream of whose country stretches to their very doorstep. It is true that they, like the Pytchley, have this season been very chary of their favours; and have confined themselves as much as possible to their distant ploughs. And we are all the louder in complaining of this, as whenever they have put in an appearance the experiment has been rewarded with the *greatest* success, and the three or four occasions on which they have been near us have been marked by superior sport and replete with the most pleasurable hunting.

The Atherstone were never on a better footing than they are at present. Mr. Oakley has well built upon the foundation laid by Captain Thomson, and the pack is now very far above the common, both in appearance and at work. The bitches are really a very beautiful lot in the field. They show much quality, have great pace, and their quickness and eagerness in hunting is something marvellous. If there is any fault at all to be found with them, it is that they are perhaps a trifle slow in getting out of covert; but there is no lack of dash when they are once out.

Mr. Oakley is very determined on giving both hounds and fox fair play at starting; and when drawing a covert he keeps his field in order, in a way that is, unfortunately, foreign to many hunts. Thus a fox is able to make his point, hounds can get away after him, and the first step towards a run is ensured. The men are mounted to perfection. Castlemayne has his hounds under the most charming command—a command that, coming, as he does, from a slower country, he at present scarcely puts to sufficient advantage. Thus he is not quite sharp enough in getting his hounds beyond a small covert which his fox has entered, but in which a tolerably fresh one would never stop, and through which hounds will often take some time to work their way. This is a very important point in Leicestershire, for if a fox once gets any distance ahead there are great chances in favour of his beating you. In the same way, on an indifferent scent, it is quite excusable to lift hounds forward over a cold fallow or two in order to get them together on the grass; in other words, if they can't carry a head on the plough, you must take them on where they can, if you mean to kill your fox. This, though, must be done properly, *i. e.*, by having your hounds well in your hand, and lifting them in a body—not by galloping on with a few stray hounds.

Castlemayne ought to be able to make use of his hounds as well as any man we have seen ; for they appear to put the same complete trust in him that he places in them, and they work for him as happy as spaniels.

On the Atherstone field I shall crave leave to dwell at even less length than I have done on the Quorn and Pytchley. Foremost among them is still Mr. Muntz, and I must fix upon Miss Davey as a second. Lord Denbigh, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Herbert Wood, and Mr. Arkwright, of Coton House, know both how to preserve foxes and keep their place in a run. The Master and Mrs. Oakley are seldom far from hounds, and Mr. C. Marriott is generally well with them.

With a full consciousness of having skimmed my subject, or having embarked upon one which, besides its own width, tempts to endless divergence, I will now close my sketch of what is to be seen from Rugby.

For sins of commission I am ready to be answerable ; for those of omission I must be pardoned.

CRICKET.—THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

ETON not only had a fair working eleven this year, but were fortunate in meeting an exceptionally weak team from Harrow. There were no fewer than three Lytteltons in the eleven this year, but it is curious how little bowling there is in that great cricketing family. Mr. Bruce is a safe and steady bat, Mr. Whitmore an excellent point, and Mr. Wilkinson one of the neatest of wicket keepers ; Mr. Buckland is a straight and good bowler, with a good deal of spin. Eton would have fared badly without him, and his analysis presents a striking contrast to that of any other bowler in the eleven. He is also a dangerous bat, and his square-leg hit at Lord's, through the tennis-court window, was the hit of the season. His batting average has risen from 3·12 to 19·12.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Number of Runs.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Average.
E. O. H. Wilkinson	16	173	0	47	11·7
Hon. F. J. Bruce	19	385	0	83	20·5
C. N. Miles	17	260	2	47	17·5
Hon. R. H. Lyttelton	14	285	0	65	20·5
F. M. Buckland	18	335	1	62	19·12
Hon. E. Lyttelton	14	252	0	41	18
Hon. A. Lyttelton	18	190	3	28	12·10
T. Parkyns	14	182	2	34*	15·2
W. W. Whitmore	10	95	2	24*	11·7
H. E. Whitmore	13	34	3	11	3·4
E. Hanbury	18	108	2	20	6·12

* Not out.

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average of Runs per Wicket.
F. M. Buckland . .	1815	453	194	55	0	1	8·13
H. E. Whitmore . .	859	362	67	15	0	0	24·2
C. N. Miles	716	311	55	14	3	0	22·3
T. Parkyns	534	207	51	6	5	0	34·3
Hon. R. H. Lyttelton	250	132	7	9	0	1	13·6
Hon. E. Lyttelton .	140	81	7	4	3	0	20·1
W. W. Whitmore . .	87	35	6	2	0	0	17·1

Harrow was dreadfully weak, and of the old players Messrs. Leaf and A. Hadow have sadly fallen off from last year's promise. Mr. Blacker, on the other hand, has trained on into a finished batsman. Of the new men Mr. Webbe has run a good second to Mr. Blacker, and Mr. Childe-Pemberton showed strong defence at Lord's, with little hitting power. The Harrow bowling was very poor stuff, though the managers nearly brought off a clever *coup* with Mr. Shand, who was kept dark till the last moment, and whose queer delivery quite puzzled the Eton batsmen in their first innings. On the second day he was useless, and, with his action, it must be a mere chance whether his bowling succeeds or not. As long as it lasts, however, his bowling takes a good lot of playing, and his leg balls, whose number is legion, are not easy to put away. It was quite right to play him, but we do not look on him as a reliable bowler. Mr. Blacker's bowling is not destructive. He delivered 40 balls, which produced 36 runs.

THE HARROW SCHOOL ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Runs.	Total Innings.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
E. A. Stuart	135	12	27	1	12 $\frac{3}{11}$
H. Leaf	82	12	22	0	6 $\frac{2}{5}$
A. A. Hadow	111	12	42	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. J. Michell	139	13	42	0	10 $\frac{9}{15}$
W. Blacker	304	12	60	1	27 $\frac{1}{11}$
C. B. Childe-Pemberton . .	107	11	44	1	10 $\frac{7}{10}$
P. F. Hadow	125	13	34	1	10 $\frac{5}{14}$
A. J. Webbe	251	9	80	0	27 $\frac{2}{9}$
C. E. Cottrell	79	11	22*	1	7 $\frac{9}{10}$
B. Bovill	24	11	14	5	4
F. L. Shand	11	7	5*	2	2 $\frac{1}{3}$

* Not out.

THE HARROW SCHOOL ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
C. E. Cottrell. . . .	746	54	288	20	4	14 $\frac{3}{5}$
B. Bovill	733	36	334	20	0	16 $\frac{7}{10}$
F. L. Shand	727	77	314	12	9	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. A. Hadow	654	47	267	22	3	12 $\frac{3}{8}$
A. J. Webbe	75	3	40	3	0	13 $\frac{1}{3}$
W. Blacker	40	0	36	1	0	36

Winchester had only three of last year's eleven, and lost those two celebrated bowlers, Messrs. Moyle and Raynor. The loss was all the greater, because as long as these two were in the eleven no other bowlers were required, and no others had a chance of trying their hands. With the exception of 38 overs, Messrs. Moyle and Raynor bowled through the whole of last season, and, therefore, the new hands had to come comparatively untried to their task this year. As might be expected, the bowling analysis presents a very different appearance this year; but, in batting, the three old members of the eleven, Messrs. Briggs, Shuter, and Dixon, are in their right places, at the top of the list.

THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
R. Briggs	14	338	83	0	24·2
J. Shuter	16	308	49	2	21·7
E. R. Dixon	15	268	61	2	20·8
H. F. Pollock	8	114	47	2	19
H. J. B. Hollings	14	144	28	4	14·4
G. C. Walker	14	193	35	0	13·11
C. F. S. Alban	15	161	38	2	12·5
G. S. Marriott	12	110	28	3	12·2
P. H. Fernandez	10	96	26	0	9·6
A. B. Wilson	8	62	28	1	7·6
B. Heygate	12	73	25	3	8·6

THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
R. Briggs	12	1677	149	615	43	16	14·13
H. J. B. Hollings	9	683	40	346	22	0	15·8
E. R. Dixon	12	620	19	313	19	8	16·9
J. Shuter	7	500	29	223	7	19	31·6
B. Heygate	6	333	24	122	9	5	13·5
G. S. Marriott	7	306	15	167	7	3	23·6
C. F. S. Alban	6	333	24	122	9	5	13·5

At Westminster there were six old players—or five, if we leave out Mr. R. W. S. Vidal, who only took part in two matches, and did not bowl at all. Mr. Rawson has made a prodigious advance both in batting and bowling, and has quite taken Mr. Vidal's place. Though Mr. M'Keand has rather retrograded in batting, his bowling average has improved from 13 to 8 runs per wicket. Of the new men, Mr. Dury leads in the batting department with the good average of 25 runs per innings. Mr. H. D. S. Vidal is a coming bowler, and has done his share of this season's work as inexpensively as Mr. Rawson and Mr. M'Keand. Indeed the bowling averages of Westminster are highly praiseworthy.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Times Not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
W. S. Rawson	16	2	384	84*	27 $\frac{3}{4}$
R. W. S. Vidal	2	0	55	46	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. B. Dury	15	8	175	44	25
A. W. Fulcher	11	1	155	38	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. A. Crowdy	2	0	31	30	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. S. Jackson	15	3	165	29	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. P. M'Keand	14	0	150	30	10 $\frac{5}{8}$
F. G. Randolph	16	1	112	33	7 $\frac{7}{8}$
J. Harvey	11	1	69	18	6 $\frac{7}{10}$
H. D. S. Vidal	12	2	65	22*	6 $\frac{1}{10}$
J. Bruce	12	1	69	20	6 $\frac{3}{11}$
J. Reece	8	1	27	9*	3 $\frac{3}{8}$

* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
W. S. Rawson	1483	68	646	80	7	8 $\frac{2}{10}$
C. P. M'Keand	1580	81	571	69	16	8 $\frac{10}{10}$
H. D. S. Vidal	675	40	283	34	2	8 $\frac{1}{10}$
J. Bruce	187	10	77	9	5	8 $\frac{8}{10}$
H. S. Jackson	294	19	121	10	2	12 $\frac{1}{10}$
J. B. Dury	201	12	91	6	5	15 $\frac{1}{10}$

Charterhouse cricket, now that it is removed from its quaint London quarters, where hide and seek in the cloisters was an integral part of the game, and is located on the more congenial soil of Godalming, will no doubt hold its own ground. The batting averages are not high, but there are good individual scores throughout, betokening an abundance of batting ability. The bowling averages are very fair, though the list of wides is very heavy.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL (GODALMING).

NAMES.	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not Out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
G. C. Carter	14	23	1	405	54	69	18'9
E. G. Blomfield . . .	16	25	1	424	143*	143	17'16
W. W. Drew	16	26	2	278	51	93	11'14
W. C. Williams . . .	16	26	0	251	58	67	9'17
E. V. Ravenshaw . . .	16	26	1	289	42	55	11'14
E. H. Parry	16	26	2	225	51	51	9'9
W. Empson	16	25	3	145	18	23	6'13
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	16	26	4	125	19	35	5'15
A. W. Corrie	13	21	2	239	59*	116	12'11
A. S. Neal	15	23	1	220	79	109	10
F. H. Firth	15	20	4	101	15	19	6'5

* Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Balls.	Innings.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.	Average Wickets per Innings.	Average Runs per Wicket.
Empson	2045	21	103	870	18	82	3'19	10'50
Blomfield	1408	21	61	714	7	56	2'14	12'42
Williams	1025	17	40	504	3	57	3'6	8'48
Ravenshaw	590	12	25	291	7	29	2'5	10'1

At Rugby there have not been so many matches as last year, which may account for the falling off of runs obtained. Otherwise there is a good long list of double figure averages, though Mr. Nash and Mr. Taylor, of the old players, have not come up to their last season's standard. The bowling averages are almost a *replica* of those of last year; and, considering the loss the school has sustained in Mr. G. E. Jeffery, who was a tower of strength in batting and bowling, Rugby cricket has fully maintained its prestige. Mr. L. Jeffery is following in his brother's steps in both departments of the game; and Mr. Leigh, among the new members of the eleven, has done a very large share of the bowling, as well as of obtaining a fair average of runs.

RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
E. H. Nash	14	20	181	51*	51*	9	10	1	0
A. S. Francis	13	19	271	37	59	14	5	0	2
E. J. Taylor	14	20	152	31	31	7	12	0	0
C. W. Crosse	13	18	296	84	84	18	8	2	0
A. E. Leigh	14	20	212	40*	50	13	3	4	0
L. Jeffery	14	20	233	33	42	13	12	3	2
E. P. Barlow	14	20	297	47*	62	15	12	1	0
E. P. B. Smith	10	16	130	37	37	9	4	2	0
P. Sellar	13	18	202	34	40	11	4	0	0
C. P. Ridley	8	13	79	25	28	11	2	6	0
A. H. Young	6	9	112	38	38	14	0	1	2

* Not out.

RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs off each Over.	Overs.	Runs for each Wicket.	Overs.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.	Overs.
A. S. Francis .	25	2268	567	742	194	66	1	175	11	16	19	2	2	16
A. E. Leigh .	23	2288	572	775	201	76	1	203	10	15	7	0	3	7
L. Jeffery .	20	988	247	412	74	38	1	165	10	32	13	0	1	18
C. P. Ridley .	16	1136	284	438	98	37	1	154	11	31	11	0	2	5

The School played 14 matches :

Won	5
Lost	5
Drawn	4,
	three in their favour.
	<u>14</u>

The four old members of the Marlborough eleven, Messrs. Gay, Morse, Smith, and Milton, have all improved their batting average, the last three especially. And in bowling, Mr. Smith has improved from 24 to 11 runs per wicket. Indeed, the Marlborough bowling generally has been much less expensive than last year, as the following summary will show. In 1871 there were taken 145 wickets, at a cost of 17 runs per wicket. This season, 189 wickets have fallen, at a cost of 12 runs per wicket—fractions in both years excluded. Among the new players, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Congreve have distinguished themselves in batting, and Mr. Gore and Mr. Laxton in bowling.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES	Runs.	Innings.	Not out.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
W. Gay	481	28	2	92	92	18½
S. Morse	452	18	2	68	65	28½
S. D. Smith	340	19	2	61	61	20
W. H. Milton	405	20	2	77	62	22½
W. H. S. Laxton	176	16	2	46	46	12½
G. F. Cooper	401	25	3	82	72	18½
E. G. A. Winter	129	18	0	22	19	7½
W. E. Congreve	254	21	2	57	51	13½
G. R. Gore	128	16	2	30	29	9½
W. H. Churchill	309	19	4	58	58	20½
F. H. Lee	167	16	3	36*	36*	12½

* Not out.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings bowled in.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.	Wides and no Balls.
S. D. Smith	18	1966	687	171	60	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 $\frac{1}{3}$	5
G. R. Gore	20	2032	868	96	64	13 $\frac{4}{5}$	3 $\frac{1}{5}$	7
W. H. S. Laxton . .	16	974	395	47	28	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{2}{3}$	5
F. H. Lee	13	743	366	22	29	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{3}$	0
W. Gay	6	251	80	23	8	11 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	9

Mr. Browne, of Cheltenham, is the largest scorer of this year, having obtained just 500 runs. This is far short of the highest score last year, which was accomplished by Mr. Richardson at Marlborough, with 866 runs. Mr. Browne's average has not altered more than a fraction; but Mr. Mellor has made a great stride from 7 to 24, and has fully justified the opinion of the gentleman who favoured us with remarks on the eleven, and who wrote last year, 'F. H. Mellor bats 'in good form, but never comes off. Ought to be good next year.' The other old players were Mr. Watts and Mr. Steele. Mr. Browne again did the greater part of the bowling, but has been much more expensive than last season. We return best thanks for the remarks, always so welcome, on the eleven, made by those who have the best opportunities of judging their individual merits and deficiencies.

THE CHELTENHAM BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Not out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.	Over.
E. Browne	22	500	2	51	25	0
G. K. Watts	11	170	1	37	17	0
L. L. Steele	14	197	1	64	15	2
F. H. Mellor	21	470	2	162*	24	14
F. Kemble	21	342	2	108*	18	0
E. Fryer	12	330	1	121	30	0
C. A. Timms	21	207	2	49	10	17
E. J. Gardiner	7	67	0	19	9	4
R. B. Kennard	8	68	1	27	9	5
T. W. N. Oliver	18	236	1	51	13	15
H. T. Allsopp	11	43	6	16	8	3

* Not out.

THE CHELTENHAM BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.
E. Browne	23	2566	1106	224	93	1	3	12'14	4'1
G. K. Watts	6	659	258	57	16	1	0	16'2	2'4
F. Kemble	17	1081	512	86	36	3	0	14'8	2'2
F. H. Mellor	10	511	270	21	22	0	0	12'6	2'2

- E. Browne* (Captain). An exceedingly dangerous bat, hitting well to all parts. Were he more patient he would score much oftener. A useful straight bowler, using his head, but sometimes expensive. A magnificent field anywhere.
- G. K. Watts*. Was unable to play in some of the matches. A really good bat on lively ground; as a bowler fell short of expectation. Improved in fielding. Has left.
- F. H. Mellor*. Very much improved towards the end of the season, and should be a really fine bat. At the wicket he is not quick enough. Has a good idea of bowling slows.
- E. Fryer*. A capital bat when once set, but plays rather cramped until he has gained confidence. Improved as a field, though slow. With practice might make a slow round bowler. Has left.
- R. D. Kennard*. A very good field out far in his own peculiar style. A hard hitter, but very uncertain. Has left.
- F. Kemble*. One of the neatest and best bats in the Eleven, but has played with bad luck. As a bowler has not fulfilled his early promise. A beautiful field at cover-point, being very quick with a good return. Has left.
- C. A. Timms*. Plays in very good form, and will some day be a splendid bat; at present much too nervous. A brilliant field at long-leg, though occasionally careless. Has left.
- T. W. N. Oliver*. Has the makings of an excellent all-round cricketer, but too careless and impatient at present. With more trouble would bowl and field well.
- E. J. Gardiner*. Plays very straight, and has a good defence—apt to get leg before. A slow but fair field. Has left.
- L. L. Steele*. A pretty bat, and a good one when the ground is lively; but must learn to play on dead wickets. A good field, especially at point. Has left.
- H. T. Allsopp*. A very neat and quick field, and a sure catch. In batting wants a lot of coaching and practice.

Postscript.—An article in 'Bell's Life,' of October 26th, headed 'The Transatlantic Cricket Four,' is professedly written in answer to the remarks made on the same subject in the October number of this magazine. The writer complains loudly of the unjust and distasteful tone of those remarks, but, throughout the whole of his desultory discourse on cricket in general, and this expedition in particular, on the British army, on Canadian scenery, and on the colonial policy of the present Government, he studiously ignores their real point, which, expressed in the fewest possible words, was that amateur cricketers should pay their own expenses. And to that point, believing, as we do, in the vital necessity of maintaining a rigid distinction between amateur and professional, we firmly adhere. The writer pleads that the invitation from Canada was so handsomely made that it could not decently be refused. Surely this is a most pitiful excuse. Because a man accepts an invitation to dinner, must he therefore draw on his host for cab-hire also? We should have thought that the more handsome the offer the more opportunity there was for accepting it in such a manner that both inviters and invited might find themselves under mutual obligations.

The writer speaks of the ignorance and prejudice prevailing at home on the subject of Canada; but it is hardly fair to draw inferences about well-educated Englishmen from his intimate acquaintance with the English Twelve. It appears really necessary to remind him that Canada is not an unknown land; that many Englishmen are in the habit of visiting it, paying, moreover, their own travelling expenses; that the beauty of its scenery, the abundance of its resources, and the vigour and self-reliance of its people are fully appreciated in this country; and that the various items of useful information which, we are glad to learn, the twelve picked up in the course of their tour, and of which we can readily believe they were very much in want, are not, after all, as they might fondly fancy, new discoveries, but have long been matters of familiar acquaintance to a vast number of men, women, and children among us. The writer can hardly be serious in attaching any political importance to the expedition; yet, on second thoughts, we remember the three tailors of Tooley Street, the six Quakers who interviewed the Emperor Nicholas, and other honest and simple folk who believed they had a mission to enlighten the world on questions of high policy. Yet the twelve, or such of them as are in the habit of reading the newspaper, must have been staggered, soon after their return to England, at the calm announcement of the leading journal that Canada was quite old enough, big enough, and strong enough to take care of itself, and that it had better proceed to do so at once. Clearly the political influence of the twelve has not as yet extended to Printing House Square; has not as yet affected the present disposition of English opinion, which, nine times out of ten, 'The Times' so adroitly forecasts. If some of these young gentlemen, when they have passed—if fate and the leniency of their superiors permit them to pass—their examinations, and have entered on their several vocations in life, will exert themselves to impress on their countrymen the fact that a great empire can only remain great as long as it rises to the level of its responsibilities instead of sinking under their weight, their trip to Canada will, perhaps, not have been altogether profitless.

Stripped, then, of the ridiculous pretensions with which it has been surrounded, and reduced to its proper dimensions, this expedition to Canada remains, as we have before characterised it, a cheaply-obtained and, no doubt, highly agreeable holiday trip. We have not a word to retract: on the contrary, we are the more convinced every day that a most evil example has been set, and a door opened to the conversion of amateur cricket into a game of profitable speculation. Already we see the fruits. In the 'Australasian' of September 7th, we read that Mr. W. G. Grace requires 1500 sovs. to play in Australia, and at that figure, we fancy, he will be able to do cricket, society, geography, politics, peace and good-will, and get a little profit besides. We do not blame him. He is quite right to ask for as much as he is likely to get. The first cricket club in the world has deliberately broken down the distinction between amateurs and professionals, and has formally authorised gentlemen accepting invitations to cricket-

matches to bargain for their expenses. The concession made by the M. C. C. in favour of Mr. Grace—a concession, by the way, not made some years ago in favour of Daft, who was in all respects equally worthy of it—has now been expanded into a general permissive law. Against this disastrous step we protest, however unavailingly: against it the influence of this magazine, be it great or small, will be persistently exerted.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Cattle Show Characteristics—December Delights.

DREAR and dark December,—and if we could find another adjective of intensity we would append it,—thy days have not been days of pleasantness, nor thy nights of peace. Mud in our streets, rain and wind in our faces, gas strikes at our doors—what shall be said of thee? An acquaintance of ours, reduced by the weather to the verge of imbecility, found that there had been twenty-seven wet days in October, and twenty-nine in November, and then he gave up counting. We had expected better things of the month of Christmas fare and Christmas bills, and, when Croydon Steeplechases were actually run in fine weather, began to hope. But there came more wet, gales of wind which drove old women half wild with fear, and porpoises up to Cremorne (one left his card on Mr. Baum, but declined to come in), and so we glided into the Cattle Show week, but that brought us no alleviation, for with the Cattle Show came 'the Claimant!'

'All roads lead to Rome,' and every 'bus during the second week in December we know runs to the Agricultural Hall—or, at least, if it does not, it says it does—pastes the representation of a fat beast on its panels, and proceeds calmly to Whitechapel. It is a wonderful week in its way that one sacred to the bovine, though many Londoners take but little heed to its doings. A week of mark almost as notable, though in an inferior degree, as the Derby. A week for our country cousins of high, medium, and low degree, in which they disport themselves after their kind, and play the game of 'high 'jinks' in a very determined way. We will take the medium to begin with; the dashing young farmer from the shires or the fens, the man who goes well to hounds, and knows the Agricultural Hall in another of its phases, when the sawdust is being carefully raked for the grand *entrée* amidst the disapprobation of the gallery, and Mr. Sidney is the Widdicombe of the Ring. We will take our friend from the fens then (or the shires, which you will), whose white, short-horned steer has been 'highly commended,' and who is in a high state of delight in consequence, and place him among a lot of his pals at high tide on the second day of the show, when hours from the N.W. postal district, and birds of Paradise from S.W. ditto, begin to flock to the scene. The hours and the birds are fond of the agriculturalist, and we think he returns their affection. He is somewhat shy, and affects an extra boldness in consequence, but soon recovers himself, and they are the best of friends. Then the barmaids (exhibitors, Messrs. Spiers and Pond; breeders, unknown), how gay and gallant he is to them; how caressingly confidential to some, how carelessly complimentary to others. And here at the risk of a digression which may anger our readers, we think it our duty to speak seriously to Messrs. Spiers and Pond. These world-renowned caterers are celebrated for

many things; the excellence of their *menu*—the *pro rata* principle—a rather curious sherry—and their barmaids. In the latter department they have generally exerted themselves to procure the best article that could be got, and the public verdict has been favourable. But on this occasion there was a lamentable falling off at the numerous *buffets*, and though the agricultural mind is prone to accept anything with the town mark upon it as the real thing, even our cousins shook their heads over that department of the show. It has been whispered to us, indeed, that the high-class young women—the swells of Ludgate Hill and Victoria—object to the Agricultural Hall and the ‘tricks ‘and the manners’ that the agriculturalists bring there. Accustomed to the finished compliments of the City Jimmy Jessamys, to the seductive wooings (a mixture of chaff and slang) of the golden youth who lounge away idle hours before the bars over which they preside, the upper ten Hebes take umbrage at the rather rough admiration of the honest countryman, expressed, it may be, in too forcible terms, and refuse to allow the *buffets* at Islington to come between them and their nobility; and that Messrs. Spiers and Pond, knowing, it is to be presumed, the full value of the Hebes, have, like wise men, caved in, and so Islington has to put up with ‘second-raters. So much for the barmaids; now we will return to our other muttons, the men from the shires or the fens, with the jolly visage and pocketful of money, who pass their days at the Hall and their nights—ah! that’s the question. We should ourselves lay six to four on the Alhambra, and say even betting about the Argyle and the London Pavilion. They would make Evans’s a warm favourite, too, in some quarters; chiefly, perhaps, among the seniors, who have been accustomed to go there this week as regularly as they do to church on Sunday at home; but the young bloods, despite the private boxes, and while ardent admirers of Paddy Green, are inclined to rate the place a trifle slow. No, we should say the Alhambra for choice; a stall on the first night where they take in the glories and beauties of King Carrotte, the saloon on the next, and until further notice. The postal districts, N.W. and S.W., are in force there, too, and our cousin, who believes in Alhambra champagne, is very popular with every one, from ‘the friend in yellow satin,’ to quote from Thackeray, down to the portentous gentlemen in uniform who are such features in that celebrated establishment. And so pass the rosy hours with the medium class. What of the one below them? We hope somebody looks after that one—after the poor worn-out old boys, and the sturdy middle-aged who; for the most part, comprise it. We came upon a representative of that class, on the occasion of our visit, who rather afflicted us. He was a veteran, who had attained and perhaps passed the allotted threescore and ten, and was leaning in a melancholy way close to the particular beast he was appointed to tend. But, ah! the worn look of him, the gaze into utter vacancy, the entirely bored and exhausted expression, amidst a crowd of pushing, striving people, struck us much. He had had about thirty-six hours of a very trying atmosphere, and evidently his mind was wandering to ‘his young barbarians all at play,’ and their mother, somewhere in Loamshire. Unmindful of the pressing crowd, of the liberties which ignorant cockneys were taking with his particular beast, unmindful of a most wonderful waistcoat, conspicuous from afar, the prize of some Labourer’s Friend Society, the old man stood about the most dejected object we had seen for some time, and we wondered whether anybody looked after *him*, and whether he had other ministrations beyond what the Vicar of Islington kindly offered him on a Sunday. As to the higher class of our country cousins, why we may safely dismiss them to their clubs and their coteries, to the little house dinner at the Caviare, their quiet rubber at the

Baccarat, their stall at the Nudity, with the certain conviction that they will enjoy themselves very much at all three. Not up for long—about a week, or ten days at the most, sees them out—they manage to cram an amount of genuine work into that period which the records of the Derby and Ascot weeks could only equal. So much for some of the features of the Cattle Show.

And about the show proper, we hardly know what to say, except that as every one testified to its excellence, excellent it must have been. It is easy to make some poor fun out of the phraseology of writers who have the lore of both herd book and stud book at their fingers' ends, and to sneer at descriptions not one whit more ridiculous than the raptures of a *virtuoso*, or the peculiar slang with which musicians and painters clothe their art. We are all apt to offend in this way, perhaps sporting writers more than others, and now and then some over-zealous apostle does lay himself open to ridicule by indulging in criticisms on a fat beast or a prize cart-horse which have a ludicrous ring about them. Some of the silver fork school—the gentlemen for gentlemen scribes—laboured to be facetious over these Cattle Show offenders, but the fun was poor, and overstrained. Indeed, we thought that the accounts of the show in the papers were, for the most part, written with plainness and simplicity, easily to be understood of those even who had not made 'saddle and sirloin' their study. We did the show conscientiously from the silver medallist to the smallest pig, from the biggest chaff-cutting machine to the stall in 'the bazaar,' where paper flowers and scent was the stock-in-trade. We formed an unit among those 44,000 people who visited it on the Wednesday, and while we went through a good deal ourselves, we were an unwilling witness to the sufferings of the poor beasts from that perpetual torture of prodding, digging, and tail-twisting which they are subject to from the opening of the show to its close. An incident that had occurred there on, we believe, the previous day, we unfortunately did not see, though it would have delighted us much to have been a spectator. A noble-looking West Highlander, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, and standing in the next stall to Mr. Bruce's prize medallist, had come in for what the West Highlander probably considered a somewhat extra share of attention, partly due to his own merits, and partly to his proximity to the hero of the show. He had undergone his quota of indignity from amateur judges, cockney and otherwise, till at last his spirit would brook it no longer, and, thrusting his immense horns through the bars of his stall, he returned the prodding on his tormentors in kind, at the same time lashing out behind and seriously hurting, we were rejoiced to hear, some excellent woman who had been performing on him with the point of her umbrella to the delight of a select circle. The consequence was that on the occasion of our visit, he had the honour of being surrounded by a sort of wooden paling, while a scroll, inscribed 'dangerous,' made him an object even of deeper interest than his neighbour. But he was left in peace. The crowd thronged round him, it is true, but they kept 'themselves to themselves' as rustic Celias request their too eager Colins to do, and the West Highlander passed his latter hours in as much peace as a cattle show can give. Now and then a stamp of the foot, an angry shake of the head, and a side-long glance from a reddish eye, seemed to intimate that if the onlookers were on his native heath he would have been delighted to show them that his name was MacGregor. Beyond this he was peaceful. The poor medallist, we fear, had an evil time, for he was polled, and unable to offer much resistance, but it struck us he was an apathetic beast, and not of the irritable nature of the West Highlander, so perhaps did not mind. With one

remark we quit the Agricultural Hall for the present. We took occasion this time twelvemonth to protest against the illustrated newspapers for the unseemly way in which they brought ladies into the show; but, nothing warned, that excellent paper, 'The Graphic,' has introduced a young woman inspecting a pen of pigs, in utter defiance of fact or even probability. We cannot for an instant suppose that such a moral journal, the delight of many virtuous firesides, had any intention of handing down to a remote posterity the inhabitants of the postal districts before referred to in these columns. That would be too shocking. The perpetuation of the 'elegantly attired female' must be regarded as one of the incubi under which an 'illustrated' suffers. The 'block' is there, and, to use a fashionable vulgarism, 'they run her in.' But we again protest against such an utter untruth as the representation in question.

Of steeplechasing there has been the usual amount on the metropolitan circuit, and Croydon, Bromley, and Kingsbury have had their meetings at which the admirers of these cockney affairs gathered in numbers that must have been very satisfactory to the promoters. We never went to Bromley but once, and don't much care if we never go again, though we have pleasing reminiscences of Royal Artillery and other luncheons in connection therewith; and Kingsbury, we regret to say, we have never seen, nor the glories of the Welsh Harp, nor enterprising Mr. Warner, who does seem to do things, judging from the good words he gets on all sides, after a most satisfactory fashion. Bromley was remarkable for the victory of outsiders, and Kingsbury was something like a drawn battle of which backers, perhaps, had somewhat the best. At the former place Mdle. de Mailloc showed herself good over hurdles, winning the races the first day, in one of which she only just beat Vintner by a head, the mare, however, carrying a 7 lbs. penalty. There was a sporting match between Rufus and Revirescat, 15 st. and 14 st. respectively, over three miles, with Mr. G. Moore on Rufus and Mr. E. H. Maxwell on Revirescat, in which odds of 2 to 1 were laid on Rufus, and the other won. Too much weight, gentlemen, if you will allow the 'Van' driver to say so. Rufus is a good horse, but he could not give a stone to his opponent over such heavy ground. However, Revirescat jumped a hurdle out of the course, so the race was given to Rufus. The Kingsbury Cup was won by Rattlesnake, a good, useful animal when required, and won easily too, for neither Mustapha or Purlbrook could make a fight with him, and yet it was just about the distance we imagined would suit the latter. Prosper stays his mile and a half over hurdles, a thing he could not do on the flat, but that is nothing new. Congress proved here and at Bromley a very remunerative horse to Mr. Wilson; and Chippenham, the brute that caused the death of poor George Ede at Liverpool, made a re-appearance, and just managed to beat Grey Leg in a hunters' steeplechase. On the last day a sad and fatal accident befell Mr. Reginald Herbert's good hunter, Juniper, who we remember admiring at Abergavenny last spring. It had set in suddenly with a hard frost on Thursday, but still, though the ground was hard, they managed to pull off the eight events on the card. Not commencing, however, until 1.30 on a December afternoon, it may be imagined how much light there was left when the seventh race, a steeplechase for hunters, came on for decision. Much better would it have been if the two last races had been abandoned, for it was dark enough to make riding very dangerous; but, however, the four competitors started, and Juniper and Ashmour, the latter ridden by his owner, Mr. Arthur Yates, were equal favourites. Mr. Herbert soon took his horse to the front, and at the last turn, when leading about a hundred yards, he actually ran into a

broken flag-pole, which was sticking up with a pointed end, and staked poor Juniper so badly that he died in a few minutes after the pole was extracted. Mr. Herbert had been thrown some little distance, too, and was unconscious for a time and much shaken, but he soon recovered, and bore the sad loss of his horse as well as he could. He was a perfect hunter, and his owner valued him highly. We need scarcely say how much sympathy was expressed for the ill-fortune which seems to pursue such a good sportsman and good fellow. Still we must protest against this steeplechasing in the dark. Jack Mytton once drove a gig across country by moonlight and didn't, as he ought to have done, break his neck, and we believe there are records of a moonlit steeplechase at Melton in the Waterfordian era; but we have got a little soberer since those days, and there is no occasion for our young men to risk their lives or those of their horses in this harum-scarum fashion.

The country, our readers need no telling, has been in a fearful state, and how we have any hunting news to tell is wonderful. Still there are places where they have been able to get along, and our budget will not be found uninteresting, we think.

From Northumberland we hear the Tynedale have been having some really good sport, notwithstanding the state of the country. Their good runs began on the 16th of October, when the meet was Swinburne. The bitches tired two or three cubs in the plantations, and at last got away with an old fox, which they killed after 50 min. in the open, without a check. On the 22nd there was a capital gallop with the dogs from Belsay to the Wansbeck, opposite Angerton, after which they went back to Belsay, and killed a cub in the woods. On the 24th, from Chuseburn Grange the bitches ran two rings round by Dissington and the Pont, and killed after two and a half hours' hard running—a very hard day in a deep-clay country. The early part of November was very stormy and the scent very bad; but on the 15th, from Nunwick, the bitches had a very fine run; and on the 18th, from Mr. Cuthbert's covert, the dog pack had a very fast thing down to the Chollerton Earths. Finding them closed, Reynard re-crossed the Erring-burn, and turned up the hill to Bewclay Crag. Being headed, he turned back to the Erring, and ran the banks to Hallington Mill; when, being again headed, he turned over Whiteside Law and up to Little Swinburne, where the scent failed altogether. The fog was so dense at times that a great part of the field lost the hounds—the huntsman among others—otherwise this fox could hardly have escaped. The working of the hounds gave great satisfaction, as they stuck to their fox for nearly two hours without help. On the 20th the bitches had a clipping 25 min. from Horsley Whin, running to ground almost at view. On the 22nd, another very foggy day, when it was necessary to ride more by ear than sight, the dog pack, after killing their first fox, had a very fine day's sport from Dissington. They ran a disturbed fox southward, past Penny Hill, then round by Eachwick, and across the east side of the Park, then past the old Dissington Gorse and Milburn, and down to the banks of the brook, where, unfortunately, a fresh fox jumped up in front of the pack. The hounds were brought back, and put on the line of the sinking fox; but he again crossed the line of the fresh one, which they hunted beautifully down to Kirkley, out of the Tynedale country. The time to the change of foxes nearly an hour, and to the end half an hour more. As second horses don't abound in this country, no one wished to try again, though it was only half-past one o'clock. On the 25th, Todridge Gorse furnished a second fox; the bitches chased an old dog-fox 25 min., all over grass, running from sight to view, and pulled him down in the open. On the 2nd December from Fenwick Whin, the dog pack, after running some

time in covert, got away with a fox, which they chased up to and through Ingo covert. He was unfortunately headed, and came back through the covert and broke to the east, but he would not face the open country, but turned over the hill to Fenwick, and was killed. The hounds were then taken to another of Sir Edward Blackett's coverts, near Matfen Piers, where a fox was found but not viewed, as it had become very foggy. He was hunted steadily three-quarters of an hour, and probably would have been killed, but it was so thick it was impossible to ride to hounds, and an opportunity was taken to stop them when they got to Coull's covert. December 4th, a good hunting run from Throckley Fell of 50 min. with the bitches, and to ground in Rudchester Quarries in the morning. In the afternoon found in Botany Bay, and ran for an hour and a half over a great quantity of ground, and were just killing him when he got into a large drain in a boundary fence. No attempt was made to get him out, so he may afford sport another day.

So much for the beginning of the season. If sport continues, and the weather remains open, horses will soon be in demand, and where are they to be had at this time of the year?

We are much pleased to hear that, up to the present time, there has not been that lack of foxes there was last season; which shows that the exertions of the Master to show sport have been duly appreciated. He certainly spares neither trouble nor expense, and always brings out an efficient pack of hounds; the dogs strong and active, and the bitches handsome enough to please any one.

We think our readers will consider this a tolerable 'bill of fare' for a 'provincial pack,' particularly when they learn that the foregoing is only what a rather fastidious correspondent thinks worth chronicling, and that these hounds have scarcely been out a day without some sport.

The Hurworth in the early part of the month had some good sport, especially on the 7th and 10th, from those large coverts, Elton and Fighting Cocks respectively, but in both cases foxes escaped by getting back to covert; at Elton there were fresh foxes afoot, and at Fighting Cocks it was dark. No hounds could hunt better than they did these two days, but the fates are altogether against blood in this district where, unfortunately, a kill is the exception, and not the rule. Nobody can account for it. They throw their heads up all of a sudden, and nobody can tell where the fox gets to. Query; does he take to diving like an otter? There is nearly enough water on the face of the earth for him to do so. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th, the meets were stopped by frost, but we hear that the Cleveland, on the 12th, managed a run and killed on the ice! The only fox our Durham correspondent has seen killed lately was by the Bedale farm, at Danby Wiske meet, on the 29th of November, when, on a bad scenting day, they managed to kill a second fox from Streetham Whin, in the plantation at Hutton Banville, after he had netted his brush in the much-swollen Wiske.

The Hurworth killed a fox on the 17th, and hunted another; and on the 19th at Belam had a tiring day for hounds and horses, but no blood, probably owing to the changes. On the 20th the South Durham ran a fox from Lea Close to ground at Bishopton, a very short journey, and afterwards had a good 40 minutes from Elstep, and lost in the dark over Shalton Moor. On the next day the Hurworth ran fast and well from Middleton, but changed foxes and lost. Second fox found from Fighting Cocks, a fast gallop to Dinedale Wood, where he crossed the much-swollen Tees, and hounds were stopped; a good scent all day. Changing foxes in this country seems to be the bug-bear. Another esteemed correspondent reports that the Hurworth are showing good runs, but cannot catch their foxes, and that the South Durham are doing

likewise. Mr. Cradock and Tom Champion are luckier in handling their foxes, yet they have been well beaten more than once in the last fortnight. The fact is, second foxes have much the best of it over the boggy ground, which is so thoroughly rotten that few horses can live with hounds, if they go any pace. The good run with the Cleveland was a clipper, but now said to be with a well anointed bagman!

The Merry-Bramham Moorites have had capital sport, and will long remember the seasons of 1871-2. They deserve it; because they keep their country well stocked with *old* foxes, they stick to their hounds through mud and water, support their Master, and dress in scarlet. No black-coated 'Home to tea, there's a dear'—show-riding 'all up at Tattersall's in May' style of men, but old-fashioned sportsmen, anxious to see their fox accounted for, and preferring dirt to dust. On the 27th November, a capital woodland day, killing a brace, and running another to ground. 29th.—From Hutton Thorns, a hunting run to Wilstrip, nearly to Red House Wood, back towards Hessay, turned over the big unjumpable drain, which was a bumper, and horses having been going on over strong deep country for fifty minutes, riders were a little shifty—four men, Mr. Pallorett (9th Lancers), Mr. H. Lane Fox (Blues), Mr. Whitehead, and the huntsman, dived in and out with the hounds, and finished the run alone. Nov. 30th.—Sawwoods—thanks to Mr. Mallorie, a non-hunting Leeds gentleman, who *rents* the shooting—held a real good fox. The thrilling cry of the bitch pack made men who knew their work look out. Like lightning they flew from the wood to Whittle Car, left Bramham Park on the right, Thorns on the left, Scarcroft on the right, past Wike village to Harewood Park wall, where the fox gained time, the hounds being unable to get over the wall. The huntsmen, as quickly as blown horses would permit, got them through the gate, and forward they ran through Harewood Woods and Park, but came to slow hunting, and lost between Black Hills and Bramhope. The first hour of this was very fast, and the distance from point to point nine miles—a gamer or better fox was never followed. December the 7th—a very pretty 40 minutes, from Woolah Head nearly to Weeton, turned to the right through Swindon Wood, and chased him to ground at Netherby: second fox from a willow bed near Clap Gate, a good hunting run all over Spofforth Hags, Woolah Head, the Punch Bowl; came up to him near Spofforth, and chased him into an earth in Stockeld Park: 1 hour 35 min. Dec. 11.—Stutton Mill, after finding a fox at Grimston, to the delight of the new owner, Mr. Fielden, and losing in the floods. Found in Towton Spring, and raced for thirty-five minutes six miles straight to ground in Michlefield Wood. Hounds carried a head over that open country all plough, a limestone soil, in a style that gave great pleasure to Mr. Booth, the Master of the Bedale. The officers of the 9th Lancers, and other strangers who had the luck to be out, all admitted the pace was first-rate. Frost, snow, and fog have spoilt a few days. But these hounds have got into the habit of hunting, chasing, and accounting for their foxes, and are always—hounds, master, and men, striving to do their best. The 23rd, a hunting run and kill. 24th.—Temple Newsam held three foxes, one was killed. Then a fox found at Seacroft afforded some good woodland hunting, and was killed at Gledow, close to Leeds. Nov. 27.—Meet, Tadcaster Bar. A fox viewed near Duce Wood. Hounds ran him very fast towards Wighill village, turned to the right past Nova Scotia, over Clay Field Eartha, pointing for Hutton; back, leaving Helaugh to the right, and Wighill village on the left, a check amongst cattle, and scent failed: 45 min. Some of the large field rode their horses to a standstill.

Squire Lowndes is very fresh this year, and has delighted his Buckinghamshire neighbours, as well as his cockney visitors, with his sport during November. His runs on the 5th from Aston Abbotta, on the 12th from High Havens, and on the 26th from Christmas Gorse, being almost too fast for pleasure. To the lovers of real hunting the run on Tuesday, the 3rd of December, was the most enjoyable. Hounds had been in the covert of High Havens for more than ten minutes, and not a whimper had been heard. Mr. Mead began to get fidgetty. 'I know there are at least a leash of foxes here: I can't make it out,' says he. 'Oh, it is not half drawn yet,' soothingly answered a friend. 'But I don't like it. I wish I could hear them speak,' replied that best of fox preservers. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a hat was held up at the lower end of the covert, and away went a gallant fox over a hundred-acre grass field, with the hounds close upon his brush. Both the Littlecott farms were quickly passed, as well as the Littlecott Brook. Thence rising the opposite hill, the hounds left Cublington on their right, and Tinker's Hole to their left, as far as Old Park Farm. Up to this point the line had been entirely over rich pasture land, but here some arable fields intervened, which sobered down the pace. The hounds, however, were well settled to their fox, and, at a critical moment, Bravery kept them right up the furrow of a greasy fallow. At Wing Mill the fox, having been headed by a market-cart in the Aylesbury Road, had turned short and made a round of the farm buildings, but had resumed his original point by crossing the road, at a deep cutting, a quarter of a mile nearer to the village of Wing. The hounds turned as short as he did, and as they crossed Wing Park the pace increased. The Wing Brook brought many to grief, who, but for a check at the Ledburn and Wingrave Road, would have seen no more of it. In the rich pastures below Helsthorp and Betlow the scent visibly improved, and the hounds set to to race again, and crossing Willow Brook, and the Aylesbury Railway, on the west side of Marston Gate, ran the fox to ground in the earth at Potash Farm, Puttenham, evidently his point from the first, and eight miles as the crow flies. A fresh fox was bolted out of the earth, which the hounds could not be prevented from taking after, and which led them a dance for twenty-five minutes, best pace, to Broughton, and thereby baulked the hounds of the blood which they had so fairly earned.

We hear from a new correspondent that the Atherstone Hounds are in first-rate order this season, and the entry of 20½ couple have, he firmly believes, never tasted whipcord, and they are as steady as old hounds. Castleman used to take them miles over the country all the summer, so there was no breaking to do after cub-hunting began. The two lots that Mr. Oakley got; from the Rufford were regular clinkers, and have given him a rare lift, and he only wishes he had bought another lot of dogs there.

Castleman is a thorough gentleman's servant in every way; he is first-class as to condition, and kennel lameness has gone entirely. He is very quiet with his hounds, and will make them work in covert and out, if he is wanted he is as quick as lightning, and Sam Hayes also knows when and how to help him. Castleman is a good, resolute horseman, and a capital man to mount, and so is Sam. About the three best days these hounds have had came all together. Wednesday, November 27th, they met at Orton-on-the-Hill, found in the gorse, and ran very well a capital line to Grendon Hall, where Mr. Hellaby, a farmer, jumped the park palings—a very high leap. The fox finding the river flooded, here turned to the left through Lady Hastings' rose garden, where he was in a *cul de sac*, but luckily for him a ladder was against the wall, up which he went, and then dropped into the kitchen garden—a bother for the

hounds. But Castleman got hold of them and lifted them right round all the stables and buildings, and just popped on to his back. Hounds went as hard as they could drive by Penwall, the Beanhills, straight for Sheepy Wood, which he passed on his right, then through Twycross Wood, without the slightest turn or check, and raced him into the village of Norton, up to this point one hour and five minutes, and not a check from Grendon. The fox was crawling amongst the pigsties and gardens, and there was some delay; however, he managed to get clear of the village and go another mile through Gopsall Wood, where a lot of fresh foxes showed themselves every minute, but the hounds never left the line. Castleman got a view of him rolling and tumbling over the park, and then they ran straight into him.

On Saturday, 30th, met at Packington Park—a fearfully wet morning. Found in the park, ran for forty-five minutes without a check as hard as hounds could go, and went through Meriden Shafts, the only covert they ever touched, and unless he went to ground nobody knew what became of him. Found again directly at Maxstoke Priory, and ran for one hour and five minutes, a capital pace through one covert only, and then killed him—a capital day's sport.

Saturday, December 7th, met at Corley; found there, and ran as hard as they could go by Pheasant's Nest and Kench Grove, then down the outside of Cowlees and Lord Aylesford's Wood, straight through Coventry Wood, and missing all the Arbury coverts, set his head straight for Haunch Wood, but met a butcher's cart, and was headed into North Wood, after forty-five minutes as hard as they could go. There were then three or four foxes on foot at once; a storm coming on when the scent changed, and so they were beaten. Mr. Newdegate declared that the last fox they got on was his intimate friend, the Major, who led Mr. Thomson and Baily such a duster last season to Tile Hill.

The general character of the season, since cub-hunting, has been want of scent, with swarms of foxes all over the country, so that it has been difficult to stick to the hunted one and nail him.

The Hursley, writes a correspondent, had a good day on the 6th. They met on the Winchester Racecourse, drew Mr. Dear's pet currant-jelly gorse, and found immediately; first turned towards Winchester, then to their left through Burnt Wood and Itchen Wood, skirted the Grange, and finally subsided into Micheldever Wood—pace good. After spending a short time in Micheldever, it took to raining, and as they seemed to be so evidently there for the day most of the field trotted home thinking that nothing better could happen than had already taken place. Mr. Deacon was out, Lord Gardiner, the Jarretts, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Bowker and her brother (whose beauty was then under a cloud from a bad fall with the H.H.), the Deane's, father and son, Major Dowler, Col. Bouverie Campbell, various forms of Baileys, Mr. Frederick Heysham, Mrs. Bidwell, Mr. Fitt, and a sprinkling of Barracks. Colonel Nicoll was very energetic, and blessed a portion of his field most tenderly at the gorse, which, as they were doing their best to head the fox, was not undeserved.

The Hambledon, under the mastership of their old Master, Mr. Long, of Preshaw House, have had as much sport as the neighbouring packs, if not a little more. On Monday, December 9th, they met at Barn Green, and found very soon, and they had a most capital fifty-five minutes, and ran into their fox most handsomely; the pace was so good, and the ground so heavy, that all were satisfied to go home, although it was early. On Wednesday, December 11th, they met at West End, where Captain Andrews most

hospitably entertained all comers; they did not find till nearly three o'clock at Thornhill, and ran for an hour and a half, the fox only saving his life owing to the darkness. The working of the hounds was most beautiful, and they made the plantations round Thornhill resound with their music. On Wednesday, December 18th, they met at Fisher's Pond, found directly in Barn Copce, went away to Stoke Park, and ran all round the edge of the covert back to Barn Copce; then away over the Winchester and Botley turnpike road, through a very stiff country and some good rough grass meadows to Marwell, where was the first check, just forty-five minutes to this point. There were a good many dirty coats amongst them; that fine rider, Captain Lowe, even came to grief, and neither he nor his horse often make a mistake. Capt. Schreiber and Capt. Pigott also went well, and several others; they afterwards ran the fox slowly through Rownay to Blackdown, where they gave him up, as they could only now and then touch upon him; it has been the characteristic of the year, owing to the stormy weather and the quantity of rain, the moment a fox gets a little ahead the scent fails. They found their second fox at Longwood, the seat of the Earl of Northesk, went away towards Godwin's Rows, was headed by some sheep, and turned over Gander Down nearly to Chesfoot Head, where some plough teams turned him a little out of his line. A long check took place when the huntsman was casting his hounds forward. Mandeville, the first whip, said, 'That single hound, General, 'is on the scent, and he is right;' and sure enough he hunted up to the fox, which had laid down in the fallow. This hound, General, was only entered this season; his sire is Rover, by the Oakley Roister out of their Purity; his dam, Gamesome, which was a home-bred one. They ran the fox afterwards over Longwood Warren to Longwood, and left him in Godwin's Rows quite beat, night alone saving him. Should this boisterous, stormy, and rainy weather cease, and the ground become steadier, we may look forward to some good sport, for the hounds hunt remarkably well and the Master and servants well know their business.

The Bedfordshire report is that the Oakley have done wonderfully well, considering the weather, 'which is a little damp in these parts,' adds our valued correspondent. They had a clipper on the 17th; 30 minutes to a drain quite the tip-top style, straight and fast, rather splashy, something between land and water, and one or two queerish falls; but the more dirt the less hurt. This style of fall, by the way, is not always desirable or desired, as was the case in a run we heard of with the Pytchley in the early part of the month, from Badley to Braunston, when a heavy bruiser from town, in a new red coat, came down a regular buster over an ox-fence into a soft place, from which some cows had just risen, to the great amazement of his country friends.

During the current month, and especially since the weather moderated, the Surrey Union Hounds have had their share of sport, and have given fresh proof of the quality and condition of the pack.

Owing to the roughness of this country, the extensive woods and woodlands on the chalk and sand ranges, the running chains of coverts, belts, and hedgerows, and the dislike of keepers—whom it is especially essential to conciliate to have their preserves disturbed—it is always a matter of difficulty until the leaf has fallen and rotted to ascertain the probable supply of foxes. There appears, however, to be a better show than seemed probable earlier in the season.

The hounds at the commencement of the season resumed the tract of country to the south, bordering on Sussex, lent of late years to the Chidding-

fold, and they have been fortunate enough to show their new supporters some good sport on the Wednesdays when they hunt on that side of the country.

On Wednesday, the 27th of November, the Meet was at Paine's Cross Roads, below Park Hatch, the fine seat of Mr. Godman, all of whose sons are good sportsmen. The coverts drawn did not hold a fox, who, after supper, had made his bed in a favourite covert of Mr. Wood, of Littleton. The hounds soon broke his slumbers, and he was on foot not a minute too soon. The wood was quickly too hot for him; he broke away across the enclosures to the heights of Reigate; the pack raced him round by Highdowns Ball, and threading some hanging woods where there was no rest for him. His pursuers pressed him up and down the slopes and fields behind Hascomb, until he was pulled down in the open, after as pretty a fifty minutes from find to finish as could be wished.

The following day, Thursday, the 28th, the Meet was at the Kennels, when Lands and the home coverts of the Earl of Onslow were blank that day, but a stale drag showed that a fox had had a morning's walk before going to take his siesta. He chose a most picturesque and pleasant spot for his couch—never, alas! to be revisited—on a dry hassock in a small clump of reeds at the edge of a piece of water in the middle of the Earl of Onslow's park, where, in his dreams, he might think of teal and waterfowl, and look out on the aged gnarled trunks of the oak trees, inside which his brothers and sisters and cousins had played at hide and seek from his pursuers.

The whimper up stream caused hope to the field and fear to him. The moment the hounds reached the tiny reed bed, the flourish of sterna, the rush, the dash, and the crash was almost as alarming to them as to the fox; but no—he was safe—he had taken warning, off he went at score across the grass; the hounds close behind flew like a flight of pigeons after a hawk—if just an inverted symbol be allowed—he pointed to the hills as if he thought his safety lay there, then, quick as thought, swung to the right—westward towards Mirrow, doubled through the coverts where he had taken his early stroll, and then, as if in revenge on his pursuers, he led the field across such a lot of heavy ploughs that some floundered, some reduced the gallop to a trot, and all found the pace fast enough, as, parallel to the London Road, he passed through the coverts drawn in the morning, on through Bramblerridge, past Ockham Park, to near Barns Thorns, where physical debility or mental alarm induced him to return, with a desire, natural perhaps, to lay his bones near home—a wish not gratified, or half way—ere he reached his native place he was carried off, devoured by his implacable enemies, after one hour and a half's pursuit, of which the first hour was fast indeed.

Monday, Dec. 2nd, Henley Park.—If the Find in the Reed bed on Thursday, in Clandon Park, was one of the prettiest imaginable, the drag through the heather on the moor, which extends to Aldershot, was equally to be admired; for fully twenty-five minutes, whimpering, their sterna flourishing, their noses down, did each hound vie with the others to pick up the scent, following the tracks in all the many turns and windings the fox had made before he took to his kennel in the heath—fresher and fresher, faster and faster, till at last with a crash, every hound opening and struggling to the front, they raced over the moor. Had he been a straight-necked fox it would have been a very pretty thing: as it was the pace made it good, and the working of the hounds all one could desire; and after one hour and fifteen minutes, 'Whoo-whoop' proclaimed there was an end of him.

Wednesday following, the 4th, the fixture was Chiddingfold village; two

coverts were drawn blank, and two foxes found in the next; after a ring the hounds settled to a right good old dark-red fox, who, taking across the heavy grass past Shillingley, the park of the Earl of Winterton, led them to the foot of Blackdown heights, when, bending south-west, he ran through the Friths near North Chapel, by Sladelands, and up to the woods of Flexham Park, adjoining Lord Leconfield's seat at Petworth, the distance great and pace good throughout, when it being about 4 o'clock, and the covert full of foxes, the hounds were stopped; the Field being well pleased with a good run. The hounds had some twenty-six miles home to kennel.

Saturday, the 7th.—Epsom windmill was only remarkable for an infamous but unsuccessful attempt on the part of those pests of the hunting-field, trainers of hurdle, and steeple-racers and chasers—who had laid a plant for the hounds—a drag and a bag with runners to view holloa, and a bagman to shake down when the runner was blown. Their *ruse* was seen through; a couple or two of young hounds stopped, and the pack trotted off elsewhere. Such mountebanks should be ducked in a horse-pond.

Monday, the 9th.—As might be expected, after Sunday's awful gale, and weather still unsettled, the scent was very indifferent.

Wednesday, the 11th.—Met at Cranleigh village on the southern side of the country. There was a dull, blue mist hanging which did not, in early morning, betoken sport; but the sky was grey, the air calm, and that quiet uniform look above and below which leads to expert scent. Moreover, the breath of the hounds hung and did not rise. There was soon a good drag—a view holloa in Ball's-rough showed they had dragged up to him, and away went the hounds as if it were the mischief take the hindmost—awfully heavy going for those who kept in the same field with the hounds; and many, whom roads and niches aided, were very glad indeed a ring allowed them occasionally a view of the run; the fox twice crossed the Guildford and Horsham line, and, turning through Baynard's Park, went nearly to the foot of the sandy ridge of hills, thence returning through the covert, where we found he had the advantage of being coursed by a sheep dog, and chased by a beagle, after which the hounds would do no more with him. This was the more vexatious, as he had been run hard for 1 hr. and 20 m., one hour without a check, and was several times seen dead beat before the hounds, who had fairly their fox.

On the 6th Her Majesty's Stag hounds had a capital day, we hear from Worfield, which is worth recording. The first deer (an untried one) ran from Worfield, turned in Binfield Park, and ran back through Charidge Goræ, beyond which he was taken after a good run of fifty minutes. This was enough for the majority of the field; but those who waited for a second deer had a great treat. He was also untried and hung a little at first, until the hounds got up to him, when, pointing his head for the river, he went straight away for as good a forty-five minutes as one could wish to see, over a very good bit of country, leaving Hollyport to his right, and was taken at Bray. The awful state of the ground prevented many being near them, but those who were in the front rank found a 'Nurse' to show them the way. Lord Cork went very well on his grey mare, so did Goodall and Mr. Saunders of Eton. When they finished they had tailed off a majority of the pack, so great was the pace; and this is a fault in the Royal kennels which Goodall will, no doubt, correct when he has had time to look about him. The hounds want great attention both as to drafting and breeding for the future.

Lord Portsmouth tells us he has nothing to tell, which, from such a Master and such a pack, is eloquent of the state of things in the far west; about as bad a season as ever he remembered. Prince Arthur has been paying the

Blackmoor Vale country a visit, and Sir Richard Glynn has, on the whole, had good sport. Lord Fitzhardinge has been doing very well notwithstanding the awful state of the vale, and going as he used to go some few years back. He was in luck the other day by being called on to assist in a merry little mill between his keepers and some navvies, who had taken a fancy to some of his pheasants. His lordship was, we need scarcely say, in the thick of the fight as fast as his horse's legs could carry him, and after a tussel succeeded in capturing four of the rascals. We should think 'the giant' had something to say on the occasion, and we should like to have been there to hear him.

The lamented accident to Sir Reginald Graham has been a blow to the Cotswold men, though Mr. Watson has ably taken the command in the field during the Master's absence. We are glad to hear Sir Reginald is going on very well.

There has been quite a fatality in the South Berks, where, as if Roake's accident was not bad enough at the beginning of the season, Mr. Hargreaves should have the ill-luck to break his leg as well. Both, however, are good plucked ones and write in capital spirits, hoping soon to be about again, though Roake does grumble at having to keep the gum bandages on three weeks longer, adding 'they bite like bark to a tree.'

By the way a story comes to us from Leicestershire which, while we think of it, we had better jot down. At a certain meet, with a certain pack, a well-known noble Lord was much taken with the looks and manners of a horse ridden by a person whom we will call for the nonce, Rough Diamond, and the following little dialogue took place between them. Noble Lord, with his best manner, *loquitur* : 'That appears to be a very charming horse you are riding, Sir.' Rough Diamond (in reply). 'Yes, my Lord, a nice 'lastic 'oss, but when you come near Jordan, you have to calf him and give him 'the office.' Noble Lord retires in dismay, evidently under the impression that he has been listening to some foreign tongue.

Our obituary contains a few names of note and mark who have fretted their little hour, and left behind them memories more or less pleasing. We forget how long it is since we have encountered Lord Huntingtower driving his high, old-fashioned mail phaeton, with old-fashioned, short-tailed horses, down the Edgware Road from Kilburn, where, for the last few years, he has resided, but we shall not see him again. He died towards the end of the month of a gradual break-up, we believe, of the system, at the comparatively early age of 52. To the younger generation his name, perhaps, will be strange; but there were few better known men twenty years ago than the deceased nobleman. He had a perfect talent for getting into pecuniary hot water, and gave lawyers plenty of employment, and money-lenders some anxiety. His figure once seen was not easily forgotten, for he was very tall, as thin as a greyhound, and was said to have the longest feet of any man in England. He leaves, among other children, a son and heir to the ancient honours of the Tollemaches.

Mr. J. B. Starky, formerly of Spye Park, well known both in the hunting and racing world, died lately in Australia. He was a very keen and enthusiastic fox-hunter; and when at Cambridge would ride very long distances to meet hounds, going to breakfast at Tom Percival's at Wansford, hunt all day, dine there afterwards, and then ride back to Cambridge. His taste for the Turf led him into pecuniary difficulties; like many other good fellows, he was a victim to 'the spiders,' a fine estate had to be sold, and he died in exile.

It was with much regret, in which many 'Baily' readers will join, that we

heard of the death, at Baden, of Mr. Felix Whitehurst, for some years the well-known Paris correspondent of a daily journal, and the writer of those amusing sketches, 'Paris Sport and Paris Life,' that have appeared in this magazine. Easy and brilliant in his style, his contributions to the light literature of the day were perhaps more eagerly read than those of any other writer. He was a capital gossip, always had a good story or a *bon-mot* to season his daily narrative, and was as much sought for as an agreeable companion as he was valued as a *raconteur*. Gifted with a wonderful flow of animal spirits, a fund of anecdote, and an excellent memory, his presence at social gatherings—large or small—was always hailed with pleasure; and among his many friends and acquaintances (and he knew every body, and every body knew him), there is not one, we feel sure, who will not much regret his loss. He had been much shattered in health during last and this year, but when we wished him good-bye at Baden, in September, it was with the hope that we should meet in London during this winter. But it was willed otherwise. He has left a fondly-attached widow to deplore his loss.

And poor old Tedder, the whip of the Brighton Coach, has driven his last stage, and all who next season will travel by that pleasant conveyance will miss him much. We remember Tedder, if our memory fail not, on the Cheltenham road, between that town and Oxford, when he was either on the Rapid or the Mazeppa, and we renewed our acquaintance with him two or three years ago, sitting by his side between London and Brighton with the excellent hon. sec. of the coach, Mr. Scott, behind us, putting in an agreeable oar now and then. Tedder was universally liked and respected; and Mr. Chandos Pole, who was his favourite pupil, and one of the proprietors of the coach, went to see him before he died. We can only hope that his place will be supplied by somebody half as well-conducted and popular.

Racing newspapers are dreary reading during this season, but some of the returns and statistics that help to fill their columns are not uninteresting. Winning men and winning sires naturally occupy some space on the racing canvas, and the names are worth a study. Every one is glad to see so true a sportsman as M. Lefevre head the former list, and it would be hard indeed if he did not reap some reward for his large outlay. The fact of M. Lefevre, too, not being a betting-man, adds to the gratification; for with him, as with Lord Falmouth, and one or two others, honour is the sole reward. When, therefore, the Old Burlington Street ledgers credit him with 23,634*l.* (we won't ask to see the *per contra* account), we feel he deserves it, and that the 9,974*l.* of Lord Falmouth's is the right item in the right place. Mr. Savile splits M. Lefevre and Lord Falmouth with the very satisfactory total of 17,429*l.*, so we think our readers will agree that 'the three placed' are just those that, if put to the vote, would have headed the poll.

The useful little analysis of 'Judex' is before us, in which the performances and credentials of the leading Two Year Olds' of 1872 are given, with the writer's comments thereon. 'Judex' does not share in the somewhat general opinion that the young ones of last season are a moderate lot, and points out, what is indisputably the case, that because horses are all together, as the saying is, they are not therefore of necessity bad. The little green book will well repay perusal, and will be a useful companion in the coming season to the racing man.

The Stud Company are setting to work with a will. Mr. Bell is busy at Cobham superintending the necessary alterations and additions in the yards and loose box department; Blair Athol, Macaroni, and Marsyas have already arrived there, and forty brood mares and forty-two foals, the latter prin-

cipally by Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Marsyas, Breadalbane, and General Peel, complete the stock. Forty new boxes have been erected, admirably built and well-ventilated, and everything promises well. We were much struck with Macaroni on the occasion of a flying visit we paid there a week or two since. He has thickened wonderfully, though not a big horse, shows immense power combined with symmetry.

The National Hunt is going to break quite fresh ground at Bristol this year, where a company has been formed for establishing cross country and flat racing, and to the able hands of the Messrs. Frail has been entrusted the management. We hear the course is a first-rate one, within easy distance of the city, and three good days' sport may fairly be anticipated. With our strong opinion on some of the motions brought forward at the meeting of the G. N. H. Committee on the 16th ult., we cannot but regret that Mr. Herbert's motion on the subject of assumed names, and Lord Coventry's with regard to training stables, were not carried. We have so recently in these pages expressed our dislike to assumed names, whether across country or the flat, that we need not go into that subject again, and we can only wish that for the sake of the stewards of country meetings the Committee would define what a training stable is. So many objections are now being raised on that point that the office of steward is no sinecure. The spirit of the law, as it now exists, is almost always defeated, and it is therefore with regret that we saw Lord Coventry's motion was postponed, only however, we hope and believe, to be brought forward at the next meeting. What we want in the G. N. H. programme is a special race for hunters, the property of tenant farmers only—a class who deserve some encouragement to breed, or else we shall find ourselves very short of useful horses in a very few years.

And now here is a little anecdote apropos of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, which ought to go home to the heart of every hunting man worthy of the name. A gentleman—his name is worth recording, therefore we will give it, Mr. Seth Smith—sent a horse up to Tattersall's to be sold, and on his making 5*l.* over the reserve price immediately went up to the room of the Secretary to the Society and handed him the five*l.* Nine men out of ten would have gone outside, backed Brother to Beelzebub for the Great Hades Handicap, and thought they had done a good thing, but not so this big-hearted gentleman. At the Caledonian Hunt dinner, too, the other day our friends across the border came out like trumps, and voted a donation of 25*l.* to the Society immediately in addition to many private subscriptions—so other hunts please copy. We do not know how we can better conclude our budget for this month than in the words of a well-known M.F.H., which he has given us permission to use.

'I trust that this year just past will long be memorable in the annals of sport by reason of the establishment of, I believe, on a safe and sound basis, of a most valuable beneficent institution—not a charity—for the men are not objects of charity, but a Society enabling them to lay by against the evil day, and affording those who reap enjoyment from their labours, and profit by their risks, to show a sense of sympathy with them when they suffer. This Christmas and New Year's tide is the season above all others when men loosen their purse-strings for a donation to those who have done them the least service, and, as I believe no gentleman will let this season pass without such a record, so do I believe that no real sportsman will let it pass without some support to this Society.'

We endorse every word of the above, and, as we lay down our pen, say, *I secundo omine.*





Engraving by

Joseph Stoddard

Humphrey de Trafford

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD.

ONE of the old Catholic families of England, living on his ancestral acres, himself a keen sportsman, and the son of one—the face of the kindly gentleman who looks out so truthfully on the opposite page, does honour to our collection. For forty-one years has Sir Humphrey de Trafford been Master of the celebrated pack of pure harriers called after his name; and as for thirty out of the forty-one he has hunted them himself, he may be said to have earned a good degree among the followers of the noble science.

Born in 1808, the subject of our sketch, after an educational course at Oscott, was gazetted to the Royal Dragoons in 1826, and served with that regiment until 1832, when he retired from the service; and his father then gave up the harriers, which he had kept for some years, to his mastership. It was not alone, however, with his own pack that Sir Humphrey, who succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1852, was known. For many years he hunted regularly with the Cheshire fox-hounds, and, before the days of the rail, no distance was too long for him. He knew the country in its palmiest times, was one of that band of 'Cheshire Chivalry' who carried the green collar to the front in many a hard-riding day, and has probably drank many a *quæsitum* at that celebrated Tarporely Swan, that

'Club of good fellows who met once a year,'

and whose principles its Poet Laureate has so aptly described:

'Though scarlet in colour our clothing,
Our collars, though green in their hue,
The red cap of liberty loathing,
Each man is at heart a True Blue;
Through life 'tis our sworn resolution
To stick to the pig-skin and throne;
We are all for a good constitution,
Each man taking care of his own.'

Sir Humphrey was never a light weight, but still there were very few who could beat him, and he generally managed to get a good

start, his knowledge of the county and his judgment being excellent. For the last few years he has confined himself to his harriers, as he gets into the saddle a little heavier than he could wish ; but he is always well mounted, and always with the hounds. Shooting was, and still is, a favourite amusement with him, and he can always render a good account of himself among great as well as little guns. A good coachman, too, he has, or had, a team of greys that would show with the crack ones of the Four-in-hand or the C. C. ; and, indeed, in all branches of sport he is at home, and is universally popular among all classes and degrees of men.

Sir Humphrey has eschewed the thorny paths of public life, and preferred the rôle of a country gentleman, with its duties and its pleasures, to the more ambitious one of Parliament. He married, in 1855, the Lady Mary Annette Talbot, sister of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and has a family.

LETTERS TO TYRO.

NO. IV.

DEAR YOUNG ONE,

Woodbine Cottage, Jan. 10th, 1873.

My last letter left you, at the end of a hard day, with a beaten horse. On such occasions you must not allow your horse to get stiff ; but, as soon as the day's sport is concluded, you should jog him homewards at a pace, if possible, nearer six than five miles an hour. Keep the hard road : a horse, with the worst of legs and feet, when he is jaded, will always try to get on to the crown of the road, however stony and rough it may be, rather than keep on the soft grass by the side. He gently points out to you what is easiest and most agreeable to himself. Do not be seduced by any offers of hospitality to stop on the way longer than is necessary to put your horse into a stall to stale. At the same time you may take the opportunity of giving him some oatmeal gruel, or, if that cannot be obtained, a little luke-warm water. A cordial is often of use, and, if nothing better at hand, half-a-pint or more of gin may be put into the gruel with good effect. If, however, when you have got your horse into the stable, his sides heave, and he begins to blow in the manger, you must not attempt to move him, and the sooner you can get an experienced veterinary surgeon to him the better. You will be fortunate if your groom is able to report to you a few days later, that ' the brown horse has been out to exercise this morning, sir, and has fed well since.' That horse should not come out again, after so hard a day, under ten days.

For one first-rate scenting day, such as I have described, you will, during the course of the season, fall in with a good many when the elements seem combined to spoil sport ; but, if you intend to enjoy hunting in a rational manner, you will find plenty of amusement in

watching the work of hounds, even upon days that are not very propitious. By keeping your eyes and your ears open, you may learn something fresh every day; but you must not presume to turn hounds, or to interfere with them in any way, unless you are specially requested to do so. Leave that duty to the servants of the establishment, who, if they are worth their wages, are more competent than any amateur whipper-in. I have been told that I might make an exception in the case of a young lady in the West of England. From her ladyship's lineage, I can easily believe that she understands hunting as well as most people:

'Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Virtus.'

But you know that exceptions prove the rule. You have had plenty of wet this season, and that is generally supposed to be favourable to scent; but then, on the other hand, there has been no settled weather; there has been constantly rain in the air, with boisterous winds, and those winds chiefly from the west, all circumstances adverse to a holding scent. This season, at least, the lack of scent cannot be attributed to the drainage of the land, 'although in the generality of seasons that has a good deal to do with it. The effect of rapidly carrying off the moisture from the surface has been that many countries, formerly good scenting countries, now rarely carry a scent. The land being able to bear sheep and cattle upon it at all seasons of the year, becomes thoroughly foiled; and, independently of that, it never holds such a scent as when the surface was covered with rushes and coarse grass, before the draining pipes were put in. Wherever the hand of man interferes with nature, hunting suffers.

In a season like the present, when, as the old huntsman said, the country is 'deluded with water,' it speaks well for your groom that your horses should have kept comparatively sound. Horses in good condition, provided that their heels are thoroughly dried when they come in, are not much troubled with mud fever. Just as a person in rude health is not so liable to catch cold. Many hunting men and their grooms would have been glad enough of a short frost about Christmas time, to have enabled them to give their horses a bit of physic, and to shake off the effects of blows and bangs. But a long frost is fatal to condition; horses frequently get lamed upon the straw ride, and they always get fat inside. However wishful your groom may be to give them sufficient work, it is impossible that he should do so as effectually as when your horses are taking their regular turn in the hunting-field. Horses, too, get thoroughly sick of exercise upon a straw bed. Upon the break-up of a frost there is generally a rare scent, and the ground is certain to be rotten and heavy, so that when condition is most wanted, it is wanting. Do not be tempted, by the offer of a high price, to part with a horse that carries you well. The money is quickly frittered away in buying and sending back horses that do not suit you. Mr. John Warde, being asked by a friend his opinion of a horse that the latter had got

in his stable, at the end of a series of chops and changes, answered, 'Well, I think the next must be a donkey.' Above all things never sell a horse to a friend: horses quickly go wrong, and misunderstandings easily arise. It is better to lose your money than your friend. I would rather you should sell the horse for whatever he would fetch at auction, upon the stones at Melton.

An old friend of mine, hunting in a provincial country, complains bitterly of the modern system of game preserving. He does not object to people amusing themselves in whatever manner suits them best. If they like to fish in the Regent's Canal, or if they fancy to course rabbits in an enclosed ground with toy terriers, or if they prefer to bring up pheasants under hens, and have one great day's slaughter of them, an account of which they forward to the newspapers, 'By all means,' says he, 'let them please themselves; or, if they have not got birds enough of their own to top their neighbour, they can get down as many as they want, the day before, from Mr. Leno.' But it is a growing abuse in connection with pheasant rearing of which he complains, and which, if persisted in, will make it difficult to hunt many a country. The Master of the Hounds gets a note, couched in the most courteous terms, begging him not to go into such and such coverts until they have been shot in January. Those coverts are, in many cases, intermingled with or surrounded by the coverts of gentlemen who hunt, and preserve foxes; yet, in consequence of this notice, the Master of the Hounds is obliged to give up going into that part of the country at all, and the friendly proprietors are debarred from hunting in their own woods. Some friend of the giver of the notice should make him aware what a bad name he is getting with his neighbours. By allowing the hounds to go into his preserves, the pheasants would learn to rise from the ground, instead of running: some few birds might stray, but they would soon come back again to their barley feed.

Country gentlemen, as a rule, mean well enough with regard to foxes, but they are easily imposed upon by their keepers. Not so the late Lord Leigh, who would not have any tricks played. 'This gentleman,' says he to his keeper, 'is the Master of the Hounds, and you had better arrange matters with him, for he has my authority to give you a week's notice to quit at any time.' It is useless to expect that tradesmen from London, or from the manufacturing towns, who have hired a little shooting, should behave with the same liberality as a fine old country gentleman.

To the farmers, whose land you ride over, you are mainly indebted for the sport you enjoy—they are the backbone of fox-hunting. Think on this when, in the spring-time of the year, you come upon a field of wheat or of beans, and refrain from crossing it. On your way to the Meet, or on your way home after hunting, carefully close and fasten the gates after you, in order that the cattle may not get mixed—in fact, do as little mischief as possible. Is this the practice of the present generation? I fear not.

You think that I am too prone to censure people, and ways of

modern growth. In these letters I have expressed to you my convictions that, in every respect, where sporting is concerned, the present fall far short of the olden times. Those opinions have not been hastily arrived at. Fox-hunting has seen its best days; and, when I hear of wire fences in the grass countries, and of the steam-plough in the provinces, I the less regret that my hunting days are past.

Adieu, my dear young one, and believe me to remain

Most truly yours,
SYLVANUS.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE VALE OF WHITE HORSE.

‘LET us now turn to the Vale of White Horse,’ continued our friend, ‘which, from its initials, a would-be wit once called, “the “very worst hunt.” Well, all I can say is, that instead of making a witty observation, he made a very foolish one—for there is scarcely any country in England which possesses greater attractions to a fox-hunter than the Vale of White Horse; because, in the first place, it is generally favourable to scent, then it has some large grass fields and big ditches, and nearly every sort of fence you can name has to be encountered in crossing it. The country round Bradon cannot easily be beaten, while all up the Vale and round Swindon it is also good. I have heard that Sir Richard Sutton had a very high opinion of the country, and had a great desire to settle in it. It is a famous country for hounds, has good woodlands, which contain some strong wild foxes. It is bounded on the north by the Heythrop; on the east by the old Berkshire, the River Cole dividing them, Crouch Gorse being the outside covert; on the south the Craven, the furthest meets in that direction being Wroughton and Burderop Park; and on the west and south-west it joins the Duke of Beaufort’s.’

‘Some of the finest coverts are at Oakley Park, close to the kennels, and very convenient for cub-hunting, and the Bradon Woods are capital for scent. There is a great proportion of grass, which carries a good scent, and the fences are, as I said before, varied and very strong; the land in wet weather is very heavy. In my own estimation, the Vale of White Horse has always ranked very high, probably from its being an early love, and calling to mind many jovial drives in old Oxford days, through Witney and Burford, with reminiscences of leaders turning round and staring us hard in the face, and an occasional capsize; for in those days we drove long distances to covert, and invariably took the leader off at the turnpike gate on the Hinksey Road. Some allowance must therefore be made for enthusiasm and affection for the Vale of

' White Horse, which even the author of "Tom Brown" can scarcely venerate more than I do.

' But you will want to know some of its history, and I must begin by telling you that it derives its name from the large White Horse cut out on the hill-side above Uffington, which, however, is now in the old Berkshire country. It is alleged to have been a memorial of a victory gained by Alfred over the Danes, who invaded Berkshire; but if you wish a full account, I must refer you to the first chapter of "Tom Brown's School-days," where you will also find a famous account of the old Blowing Stone—a well-known meet with the Old Berkshire.

' Who was the first Master?

' The first Master on record was Mr. Codrington, who commenced as Master in 1813, so that, in comparison with many of which we have previously spoken, it is quite a modern hunt. Mr. Codrington held the reins until 1824, when he was succeeded by Mr. Harvey Combe, who hunted a portion of it for a short period, conjointly with what are now called the old Berkshire and the old Berkeley countries; but he gave this side up in 1826, on account of the distance from London.

' Who succeeded Mr. Combe?

' In 1827, Lord Kintore, who lived at Wadley House, took it, and had three kennels at Wadley, Farrington, and Cricklade, hunting this and the old Berkshire for three years, and was assisted both in the kennel and the field by John Walker and by Joe Grant, who went with him to Keith Hall, Scotland, in the summer of 1830, and hunted the Turriff country. No harder man than Lord Kintore ever crossed a horse, nothing would stop him, he would cut down all opponents, and he would often jump a big gate while casting his hounds—as the anecdote told by Nimrod of his shouting to a countryman on the other side to catch his horse, when he came to an impracticable place, and then tumbling heels over head into the next field proves. The following story is also worth relating, and was told by one who knew him well. After a hard day, and on a very tired horse, he came to an ugly, hog-backed stile, and looking at it, said, "Hang the man who put this up! he deserves to have it broken," and he went at it and smashed it all to pieces. In a fast, straight run of ten miles from Crab Tree to Uffington, in which several horses were killed—one or two in the field—his Lordship jumped Sevenhampton big brook, a feat that has never been accomplished before or since. By some, therefore, it may be supposed that Lord Kintore only went in for hard riding; but a short article in another part of this magazine will show he reflected on the theory of hunting as well as rode hard. It would be a good thing for the sport of the present day if Young England would do the same: but this is an idea at which the majority sneer. As I once heard an extra hard-riding gentleman, well known in Northamptonshire, say, in the most decisive way, "Love of hunting is all affectation; it is only old fogies who can't ride who talk about it."

' As the speaker is considered by his admirers to be a "good man,"
' this sentiment was highly applauded. But he should try and hunt a
' pack of hounds, and then see what he would say. Lord Kintore
' was very kind and good-hearted, and certainly no keener sportsman
' ever lived. He once, at Wadley House, half killed a lot of farmers
' on Scotch ale, and laid them out for the night on the lawn, wrapped
' up in horse-rugs. His eldest son, Lord Inverury, was killed out
' hunting with the Pytchley, at Winwick Warren, in 1843. From
' the time that Lord Kintore was at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, he went
' in for hunting thoroughly; and at his hunting-box in Scotland, which
' he called the "Peat Stack," on all the china, glass, and plate was a
' fox's head engraved, with the motto, "Floreat Scientia;" and he
' had on his travelling carriage the same device and no coronet.
' There is no finer judge of hunting in the kingdom than John
' Walker, who, however, speaking of his old master, says that he
' was better in theory than practice.

' Up to 1830, the Vale of White Horse formed part of the present
' old Berkshire country, but then, or in the following year, it was
' divided, when the Hon. Henry Moreton, afterwards known as
' Earl Ducie, of Ampney Park, became Master, and had them for
' nine seasons. His first kennels were in a field close by the
' town of Farringdon, then at Cricklade, and afterwards the hounds
' were moved to Oakley Park, where Lord Bathurst built some
' excellent kennels on the borders of the park, about ten minutes'
' walk from the town of Cirencester, without charging any rent,
' and gave 300*l.* a year subscription, which he still keeps up; and
' comes out on his famous horse Blue Peter, although 82 years
' of age. Mr. Moreton hunted his own hounds with great zeal;
' but though a fine rider over this country, scarcely less cou-
' rageous than Lord Kintore, I have heard that he was exceed-
' ingly passionate, and not very judicious in his language. He
' once jumped into a road at the same time as his whip, and
' remarked, "D—— it, sir, I was first over!" He was first assisted
' by Jem Hills, who came to him from the Duke of Beaufort, with
' whom he used to quarrel tremendously, and once made him get off
' his horse and walk home, and who staid until the Heythrop were
' established in 1835, when he left to hunt them, and was succeeded
' by Joe Thomson, from the Rufford, and Jack Grant; afterwards
' came Jack Wrigglesworth, from the Badsworth, called in Shrop-
' shire "the lobster;" and later on, old Dick Burton, from Mr.
' Assheton Smith's. Lord Ducie's energies in the field were too
' great for his constitution, which is not to be wondered at, seeing
' that he was nearly drowned once in the Thames, near Buscot, with
' a lot of bank-notes in his pocket to pay election expenses, many of
' which were damaged and spoilt; and in 1842, owing to continued
' attacks of gout and rheumatism, he was obliged to give up the
' management of the hounds, and devoted his time to agriculture
' until his death in 1853, having become a most distinguished breeder
' of short-horns. Hunting with him we find, about 1836, and after-

'wards—The late Lord Fitzhardinge; John Horrocks, called the 'Water Lily, from the cool way in which, on "Liberty" or "The Miller," eternally switching his tail from the unnecessary tickling of his ribs, he would go over or into brooks and canals; Mr. J. T. Goodlake of Wadley, who had two very good stallions; with him his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Baker; Mr. Pryse Lewis, who used to stay at the Ram at Cirencester, then kept by Stevens, and was also a good deal at Cheltenham; Mr. Calley of Burderop; Mr. Montagu of Reading; Mr. Tom Morland of Marcham Park, Master of the old Berkshire, came out occasionally; Mr. Robert Codrington of Wroughton, and Mr. Richard Bevan. Mr. Perry Keene of Minety House, who made a gorse called Purley, and was then in his prime, and Mr. Fielder Croome (afterwards Master of the Hounds) on his favourite "Buzzard," were always to the front. When a lad he was once driving tandem through Farringdon and Buscot, to meet the Vale of White Horse, and getting wet, the landlord of the Bell, at Farringdon, lent him a change (a cut-away green coat with gilt buttons, and nankeen trousers!)—a burly landlord's togs on a stripling had a somewhat peculiar effect, and when at the meet the Oxford men set up a cheer for "Paul Pry." I must not forget Mr. J. Raymond Barker and the renowned Bob Morritt, whose emulation sometimes degenerated into jealousy, but who feared no obstacle. Lord Folkestone, now Lord Radnor, who was very cheery in the field; Mr. Ambrose Goddard of Swindon, still going; Mr. Bradford of Swindon, a very hard man; Lord Andover, who went well on a grey, and still comes out occasionally on a cob in the Bradon country; Mr. Bosanquet of Fairford Lodge; Captain Brocksley; The Rev. W. C. Clarke; Sir Laurence Palk; Sir Benjamin Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, who used to stay at Ampney Park, always had a good horse, and was once picked up for dead when riding his favourite, Pope; Mr. Goring, M.P.; Hon. James Howard, a very good man; Mr. Bragg; Stevens of Ilsley, the trainer; Sir James Musgrave occasionally, and his brother Dick, a real good sportsman, was constantly out.

'When Lord Ducie gave up, Lord Gifford came from the Ludlow and took the Vale of White Horse, hunting them himself for three seasons, assisted by Jack Grant and Bowman, who afterwards went to Mr. Phillips. No more zealous man, as a Master of hounds, ever existed than his Lordship after he left the Carabineers; and before he married he lived at the kennels at Oakley Park, where he would have all the young entry into his sitting-room, and do all the work of the kennel with a zeal rarely exhibited by a regular paid huntsman, taking the hounds to covert himself, and superintending all the work of the kennel. Nothing, in fact, pleased him more than to be taken by a stranger for a professional huntsman; and all who have seen him must admit that he dressed and looked the character to perfection. He was a desperately hard man with hounds, and his father-in-law, then the Hon. Captain Frederick Berkeley, who was afterwards Lord Fitz-

‘hardinge, and his son, the present Earl, were always with him
‘right in front. His Lordship was also one of the quickest men on
‘record in getting his hounds on the line of their fox, and killed
‘more Bradon foxes—proverbially stout—than any other man. The
‘celebrated Greatwood fox was doubtless one of the Bradon family.
‘The stoutest are to be found between Flistridge and Webb’s
‘Wood, or Garsden and Red Lodge.

‘Other hard ones were Captain Pettat, well known as a gentleman jockey at Bibury and other race meetings, who would not
‘ride unless he had a good start; Mr. Raymond Barker of Fairford
‘went very hard; Dr. Parker of Cricklade rode right up to the tail
‘of the hounds on a wonderful bay mare; Mr. Goodwin Colquitt
‘Craven, who then rented East Court House in this country;
‘Mr. W. Westwood Chafy, who has big volumes full of sport with
‘these and other hounds, perhaps better known with the Heythrop;
‘Dr. Wells of Ravenhurst Lodge, who even now knocks along
‘like a boy, was a regular hard man; Mr. John Phillips of Culham,
‘afterwards Master of the South Oxfordshire, a famous sportsman;
‘and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a staunch preserver at Williamstrip.
‘No man went better or straighter than the present Lord Suffolk,
‘especially when on The Yeoman.

‘In 1845 Lord Gifford moved to the Herefordshire, and this
‘country was managed by a committee for three seasons, Mr. Raymond Cripps of Cirencester looking especially after the finances,
‘aided by Lord Bathurst, Sir Michael Beach, and Lord Andover.

‘Old John Dinnicombe succeeded Grant, who was huntsman
‘for the first season, and then went to Lord Parker. He was
‘a quiet, civil man, who had lived before with Lord Portman and
‘Mr. Thoyts. Rare good sport was had for three years under this
‘régime, and many a good run is still talked of in the days of the
‘A. B. C., as they dubbed the committee.

‘In 1849 Mr. Henry Villebois of Marham Hall, Norfolk,
‘bought the Vale of White Horse hounds from the committee,
‘and the Herefordshire pack from Mr. Symonds; and did everything in a very liberal way. He had a capital stud, and mounted
‘his men well. Many of the horses came from Mr. Percival of
‘Wansford, and during the cub-hunting season a good luncheon was
‘always taken out for the servants. Few countries have been
‘hunted by so excellent and good a master. His hospitality was
‘refined and unbounded. The sport was generally very good. I
‘well remember 1852, when, like the present season, Jupiter Pluvius
‘ruled the elements, and there was no end of heavy wet. Kit
‘Atkinson was huntsman, the best, or nearly so, they ever had; no
‘better man e’er buckled on a spur, and a blank or bad day was not
‘known. It was, taken altogether, the best season ever enjoyed by
‘the Vale of White Horse. The squire invariably had a goodly
‘company of friends staying with him—some “rum ’uns to follow,
‘and bad ’uns to beat”—among them Captain Lyon and Captain
‘Greatorex. Mr. Henry Van Notten Pole came into the country

‘ about this time. He was and is still a good sportsman. He went well to hounds, and Mrs. Pole could take her part over a country without a pilot or a gate-opener.

‘ In the year 1851, on Wednesday the 24th December, the Vale of White Horse met at the Three Magpies. A fox was found in Lea Wood, the property of Mr. Raymond Barker, and ran towards Fairford Park. In the corner of a field an old pump was discernible, and near it a gap in the hedge : and a scene here occurred which could never have been witnessed elsewhere. As Mr. Henry Pole was making for this gap his horse’s hind-quarters sank, and it became invisible; slowly, also, his rider disappeared, and then his horse’s head ; and, lastly, the pump followed also. A lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Croome, were riding close by and saw this dreadful occurrence ; Mr. Croome instantly gave his horse to be held, and rushed and offered his whip, to Mr. Pole. His position, when first seen, was standing on the pommel of his saddle, with his hands endeavouring to fasten themselves in the joints of the wall of the well. He gladly availed himself of the whip, but there was only sufficient strength at the top to hold him. On this Mr. Ernest Bowly came to the rescue, and Mr. Pole was immediately drawn to the surface. But then the difficulty arose how the horse was to be extricated ; he plunged violently until he was quite exhausted, and was wedged in by the pump standing upright behind him, with his hind-legs just touching the débris of the broken wall at the bottom of the well. A rope having been sent for, Mr. Croome succeeded in tying one end round each fore-leg, and a noose round his neck, and, as by this time a large crowd had arrived, with their united exertions the horse was extracted *unhurt* from his hazardous position. This day ended in a famous run. Mrs. Pole met with a serious accident the year before last, her horse lying on her in a deep ditch for more than five minutes. She was insensible for some time, and taken home in Mr. Grimwood’s carriage.

‘ John Dinnicombe was his huntsman for one season, and then he went to the Puckeridge, and with him Fred Cox, who is now huntsman to Baron Rothschild ; then came Ben Boothroyd from the Donnington for another season, and then Kit Atkinson, who had lived for many years with Lord Fitzhardinge, unfortunately died of brain fever in 1853. He was a first-rate fellow, and had not his superior with hounds. Foremost men with them from 1849 to 1854, were—Mr. Fielder Croome of North Cerney, still a good man, who knocks along well, and his brother, Mr. Capel Croome of Bagendon House, who is very cheerful, and says if it was not for the confounded gout he is as good as ever he was ; the Messrs. Dore ; Mr. Ruck of Castle Hill, a very big man, who had always a good sort of horse, was an excellent preserver of foxes, very hospitable, and one of the best of horsemen ; Mr. Read ; Mr. Cannon ; Mr. Howell of Driffild, a most influential farmer, and a great friend to fox-hunting, recently dead ; Mr. H. Howard ; Major Calley of Burderop, a good preserver. Captain Marriott

of Chalton, who still comes out occasionally. He also hunted in Warwickshire; now a martyr to the gout. Tom Smart, the dealer of Cricklade, of whom Assheton Smith bought many horses, could not take a line of his own, but was on everybody's back, who, it is said, could not read or write, and to have begun at Smithfield with only an ash plant and a single spur, died worth 30,000*l*. His daughter, who now lives at Norcot, is very fond of hunting. Colonel Miles of Burton Hill, a wonderful man for a welter-weight, still goes like a boy; about this time he had a big string-halt horse, with which I remember he cleared a six-foot wall. About this time a match was made through Colonel Miles jumping the Brinkworth brook in a good run. The same evening, after dinner, Mr. John Bayly laid Captain W. Cooper (who with his wife was staying at Mr. Miles') "a century" that he had not in his stable a horse that would jump it where Colonel Miles had it. The bet was decided the following week in the presence of a great number of hunting men. The brook was to be jumped in a sportsmanlike manner; first naked, and then with a hurdle in front of it. Mr. Robert Chapman was asked to ride, and he selected a bay horse called Eagle, who jumped it magnificently the first time of asking, then came back over it at an angle of the brook (six yards, from bank to bank). Hurdles were then placed for the final trial, and Eagle cleared the lot with several feet to spare. Mr. Chapman also did some extraordinary feats over timber and walls a little later on a horse called Multum in Parvo. Once in a sharp and severe run over the best part of Bradon, the hounds came sweeping down the incline to the Godless Garsden Brook. Miss Hogg, a niece of Sir James Weir Hogg, at that time a wonderfully fine horsewoman, came at it head and head with Bob Chapman (her present husband), who was piloting her on that occasion; both horses and riders *got in out of sight*, but Mr. Chapman, with great pluck and presence of mind, rushed to the rescue of his charge, and succeeded in bringing her safe to the bank, receiving a well-merited ovation from a large field whom the brook had stopped. At this time Capt. Scobell, who rode at Bibury, and his brother, known under the *soubriquet* of the Scoffer, used to be staying with Colonel Miles. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, who was a daughter of Mr. Fulwer Craven, used to hunt four or five days a-week and go well; they then lived at East Court House, but are now at Brockampton Park, near Cheltenham. Captain (Twit) Lyon of Misenden Park, who was in the Life Guards, and Colonel Campbell of Farringdon Grove.

In 1854 Lord Gifford became Master a second time, and right glad must he have been to return to his old country after the interval passed among the big woods of Herefordshire and the Hampshire flints, where he was quite out of his element. For three seasons he hunted the hounds himself, assisted at first by John Mitchell and Oswald Lister, and then by George Hills, a son of old Tom, and by William Enever. During this time he had a great run near Cirencester, and killed when the ground was

‘ covered with snow. There is a good tale told of his having the
 ‘ “ first open day,” after a frost, all to himself, when some members
 ‘ of the hunt going home after a bye-day with a neighbouring pack,
 ‘ with which they had had no sport, heard some whooping and
 ‘ hallooing. On the other side of a bank there was his Lordship,
 ‘ who had had a screaming hour and twenty minutes and killed.
 ‘ He had stuck his fox up on his stumps, and was doing a war-dance
 ‘ round him. It is needless to add that the spectators did not
 ‘ like it.

‘ In 1858 Lord Gifford sold his hounds to Mr. Cregoe Colmore,
 ‘ who had just taken the Cotswold, and on his Lordship retiring the
 ‘ management was undertaken by Mr. William Fielder Croome, above
 ‘ referred to, a capital sportsman, and as fond of fox-hunting as any-
 ‘ body could be. He hunted the country very successfully for three
 ‘ years. His first huntsman was William Enever, to whom Joshua
 ‘ Wheatley turned them; but Enever went to the Puckeridge,
 ‘ and was succeeded by John Atkinson, a brother of Kit before
 ‘ mentioned, who came from Lord Suffield, and after him was
 ‘ William Bolton from the Brocklesby. Going at this time were—
 ‘ Sir Richard Airy; Major Goodlake, V.C., of the Coldstream
 ‘ Guards, a very heavy man; Lord Bathurst, still very upright and
 ‘ active; Mrs. Cooper, wife of Captain Cooper, Miss Tayleur of
 ‘ Brynffinnon; Watley, a tenant of Lord Redesdale’s, who looked
 ‘ after Tadpole Gorse, and did all he could to preserve foxes. His
 ‘ son Edward, who was much beloved, has died recently. Also
 ‘ black Tom Oliver, who now trains at Wroughton,

‘ Who was the next Master?

‘ In 1861 Mr. Henley Greaves, who used to take a country as
 ‘ Mr. E. T. Smith would a theatre, this being, I believe, his fifth
 ‘ since 1847, became the Master for two seasons, and lived in
 ‘ Cirencester. His huntsman was Tom Tipton, who went to Mr.
 ‘ Villebois in 1863, and was afterwards with the South Berks, where
 ‘ he finished his hunting career with Mr. Hargreaves, having been
 ‘ severely injured in the head by a fall, and he is now, I believe,
 ‘ comfortably settled in Reading. His other servants were Fred
 ‘ Gosden, who came from the Atherstone, and Tom Squires, a very
 ‘ hard-bitten fellow, who now hunts the York and Ainsty. Mr. Henley
 ‘ Greaves was a giant, and a tremendously heavy man. In a horse
 ‘ case tried at Oxford, he was called as a witness to prove that the
 ‘ horse about which they were bringing the action, which was for a
 ‘ breach of warranty, was a roarer. Mr. Huddleston was the counsel
 ‘ who cross-examined him. Mr. Greaves proved that he rode the
 ‘ horse, and that he roared directly he was set going. Mr. Huddle-
 ‘ ston, manipulating his kid gloves, as was his wont, giving a malicious
 ‘ look at Mr. Greaves (who filled the witness-box, and towered far
 ‘ above the usual standard of witnesses), and making a furtive wink
 ‘ at the jury, with affected *naïveté*, asked, “ Did the horse roar, sir,
 ‘ “ before you got on him?” “ No,” was the innocent reply,
 ‘ “ certainly not.” “ Indeed,” replied the leader of the circuit; “ he
 ‘ “ couldn’t have known you meant to ride him, or else he would

“have roared pretty loudly.” Shouts of laughter followed this sally, in which the good-natured, jolly welter-v-eight joined.

Regularly hunting in Mr. Greaves's time, were—The Earl of Suffolk, of Charlton Park, and his son, Lord Andover; Lord Vivian of Tetbury, a rare bold man to hounds, with a particular partiality for jumping gates; Sir Michael Beach of Williamstrip Park; Sir Henry Hoare, now well known in the Vale of Aylesbury and at Melton; Mr. Edward Bowley of Siddington House, and his sons Ernest and Wilfred. Old Mr. Bowley is one of the finest riders of his day; he was six feet high, and at sixty-five years of age is upright and active, always went straight as a bird, and could beat a hundred young ones at any time, and so he can now. He says he loves Bradon. He can tell you all about the country generally, and the Bradon portion particularly, before they began to spoil this fine scenting locality with “agricultural improvements.” Foxes, he says, ran wild hereabouts; and, as nobody worked in the fields in the winter, a fox was never headed, and made his point good, while such a thing as plough or a drain was unknown. He has heard Lord Ducie say that this Bradon country carried the best scent of any country in England. Mr. Master of the Abbey, and his brother, the Rev. A. Master of Preston, whom nobody can beat when on his little brown horse; Captain Dickenson of Ashton Keynes; Mr. Ambrose Goddard, M.P., of Swindon; Mr. J. Grimwood Grimwood of Stanton House, Highworth, a good preserver of foxes, who had a nice little pack of beagles, just fifteen inches high, which he hunted twice a-week. He has always had, since he was at Christ Church, some capital horses and been fond of the sport; Hon. G. Brudenell Bruce, who bought Lord Henry Paget's pack of harriers, and hunted stag with them from their kennels at Woolton Hall, near Farringdon; Mr. Alfred Cox, who has now settled in the Atherstone country at Osbaston Hall; John and David Archer of Lush Hill. After Mr. Henley Greaves retired in 1863, Mr. Mathew Wharton Wilson of Ablington made his first essay as M.F.H., bought Mr. Charles Duffield's hounds, a famous pack, for 850 guineas, and with them as huntsman came John Dale, but he only staid one season, being followed by Fred Turpin, who came from the Fife in 1864, when Mr. Anstruther Thomson left that country and took the Pytchley, and went from here to Mr. Lane Fox, being succeeded by Stephen Goodall from the Bramham Moor, who, in fact, changed places with him.

Speaking of Turpin, Mr. Thomson says he was the best help-mate he ever had. He was a steady, well-conducted man, a thorough sportsman, always keen, willing, and cheery; nothing could tire him, and he would ride anything; his weight was 12 st. 12 lbs., yet Mr. Thomson only once remembers his having a tired horse, no doubt, in a great measure, the result of his having really fine hands and knowing when to gallop. He was also a capital hound-breaker, had some good old-fashioned notions about breeding, a beautiful voice, and an extraordinary command over hounds at a distance. To sum up his character, he was very

' popular with all classes, and had a quaint, dry way of expressing his ideas which was most amusing. His father was first whip to Sir Richard Sutton, and little Fred used to be sent out as a boy with old Goosey; he was then second horseman to Lord Kesteven for some time, then whipped in to the York and Ainsty with Stephen Sheppard, under old Will Danby, whose daughter he married, and then, after a turn in Limerick with Colonel Dickson, he went to the Fife as first whip.

' Stephen Goodall, who has now seen a deal of service, began, as a very long-legged boy, by being second horseman to old Mr. Drake, and then went to Mr. Mure under Rose. He was whipper-in to John Walker, in Fife, for two seasons, with whom he was a favourite. One day Mr. Thomson got into a bog, and while sitting on his horse's head, saw Walker, followed by Stephen, trotting along the road over the bog, and heard Walker say, "Stephen, look there; that is what will happen to you if you don't mind where you go." After leaving the Fife he had a turn in Yorkshire with the Holderness, then went to Ireland with Sir John Power, after that he was with Mr. Thomson when he first had the Atherstone in 1848, then he returned to Ireland and spent some years with the Kildare with Mr. Kennedy and Lord Clonmel, also with the Duhallow with Lord Doneraile. On his return to England he went to Mr. Lane Fox, and, as I said, changed with Turpin to the Vale of White Horse. Goodall is a very good sportsman, a capital rider, a great man for exercise, and always had his hounds very fit.

' Men going in Mr. Wilson's time were—Mr. Percy Barker of Fairford, Lord de Mauley of Langford, near Lechlade; Lord Andover and his brother, the Hon. Greville Howard; Mr. W. Hicks-Beach of Williamstrip; Hon. Edward Bouverie, M.P.; Lord Gifford of Ampney Park, who died last summer, and his daughter, the Hon. Eva Gifford, now Mrs. Trotter, who went well with Lord Wemys's hounds two years ago; Captain C. H. Bill of the Priory, Tetbury, who hunts more with the Duke, but generally comes out once a week with these hounds; Mr. Pierepoint; Lieut.-Colonel Buckle of Bibury House, and Mr. T. W. Master of the Abbey. Mr. Wilson hunted the country for six seasons, and during that time showed excellent sport.

' Who succeeded him?

' In 1869 Sir William Throckmorton of Buckland (a long way from the Vale of White Horse kennels) took the country and bought the old pack of Mr. Wilson. He is a cheery, pleasant man, and every one has a good word for him, fond of the sport, and well up in the science. Although a welter-weight, he is a thrusting rider, and sees what hounds are about; is, moreover, fond of a bit of racing. He is a great encourager of those who walk puppies, and gives an annual prize.

' His huntsman, Robert Worrall, from the Warwickshire, looks the huntsman all over, and is a capital man, both in the field and the kennel, which he keeps scrupulously clean, and shows won-

derful sport. He has great command over his hounds and is very fond of his profession. He first began hunting, when a boy, in Warwickshire, under Stevens, when the late Lord Willoughby, then Mr. Barnard, was Master, and was also under old Morris, who was so well known throughout the Midlands; then he went for a short time to Mr. Graham at the Yardley Stud Farm, but preferring fox-hunting to racing he wisely went back to Warwickshire under Mark Jones; then in 1856 he went to the North Staffordshire for one season, then to the West Kent under George Beers the younger, one of the best houndsmen in England, until he became affected in his head; then to Mr. Tom Drake, with whom he says he had many a wet shirt trying to kill a fox; then he returned to Lord Willoughby, and from him once more to Mr. Drake, and then for the third time to his original country with Mr. Spencer Lucy for three seasons, and came here in 1869. And it would be difficult to find a country where master and man are so universally respected for their private merits as well as their hunting qualifications, and the whole company of the Vale of White Horse Hunt sincerely unite in the hope that there will be no change in the programme for years to come.

The Vale of White Horse are a very nippy pack of hounds, and exceedingly good-looking and handy. Through the great liberality of Lord Bathurst the kennels are still in his park, and there is no heart-rending about rendering rent, for he won't take any. His Lordship is also a great supporter of the hunt, and a staunch preserver of foxes. Of those who have hunted with these hounds during the last two or three seasons are—Lord Bathurst, Mr. Walter Powell, the member for Malmesbury; Captain Ferguson of the 2nd Life Guards, and Mrs. Ferguson; Colonel Jelf Sharp, who used to ride steeplechases; Mr. D. Mildred of Preston; Mr. Samuda, from Cirencester; Mr. Case, Captain Dowdeswell, from Worcestershire, who has some good horses; Mr. Robert Heywood, Mr. Paul Butler of Down Ampney, who is very hospitable; Mr. Master of the Abbey, who is very good when he means going, and the Rev. G. Master; Mr. Milward of Lechlade Manor; Major Calley of Burderop Park; Colonel Buckle of Bibury; Mr. F. Croome of Cerney, and Mr. Capel Croome of Bagendon; General Cotton and his two daughters, both fine horsewomen, from Stratton, hunted here for one season only; Captain Wilson of Abington; Mr. and Mrs. Egginton, who was a daughter of Mr. Farquharson; Lord Folkestone, a very good man, who would shine in any country, and Lady Folkestone, from Coleshill House; Mr. J. Grimwood Grimwood of Stanton House; Mr. H. Bailey and Mr. A. Cator of Coates; and General Key of Cirencester; Captain Phillips and Captain Paley of the 3rd Dragoon Guards; Mr. Adam Kennard of Warneford Court, a good preserver and first-rate man, mounted on the best of horses; Mr. Brassey of Ampney Park; Lord Craven, a really fine sportsman, who has an eye and a head for hunting, and knows when to pull his

‘horse up; Sir Michael Beach of Williamstrip; Colonel Clitheroe, late of the Fusilier Guards, from East Court, and his nephew, Mr. John Stracey, in the Scots Fusilier Guards; Captain Goddard of Swindon; Mr. Dansey, who rides like a wild man; Mr. Lawrence of Cirencester, who knows the whole history of the hunt; Captain H. Stratton Bates of the Cranhams, and Captain John Dallas Yorke. There are also some capital farmers—rare good fellows amongst them. John Hawkens of Oakley, near Bradon, whose heart and soul is in hunting and breeding foxes; T. Sargent of Siddington—nothing gives him greater pleasure than to breed a litter of cubs, and he goes out whenever his horse will allow him; Giles Edmunds of Eastleach; the Arkells, of Dudgrove, very hospitable men; Charles Turk of Barnsley, a capital fellow, who swears at a man if he does not come in and take something; Tom Cradock of Ablington, a regular foxy old sportsman; Joe Cradock, who keeps the White Hart at Cricklade, a big man who gets along well, must not be overlooked, as he is very useful and clever at arranging any little difference or difficulty. The two Bartons, one at Coln, Roger; the other, at Coln St. Denis, related to the Cradocks, are also first-rate fellows; Charles Radsey of Lalton is a good preserver, as also is Flower of Eisey; W. Garn of Cerney; C. Hobbs of Maisey Hampton; R. Ricketts of East Leach. Several Cheltenham men also meet these hounds when on that side of the country.

‘It is hard to say who are the best preservers in a country which is full of foxes, and where every one takes care of them, for fox preservation is the pride and boast of the district; but I must, if only as a matter of course, mention Sir Michael Beach; Mr. J. G. Grimwood of Stanton House; Mr. Hussey Freke of Hannington Hall; Mr. Adam Kennard of Warneford Place; Mr. Edgar Hanbury of Eastrop Grange, and Mr. A. L. Goddard of The Lawn, Swindon, formerly M.P. for Cricklade.

‘The Bradon country is very well preserved; the foxes are wild and want a deal of killing; here the field is generally a large one, and an average of forty or fifty come from the Duke.

‘With regard to quarters, Cirencester is fast becoming fashionable, and the new Hotel Company, formerly the King’s Head, managed by Miss Baker, is a really good and comfortable hostelry. Every available house and lodging are taken by hunting gentlemen, for from it can be got the best of the Vale of White Horse and the Dukes, and what is good of the Cotswold. At Lechlade, the New Inn and the Bell. Tetbury, the White Hart. Stroud, the Imperial and Family Commercial Hotel, close to the Railway Station. Swindon, the Goddard Arms is a good, fair hotel. From the King and Queen at Highworth, six miles from Swindon, you can meet the Vale of White Horse and the old Berkshire. At Northleach, which is central for these hounds and the Heythrop, the King’s Head and Sherborne Arms at Marlborough. There is also some good stabling at Foss Bridge Hotel, kept by Mr. J. F. Berry.’

THE PHEASANT AND THE FOX.

A FABLE.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

- ‘ OCTOBER strips the forest, we have pass’d the equinox,
 ‘ It is time to look about us,’ said the Pheasant to the Fox ;
 ‘ I cannot roost in comfort at this season of the year,
 ‘ The volleys of the battue seem to thunder in my ear.’
- ‘ Time indeed it is,’ said Reynard, ‘ for the fray to be prepar’d,
 ‘ For open war against us has already been declar’d ;
 ‘ Two cubs, last week, two hopeful cubs, the finest out of five,
 ‘ Within their mother’s hearing chopp’d, were eaten up alive.
- ‘ Within our woodland shelter here, two winter seasons through,
 ‘ You and I have dwelt together in a friendship firm and true ;
 ‘ Still, I own it, to my yearning heart one envious feeling clings,
 ‘ Cock-pheasant ! what I covet is the privilege of wings.
- ‘ To you the gift is perilous, in safety while you run,
 ‘ It is only when uprising that you tempt the levell’d gun ;
 ‘ Would that I could rid you of those wings you rashly wear,
 ‘ And plant upon my back instead, a well-proportion’d pair.
- ‘ Think of *Victory* defeated, as to triumph on she sped,
 ‘ Think of *Boaster*, terror-stricken, as my pinions I outspread ;
 ‘ Think of *Crafty*’s baffled cunning, think of *Vulpecide*’s despair,
 ‘ Think of *Leveller*’s amazement, as I mounted in mid-air !
- ‘ To the Huntsman, when at fault, then I jeeringly would cry,
 ‘ “ Not gone to ground is the fox you found, but lost in a cloudy
 sky !”
- ‘ Or, perched upon some tree-top, looking downwards at the group,
 ‘ And, lifting to one ear a pad, would halloo there, “ Who whoop !”
- ‘ Thank you, kindly,’ said the Pheasant : ‘ true it is that, while I
 ‘ run,
 ‘ No worthy mark I offer to attract the murderous gun ;
 ‘ But say, should hunger pinch you, could a Pheasant-cock rely
 ‘ On the abstinence of friendship, if he had not wings to fly ?’

MORAL.

Self, Self it is that rules us all—when hounds begin to race,
 To aid a friend in grief would you resign a forward place ?
 When planted at the brook, o’er which your rival’s horse has flown,
 Don’t you wish the rider in it, and the rider’s luck your own ?

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XVII.

THE murderous assault committed on the poor *braconnier*, so well known for many a league round Gourin, created intense excitement among the peasantry, who, notwithstanding the protection of the gendarmes and police, could with difficulty be restrained from seizing Gastel and wreaking instant vengeance on him for the foul deed. In the very nick of time, therefore, did the drag containing Kergoorlas and St. Prix, the latter respected and beloved beyond any man in Brittany, rattle over the rude stone-way of the town up to the doors of the Cheval Blanc. A plot, the object of which was to force the Gendarmerie during the darkness of night, was gaining strength in all quarters; and, but for the timely arrival of the Louvetier, another hour would probably have matured it, and seen a desperate affray, if not murder, in the streets of Gourin. The Breton peasantry are a good-natured, but fiery race; and their ire, once roused, is not easily appeased. This, too, was an act of such savage violence perpetrated on a neighbour by the piqueur Gastel, whom they all regarded as a foreigner, being a Vendean, and no Breton at all; that nothing less than the influence of St. Prix, and a promise on his part that Gastel should be brought to justice before the authorities at Lorient, could pacify the excited crowd. M. de Kergoorlas, too, who was painfully shocked by the occurrence, not only expressed the deepest sympathy for the *braconnier*, but declared in the strongest terms that, if he died from the injury, he hoped the law would send the drunken ruffian to the galleys for life.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided in front of the Cheval Blanc, and our little party had gathered round a blazing wood fire in the *salle-à-manger*, the fate of the missing hounds became the subject of earnest conversation, ere the programme was settled for the next day's hunting at Kilvern.

'Out of the eight couple,' said St. Prix, 'taken to the forest, two hounds only have been recovered by Louis Trefarreg. The rest, he thinks, had found an old wolf, and gone away for Locrist or Dualt. He followed them through Conveau, so far as the Botderu Monument, and then they broke away over the mountain waste, and he heard no more of them.'

'Small chance have I, then, of ever seeing a hound of them again,' said Kergoorlas, in a tone of sheer despair.

'Never fear,' cried Shafto. 'Most of them, I'll undertake to say, will be secured by the peasants, and brought either to St. Prix's or my kennels; and probably some may find their way home to your own kennels on the Loire.'

'I wish I could think so,' said the disconsolate owner, determined

not to be comforted; 'but fifty leagues of country, bristling with furze, broom, and forest, are not likely to be traversed by hounds already wearied by a hard day's work. Besides, if the pack breaks up, and they straggle singly over the wilderness, the wolves will eat every hound of them, to a certainty.'

Shafto was on the point of relating a story about a pack of hounds which their owner, wishing to be rid of them, had taken into a far country, found a fox, and then left them running, a legacy to the land, when St. Prix, remarking the lateness of the hour, entreated the attention of the chasseurs to the necessity of at once settling the plan with respect to Kilvern, the meet at which place was fixed for eight o'clock that morning. 'We have only four hours for rest,' said he, energetically; 'and, as it is quite clear that Kergoorlas will be unable to keep the appointment with the remnant of his pack, you and I, Shafto, must put our shoulders to the wheel, and help him out of this difficulty. But the piqueurs wait for orders, and we must decide at once how it shall be done.'

'You are welcome to every hound of mine,' responded Shafto, heartily; 'but I doubt if more than six couple will be found available, after that last day at Gwernez.'

'Quite enough, with six couple of mine,' said St. Prix, always an advocate for a short pack, when boar and not wolf was the game to be pursued. Louis Trefarreg was then summoned, and the trusty piqueur having received the fullest instructions with respect to the rendezvous and the hounds to be first uncoupled on the drag, the party of chasseurs broke up, and, with the exception of one, retired every man forthwith to his chamber.

That one was M. de Kergoorlas, who, in the complication of trouble that now beset him—the poor *braconnier* lying insensible from the murderous attack of his own piqueur, and seven couple of his noble hounds gone nobody knew whither, and gone perhaps for ever—was little disposed to seek the rest which, young, elastic, and robust as he was, even his frame required. Lingered a few minutes near the embers of the wood fire, still glowing with heat, till the last of the party had fairly quitted the *salle-à-manger*, he then hastily donned his hunting-cap, and, going forth into the dark street, directed his steps straight for the Gendarmerie and the little hospital extemporised for the *braconnier's* use.

Without entering into all the details of the wretched scene he witnessed in this latter place, suffice it to say that all a man could do he did, by sympathy and substantial aid, to soften the grief of the poor stricken Breton woman who, by the side of the *braconnier's* bed, was bathing his temples with cold lotions, and tenderly adjusting his pillow to the varying motions of his injured head. Nor was his kindly visit wholly unattended by consolation, inasmuch as he was assured by the medical officer that—the *braconnier's* habits with respect to drink having always been most temperate—he yet entertained, notwithstanding the severity of the concussion, a confident hope in his ultimate recovery. This opinion produced unspeakable

relief to Kergoorlas's mind ; for if fatal results were to follow the blow inflicted by his own servant, the public would not fail to regard him as the indirect cause of the murder, and the stain, however unmerited, would probably cling to his name for life.

Far different was the spectacle in the prison-ward of the Gendarmerie. There, close pinioned, and utterly powerless for the commission of any violent act, lay Gastel, the piqueur, his eyes glaring like those of a wild beast, fierce, but without expression, and his whole visage distorted by *delirium tremens*. A more painful sight, Kergoorlas declared, it was never his lot to witness. The man was not then drunk ; but his brain on fire, and his reason gone, except in form, he was far more like a wolf of the forest than a human being.

'*Absinthe* has done it all,' said the doctor, gravely. 'He has been an inveterate dram-drinker for a long period, I understand ; and if so, this attack will go hard with him.'

'Quite true,' replied Kergoorlas ; 'for, although I have rarely seen him in a state of helpless intoxication, from morning to night he gave his stomach no rest. He began the day with *absinthe* ; then it was for ever a *goutte* of this or a *goutte* of that, whenever chance threw liquor in his way ; and so nature has sent in her account at last.'

'And a heavy one, too, it is. However,' added the doctor, cheerfully, 'we'll do our best to help him to meet it, bad as the schedule looks on the debtor's side.'

'Aye, I know you will,' responded Kergoorlas, earnestly.

A glimmer of light now crossing the poor wretch's brain, and the familiar sound of his master's voice falling simultaneously on his ear, he instantly recognised it, and, looking up with a piteous expression, begged to know 'where he was—why he was pinioned—and wherefore detained in that place?—and oh !' he groaned out, 'such a horrid dream have I had !—hunted down by a pack of wolves, that have been crunching and gnawing at my skull, and lapping up the very dregs of my brain ! Oh ! such torture !' He then burst into a flood of tears, which, it was hoped, would have brought him some relief ; but in another instant his reason again forsook him, and he shrieked wildly, 'They're coming again, I tell you—they're on me !—on me ! Fire, fire !'

Kergoorlas's nerves, though not easily touched, trembled like reeds in a running river at this awful sight ; and, as he afterwards confessed to me, if he had not beaten a hasty retreat, the cold chill that seized him must have paralysed the action of his heart, and brought him senseless to the floor—so he rushed from the cell. He had intended, after visiting the Gendarmerie, to look up the several quarters at which his hounds were billeted, as he was anxious to ascertain what hounds they were that were now missing—whether the puppies had gone or the chiefs of the chase—or in what proportion both had been abducted ; but he was too much affected by the appalling vision he had just witnessed to think of anything besides. Bidding the officials a hasty adieu, he returned directly to the hotel, and, casting himself

at full length on his narrow pallet, he was speedily enjoying, by the suspension of his mental and bodily powers, the blissful rest that sleep alone can give.

There is a mode of taxing dogs in France by which, if lost, their recovery is greatly facilitated by the aid of the government. When the tax is paid for a dog, every mark, like the '*signes particuliers*' in a passport, by which the animal can be identified, is duly registered; and, thus instructed, the police, the gendarmes, and the *gardes-champêtres*, in '*correspondance*' with every station from one end of the country to the other, are able to trace and recover a dog, whether stolen or strayed, on almost every occurrence of such a misadventure. Of course early notice must be given of the loss, or a thief in possession of a valuable animal may take ship, or cross the frontier, and then there is an end of the '*correspondance*.'

In Lower Brittany, however, a single dog on stray has little or no chance of escaping the wolves in the winter season; for, as already stated, throughout the ancient region of Cournouaille, comprising a large portion of Morbihan and Finisterre—a region of broom, heather, and forest—the inhabitants of the small towns are compelled to keep fires burning during a heavy fall of snow, to save their dogs at night from the prowling wolves. And not only by night do they commit these raids, but, when pinched by hunger, they venture on them even by day. During my stay at Carhaix an instance of it occurred at Quimper, and created no little sensation among the quiet, picturesque inhabitants of that old-fashioned town. An English lady, long resident in that vicinity, was walking on the high road in the suburbs of the town in company with a favourite spaniel, when a wolf, dashing out of a neighbouring thicket, seized poor Fido across the back, and, notwithstanding the lady's energetic screams, carried him, crunched in his jaws, to the adjoining forest. This, however, must have been a bold brigand, a kind of Dick Turpin among the wolves; for certain it is, that such a highway robbery by daylight rarely occurs even in the severest weather.

The Bretons of that country, a people of serious demeanour and primitive habits, retire early to bed as a general rule; but, as on the present occasion, if anything is going on in the way of hunting, especially that most popular sport the chase of the wild boar, no matter at what hour they seek their couches, they are sure to be up and stirring on the wished-for morrow long before daybreak. At six o'clock, then, not only was the Cheval Blanc wide awake, but the whole town of Gourin was ringing with a confused din of men's voices, the clatter of sabots, curs barking, hounds baying, and the notes of many brazen horns, creating a combined discord, worthy of the Eumenides.

At my bedside, before I was half awake, and before I could exactly comprehend what the row was, Keryfan stood erect in full hunting costume, and, with his voluminous horn in hand, was preparing to salute me with his favourite air, '*La sortie du Chenil*.' 'A cold pig,' had there been water enough, would have been far less trying to my

nerves at that moment; so, to avert the infliction, I screeched out at the top of my voice, 'Hold hard, Keryfan, for mercy's sake, hold hard! You've broken my rest, and you'll break the drum of my ear if you blow that horn now.'

'Well, then, turn out, Frank,' said he, provokingly. 'Louis Trefarreg and Shafto have gone on with the hounds; and St. Prix means to be punctual at the meet, having made up his mind to return to Carhaix this evening.'

'I'll do anything,' I replied, 'if you'll only keep that horn quiet; give me twenty minutes, and I shall be ready—not for a start exactly, but for that cup of coffee you know so well how to brew.'

'You shall have it, Frank; but despatch, mind, despatch! that's the word; for St. Prix will not wait one minute after seven o'clock.'

Hitherto our Gourin meeting, barring a few trifling discomforts, had been one of unmixed pleasure and success; and, as Shafto was very anxious to draw some large covers, lying westward of Kilvern, and to entertain our party at the 'Hermitage' (though how he proposed compressing us into four rooms was never explained), the meeting would probably have been prolonged over another week, and Shafto's hospitality, only bounded by walls, tested to its utmost limits—*Fanna patet; cor magis*, might fairly be applied to such a man. But, cheerful as this prospect was, we were constrained to abandon it, owing to the untoward events that had occurred during our absence at Concarneau and Carnac; events that could not but cast a gloom on every member of the hunting party.

To add to our regret, just as we were about to start, Kergoorlas had sent a message from his bed-room to St. Prix, begging the latter to pardon him for not coming to the front at Kilvern that day; as, he declared, it would be quite impossible for him to enjoy any sport, while his thoughts were so occupied by the scene of misery he had so recently witnessed; and that he deemed it his duty to remain at Gourin, while the two poor fellows at the Gendarmerie were lying in such imminent danger. We were none of us surprised at this determination, though very loth to lose his good company; especially as we were not likely to see anything more of him during the present season.

It was a fine breezy morning, the wind blowing steadily from the west and directly in our teeth, as we trotted along over that dreary, serrated ridge, so well named the 'backbone of Brittany,' a region of stunted heather and granite rocks, arid, barren, and desolate, and at length reaching the head of a deep ravine, the woodlands of which appeared to be interminable, we crossed a small brook and soon sighted the outskirts of Kilvern. The scenery of this country is certainly not so grand as that of our own Highlands; but the wildest glen of the Trosachs is no wilder than this vast gorge, rugged and seamed as it is, far as the eye can see, with rock and chasm, forest, and fierce torrents—a rare homestead in all weather

for the wolf and the boar ; which, so long as Nature holds her own, will always find shelter and security in the recesses of this rude domain.

The site of the rendezvous, as the meet is termed, was a clutter of rocks overhanging and frowning upon the dark cover below ; and in the wide world it would be difficult to find a more appropriate spot for such a gathering, the savage grandeur of the scene being in perfect keeping with the throng of picturesque, half-civilized Bretons, who, all clad in jackets of the roughest goat-skin, stood clustering around the huge, fierce-looking, wire-haired wolf-hounds, gazing with admiration now on this hound and now on that, as the well-known leaders of many a bygone chase. But their caresses, when offered, seemed anything but welcome to some of the chiefs, especially to old Cæsar, whose surly growl, stiff stern, and independent attitude, looked very much as if he was inclined to say, 'Keep your hands to yourself ; I'm a rough customer, and resent liberties.'

The report of the piqueurs was most favourable ; a couple of full-sized boars had been tracked into a patch of scrub-cover close below us ; while, farther down in the valley, several pigs had crossed and recrossed the main stream, and were supposed to be lying somewhere among the boulders that, in vast fragments, were piled one on the other against the opposite hill. A stronghold was this, overgrown with ivy and clematis, and looked exactly like the ruins of some ancient castle, the towers of which had been overthrown and disjuncted by a mighty earthquake. The consultation between St. Prix and his 'field' was shorter than usual ; it being at once determined to uncouple Harmonie and Vétéran, and clap them on the drag of the two boars. These two hounds had been originally entered on boar, and had never been allowed to join the pack on wolf-hunting days ; consequently, they were not only staunch to the scent of the former, but had shown a marked distaste for that of the latter ; so, where there was a chance of change from one game to the other, as would be the case in these deep covers abounding with wolves and riot of various description, two such dependable leaders were invaluable to the master, when, as on the present occasion, boar was the object of the day's chase.

The quiet way in which hounds are thrown into cover in Lower Brittany, at the onset, contrasts remarkably with the uproar of tongue and horn that instantly follows the rousing of the game and many subsequent features of the chase. Scarcely now did a single cheer escape St. Prix's lips, as Harmonie and Vétéran, released from their couples, swung over the tainted line, and with lashing sterns and doubled tongue, at once disappeared into the depths of the cover ; nor, for a few minutes, was there a word spoken by that large and wild-looking group of chasseurs that stood in listening attitude, noting every variation in the hounds' tongues, and ready to slip any number of couples at the first signal given by St. Prix's horn. The example of the Louvetier was probably the cause of this steadiness on the part of the peasants ; and, indeed, so long as they

were under his eye, the control he exercised over his rude followers appeared to be absolute ; but the first blast of that horn, announcing the game a-foot, acted like a galvanic battery on their nerves, and seemed to kindle their savage hunting nature at once into a wild flame.

In the mountains of Wales, not many years ago, the fashion in fox-hunting, so far as noise, outcry, and hubbub, were deemed necessary to cheer the hounds and scare the prey, was very similar to that followed in Brittany at the present day. His Breton brother, however, at the commencement of the chase, is far quieter and less riotous than the old Cambrian hunter ; whose halloos and cheers to individual favourite hounds never ceased from the moment they were thrown into cover, hit upon a drag, or maintained the chase, till they killed their fox ; or, failing that, till the stars appeared in the sky.

The practice of hallooing to hounds, now all but discarded in the modern chase of the fox, is made the subject of more than one of Beckford's admirable letters. He tells us that such halloos as serve to keep the hounds together, and to get on the tail-hounds, are always of use ; it is the halloos of encouragement to the leading hounds, when injudiciously given, that spoil your sport—'They are 'pleasing to sportsmen, but prejudicial to hounds.' And, again : 'If hounds are often used to a halloo, they will expect it, and may 'trust, perhaps, to their ears and eyes, more than to their noses.'

Exactly so ; the power of that one sense given to the nose is weakened at once, if another sense, that of seeing or listening, is called into action at the same time. Therefore, halloos, when hounds are running, must generally be a mischievous accompaniment to the chase, and do far more harm than good in the long run. That word, halloo, by-the-by, has, as I believe, a French origin, and is derived, not as the lexicographers say, from the word 'haler,' but from the practice of shouting, 'Au loup—au loup,' which, phonetically written, would be precisely halloo—the very word used to encourage hounds to pursue their game at the present day both in France and England. Shakspeare, speaking of a hound's note, says,

'A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheered with horn.'

But, hark ! it is a lucky thing Harmonie and Vétéran have been clinging to the line closer than my pen. Hark ! the two good hounds have unharboured a brace of boars, and St. Prix's horn is ringing out merrily, 'Les animaux en compagnie ;' while Shafto and a group of peasants, stationed a far way down the ravine and ahead of the cry, are uncoupling for their lives, and throwing in more hounds to back up the chase. Then the thunder of war bursts out in earnest ; and horns and hounds, halloos and echoes, shake the old forest to its uttermost bounds ; and if that tornado in their rear do not strike the flying boars with terror, they must have stout hearts indeed ! Be that as it may, down the valley pours

the chase like a cataract; and contrary to Louis Trefarreg's expectation, not often wrong in his tactics, the boars do not attempt to cross the stream and seek the shelter of the rocks on the opposite heights; but holding on still to the same sideland, neither sinking nor breasting the hill, they trust to their legs and endeavour to shake off, by wild flight, the pursuit of the foe. So, those peasant sharpshooters, posted by Louis on certain points of the stream, usually crossed by the pigs, never fire a shot; and a rattling good run is the fortunate result. For two hours or more the roar of war never flags for a moment; and although twelve couple of hounds are close on their haunches, the pigs are still making strong running in front of the fray.

'Oh! that Kergoorlas were here,' shouts Keryfan to me, 'just to hear that grand peal ringing through the vale; it would drive him half wild with delight.'

The wish had scarcely been uttered, when we heard a clatter in our rear; and, looking round, to our intense amazement, we beheld Kergoorlas coming up at a hand-gallop, his horse flecked with foam, and four couple of great, grim, wire-haired hounds following on close to his heels. The wild huntsman of the Black Forest could scarcely have startled us more than Kergoorlas's company at such a moment; and before we could inquire by what lucky spell he had been able to join us, he roared out, 'I heard them a league off, and thought I never should catch you! but what a scent; and what music!'

Not another word did he fling to us, as he dashed past on Grenadier, eager to throw his fresh lot in at the head to increase the volume of music he so dearly loved to hear; and it was at least three hours afterwards ere we learned the cause of his welcome, but most unexpected reappearance among us. It turned out, that immediately on our departure for Kilvern, he had gone to the hospital, and hearing a favourable report of both patients, the *braconnier* having recovered consciousness, and the piqueur's delirium indicating an abatement satisfactory to the medical officer, he ordered Grenadier to be saddled, and gathering together four couple of hounds—all that were effective of his late noble pack—he had followed us to the field. The parley at the cover-side had been unusually brief, and the find more than usually quick, or his stern chase would not have been so long.

After he had passed Keryfan and myself, at that terrific pace, fully accounting for the foam with which his gallant steed was bespattered, we never glimpsed him again till we found him standing astride over a fine, bristly boar, sounding the 'mort' with all the breath left in his body, and six couple of hounds baying round the dead game in a fervent strain of joy and exultation. He was all alone; the hounds had divided; and these having brought their pig to bay, he had followed up, and arriving just in time, had been lucky enough to administer the *coup-de-grâce* ere a single hound had been injured.

St. Prix's doings with the rest of the pack must be reserved for another chapter.

LORD KINTORE ON MR. MEYNELL'S SYSTEM OF HUNTING.

THE following letter was sent by Lord Kintore to Tom Crane, Huntsman to the Fife Hounds, in the hope that he would insert some of his own remarks. This, however, he never did, as he was not very good with his pen, and after his death, which took place January 9th, 1830, the manuscript was given by his widow to Mr. John Whyte-Melville, at that time Master of the Fife Hounds: it is entitled 'Hugo Meynell's Ideas on Fox-hunting; with Notes and 'Comments by Lord Kintore.'

Hugo Meynell, Esq., of Quorn, in Leicestershire, was, doubtlessly, the most successful sportsman of his day, producing the steadiest, *wisest, best, and handsomest* pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. His object in breeding hounds was to combine strength with beauty, and steadiness, and high mettle.

His idea of perfection of shape was *short backs, open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet*, as the greatest and first considerations in form.

The first qualities he considered were fine noses and stout runners. In the spring of the year he broke in his hounds at hare (No. 1*) to find out their propensities, which, when at all flagrant, they early discovered, and he drafted them accordingly to their defects; after hare-hunting they were, the remaining part of the season, walked among riot.

When the hunting season commenced Mr. Meynell's hounds were hunted in the *woodlands* (No. 2*), amongst abundance of foxes, for two months. In the month of November the pack was carefully divided into the old and young pack. The old pack consisted of three season hunters and upwards, and no two-year-old hounds were admitted except a very high character was given of their virtues and abilities. The young hounds were hunted twice a-week, as much in woodlands as possible, and in the most unpopular covers, the young pack having always a few couples of steady old hounds with them. The old pack hunted the best country; when any bad faults were discovered, they were immediately drafted for fear of contamination. Skirting, overrunning the scent, and babbling, were the greatest faults; perfection consisted of true guiders in hard running, and close, patient hunters, together with stoutness.

Mr. Meynell's hounds were criticised by himself and his friends in the most minute manner. Every hound had his peculiar talents, and was sure of having a fair opportunity of displaying them. Some had the remarkable faculty of finding a fox, which they would do almost invariably, notwithstanding twenty or *thirty couple* (No. 3*) were out; some had the propensity to hunt the doubles and short turns; some were inclined to be hard runners; some had a remarkable faculty of hunting the drag of a fox, which

* See at end of article Lord Kintore's view of this idea.

they would do very late in the day, and sometimes the hardest runners (No. 4*) were the best hunters, and fortunate was the year when such great excellences prevailed.

Mr. Meynell prided himself on the steadiness and docility of his hounds, and their hunting through sheep and hares, which they did in a superior manner (No. 5*). *He seldom or ever attempted to lift* his hounds through sheep, and from habit and the great flocks the hounds were accustomed to, they carried the scent on more correctly and expeditiously much sooner than any lifting could accomplish.

Mr. Meynell was not fond of casting hounds when once they were laid upon the line of scent. He left it to them; he only encouraged them to take pains, and kept aloof, so that the steam of the horses could not interfere with the scent. When a fox was found in a gorse, very little noise or encouragement was given, and when he went away, as soon as the hounds were apprized of it they did not go headlong after (No. 6*), but commenced very quietly, settled, and 'got together' gradually, accumulating and mending their pace, then completing, what he termed, a *terrible burst*.

When his hounds came to a check every encouragement was given them to recover the scent, without the huntsman getting amongst them, or whippers-in driving them about, which is the common practice of most packs. The hounds were hallooed back to the place where they brought the scent, and encouraged to try round in their own way, which they generally did successfully, avoiding the time lost in the *mistaken* practice of casting the hounds at the heels of the huntsman. When the hounds were cast, it was in two or three different lots, by Mr. Meynell, his huntsman, and whipper-in, and not driven together like a flock of sheep. *They were allowed to spread*, and use their own sagacity, at a very gentle pace, and not hurried about in a blustering manner, but patiently.

It was Mr. Meynell's opinion that a great noise and scolding of hounds made them wild (No. 7*); correcting them in a quiet way was the most judicious method. Whippers-in should turn their hounds quietly, and not in a noisy, disagreeable manner. When hounds are going to cry they should be encouraged in a pleasant, and not as it were rated to cry, as if discord were an ingredient to the sport and music of a fine cry of hounds.

Whippers-in are too apt to think their own importance consists in hallooing and throwing their tongue, when it had better be let alone; for if this were all a whipper-in was required for, as Beckford justly remarks, a Newmarket stable-boy, with good lungs, would answer your purpose. When hounds can hear the cry they will get to it sooner than any whipper-in will drive them. If any hound is conceited, and disinclined to go to cry, he should immediately be *drafted*. Should there only be one fox in covert, and two or three hounds get away with him whilst the body of the pack are hunting the line behind, some judicious sportsman should ride to them, and view-haloo for

* See at end of article Lord Kintore's view of this idea.

the rest of the pack to join them (No. 8*). It is the best way to ensure the run, and the hounds will very shortly get together when properly treated. If there are many foxes in covert, and one should go away, and the hounds are running in various parts, if a favourable opportunity offers, try to halloo the pack away; but do not attempt unless this opportunity offers, as a good rummaging in covert will do the hounds service.

When a fox dwells in covert and will not go away, the best plan is to leave him. Another day he will perhaps show you a run.

(No. 9.*) Blood was a thing Mr. Meynell was less indifferent about than most owners of hounds. The wildest packs of hounds were known to kill the most foxes in covert, but had seldom showed good runs over the open. Hounds chopping foxes in covert is more a vice than a proof of their being good covert hounds. Murdering foxes is a most absurd prodigality. Seasoned foxes are as necessary to sport as experienced hounds. To obtain a good run, your hounds should not only have good abilities, but they should be experienced and well acquainted with each other; to guide a scent well over a country for a length of time, and through all the difficulties usually to contend with, requires the best abilities.

A faulty hound, or an injudicious rider, by one improper step, may defeat the most promising run. Gentlemen, and every person who makes hunting his pursuit, should learn to ride *judiciously* to hounds. It is a contemplative amusement, and much good diversion might be promoted by a few regular precautions. The principal thing to attend to is *not to ride too near the hounds*, and *always as much as possible to anticipate* a check, by which means the leading men will pull in time and give the hounds *fair play*, and an opportunity to keep the line of scent unbroken.

Sheep, cattle, teams of plough, are all causes of check. *Thoughtless* sportsmen are too apt to press too close on hounds down a road. Every one ought to consider that every check operates against the hounds; and that scent is of a fleeting nature, soon lost, and not again to be recovered.

Mr. Meynell's hounds had more good runs than any pack of his day. Two very extraordinary ones happened of a very rare description: one was a run of an hour and twenty minutes without a check, and killed; the other, was two hours and fifty minutes without a cast, and killed also. The horses in the first run kept well together, and only two horses performed it. One horse only went the whole of the second. Mr. Meynell's natural taste led him to admire large hounds, but his *experience convinced him* that small ones were generally the stoutest, soundest, and, in every respect, did the most execution.

Various are the attentions necessary to manage a pack of hounds, and quite sufficient to engage the attention of any active man's mind. Should the Master of the hounds have other concerns to attend to, sensible and confidential agents and servants should be chosen in

* See at end of article Lord Kintore's view of this idea.

every department. Fox-hunting is a manly and fine exercise, affording health to the body, and matter and food for a contemplative mind. In no situation are the faculties of man more displayed.

Fortitude, good sense, and collectiveness of mind, have a wild field for exercise; and a sensible sportsman, in any situation of life, will be a respectable character.

The field is a most agreeable coffee-house, and there is more society to be met with there than in any other situation in life. It links all classes from the peer to the peasant. It is not to be found in any other part of the globe, but in Britain's true land of liberty, —and long may it flourish to the end of time.

The remainder of the manuscript is by Lord Kintore, specially calling Tom Crane's attention to the paragraphs marked in Mr. Meynell's ideas. His Lordship says:—

I will now proceed, with all due deference to this most excellent sportsman's opinion, to offer and add a few remarks to which, as I have observed, the mark (*) and number alludes to, having underlined in the preceding pages what, I think, is particularly applicable. You know better than I can write, that were you to make a tailor, or a clerk in a banking-house, read Beckford over twenty times, that you would never make him a huntsman.

In my humble opinion this talent must be born with him, and he must combine the theory with the practice; when this is done, if from his heart he loves it, and he has common quickness and observation, there is then some chance.

No. 1.—Enter them to their own game, they will be less liable when fairly entered to run riot afterwards.

No. 2.—Woodlands are one of the greatest requisites for the education of your young hounds; an advantage Scotland, in few instances, possesses.

No. 3.—Mr. Meynell talks of thirty couple: if eighteen or twenty couple of effective hounds can't kill a fox, thirty won't.

No. 4.—Seldom do you, I think, find this the case when it is so. As Mr. Meynell remarks, fortunate indeed is your season.

No. 5.—Mr. Meynell says he never lifted his *hounds*. Still, hounds certainly *ought to bear lifting*, although they ought never to be so except from a general rule of exception, and a good cause; for instance, you have found your fox, and you can well discern there is a bad scent; you are hunting your fox over grass, and you come to some few ploughed fields, where they can hardly (pick) it out and hunt him; you can evidently see your fox has gone across them, added to which, to confirm your belief, you know a head of earths no great distance beyond those fields in the same line; in this case, certainly, to save time and get closer to him, it should be perfectly allowable to canter on and make your circular cast beyond the plough, upon the next grass, or better scenting land. Another exception also, when your scent, through accidents, has been much foiled through sheep or cattle; in this case you are certainly justified

in lifting; in fact, hounds that won't bear being *occasionally* lifted are not worth having; still I never would lift them except upon emergencies of the kind.

No. 6.—You cannot lay them on the line of scent *too quietly*; and too often one's enthusiasm at this critical moment makes you, as Beckford remarks, commit an error that your cooler judgment condemns. You, 'in the rapture of delight,' are inclined to halloo too much, which every Tom Fool that is out is inclined to imitate, little considering or knowing, perhaps, that they will fly to the huntsman's halloo twice as quickly as to any other person's. When you get to the point, it is perhaps a bad scenting day; you have got your heads up, and cannot get your noses down, and your fox is lost. Strong arguments to begin quietly.

No. 7.—Certainly, if the hound that has committed a fault be with the body, do it in as quiet a manner as you can, otherwise you are likely to do what I have seen done with Philip.* Make some of your best hunters droop their sterns, and shy them so much that they would hardly hunt for you at all the whole day afterwards. No, if you can catch the gentleman by himself let him then *know* and *feel* both, that he has done wrong.

No. 8.—I would much rather that this judicious sportsman would stop those hounds and give you time to get up with the body. I never could see any pleasure in killing a fox with two couple of hounds, but have very considerable delight in seeing the body hunt, and run into their fox.

No. 9.—Kill him by all means if you possibly can. There is generally little medium in foxes; they are either good or bad.

I think a deal is to be done in the kennel; you must not be below the mark, and still you must not be above it; for, if you are, your hounds will neither get up to their fox in the way they ought, or draw for him either.

I like a *chase* of twenty minutes, and I do admire a real hunting run of an hour at a good, fair, holding pace, where every hound does his share of work; and then to find them increasing their pace by degrees, your fox sinking, and your hounds running from scent to view, is a pleasure to be felt but not to be conceived.

From one who has seen and learnt a little, but who has yet a great deal to learn from those who have had longer experience over his shoulders, these additional remarks are not, the writer trusts, given from foolish conceit, but from opinion, as he holds this argument in his favour, that a person who has not an opinion of his own should have no pretence to hunt a pack of hounds; and as one turn may deserve another, the writer will feel obliged to Tom Crane to fill up the remainder of this book with his own remarks on any part of the noble science of Fox-hunting.

* Philip Payne, huntsman to the sixth Duke of Beaufort.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

HOW TWO SHARP FELLOWS TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE
POOR IRISHMAN.

'Hard by Clapham town eend lived an auld Yorkshire Tyke,
To whose dealings in horseflesh were never the like;
'Twas his pride that amongst the hard bargains he'd hit,
That he'd bit a vast many, though he'd ne'er been bit.

Derry Down.'

BESIDES being a consummate judge of horseflesh, Tim Parton was a boon companion. He had a fund of anecdote, a keen sense of humour, and a ready wit, to which a strong vein of satire gave a relish most agreeable to such of his hearers as were not the objects of it. For his knowledge of horses, their qualities, their ailments, and their vices, he had not his equal. He could detect unsoundness with a glance, temper with a look, and very few questions enabled him to trace a pedigree, both sire and dam. He came of a good yeoman stock; but, alas! was reduced to earning a precarious livelihood by his opinion and advice on horse-dealings, for which his customary charge was a guinea—a fee gladly paid by all such as had not sufficient reliance on their own judgment; for Tim was acknowledged to be the best judge of a horse for twenty miles round—in short, was considered infallible. And then his social qualities made him a welcome guest, and insured him a knife and fork at many a good man's table. Of course the glass of grog was always Tim's whenever he wanted it, and often when he did not. His words were wise, and his sentences epigrammatic. How summarily he settled his friend's qualifications as an auctioneer, when he pronounced him as 'having a good voice, and being the best natural liar in England.' 'Tim,' said a friend, of whose leg of mutton he was a regular Sunday partaker, 'I never look at you but I think of the amount of money people waste on unnecessary things—riding when they might walk—cigars and brandy-and-water, when they could do just as well without them. Depend upon it, if we denied ourselves these trifles we should be better off, and far happier.' 'That reminds me,' said Tim, 'of a story my father used to tell.' 'Your father,' rejoined the host, 'was a man of deep reflection and sound common sense. Whatever he said will be interesting to me. Let me hear it, by all means.' 'Well,' said Tim, 'some of my father's sheep grazed on a common on which grew a lot of gorse and briars, and other rough stuff, and the consequence was the sheep lost a good deal of wool in struggling through the brambles and the bushes, and all that. Now, it so happened that a miserly old fellow in the neighbourhood used to employ his spare time in collecting all this wool, and washing it, and selling it. What do you think that old fellow died worth?' 'Ay, very good,' quoth mine host; 'a careful man, no doubt, with an eye to the main chance, which—excuse me, Tim—'

'you never had.' 'Very true,' said Tim, 'I never had; but what 'do you think he died worth?' 'Oh, I don't know—perhaps five 'hundred pounds,' said the host. 'Hadn't a rag to his back, and 'was buried by the parish,' said Tim, and ate his mutton. This little digression is only to show the character of the man as a companion. His strong point was his knowledge of horseflesh, in which nobody excelled him or could take him in.

There was, however, in the same town—occasionally only, for he was a bit of a rover—a man who, though not so good a judge as Tim, was a better tradesman, being a more unscrupulous buyer and seller, a dealer in horses of all sorts, and screws in particular. Archimedes himself did not more appreciate the power and value of the screw than Tim's cotemporary—and this was Jockey Ford. He was not called Jockey from his skill as a horseman, for he never rode a race in his life, but from his 'hossy' style of dress and mode of dealing; and if you bought a horse of Jockey Ford, it was *caveat emptor*.

He was a different man from Tim altogether—hard, unflinching, and bargain-driving. His lineage, too, was not so gentle, as some of his kin were said to have acquired possession of horses by means which the laws in those days punished with great severity. He had a great opinion of Tim's judgment, and never scrupled to avail himself of it. It is not quite certain that Tim always got his guinea; but perhaps they shared the bargain, which, with their united abilities, was sure to be a good one.

It happened that Dennis S——, who hailed from County Cork, brought with him to the Repository in the town where Tim and Ford abided a string of good-looking horses of the hunter class. These he sold as customers presented themselves, and for handsome prices, too. He warranted them hunters, and allowed them to be ridden; and as they were nice horses, young and fresh, they were marketable, and sold accordingly—all but one; a most unfortunate animal; for it always happened that when he was to be taken out for a trial he had the influenza, or a cough, had been pricked in shoeing, or was the victim of some other ill that horseflesh is heir to. A most unlucky horse he was, to be sure, and most unlucky was poor Dennis, who used to sigh about him daily, and wish he had never brought him across the Channel; and yet, if anything, he was the best-looking nag of the lot, nearly sixteen hands high, and up to as many stone, a dark brown, six years old, and as near thoroughbred as nineteen and sixpence is to a pound. But such were the inexorable decrees of fate, that there he stood in the stable day after day, sick and sorry, eating his head off, or, as Tim expressed it, 'chewing his nut,' for three long weeks after the penultimate horse had been disposed of.

It is not to be supposed that this horse and the fixture he was making of the Irishman escaped the observation of so enterprising a man of business as Mr. Ford, who began to calculate the loss that was the daily consequence of this detention. 'When he first brought 'that unlucky "crittur" into this town he asked two hundred for him,

'then it was a hundred and fifty, and now he has dropped it to a hundred. In another week it will be fifty,' said Ford to himself; 'that'll be about my cut—and Tim shall look him over for me.' Poor Dennis experienced a good deal of banter on the subject, and Tim would saunter into the yard with—'Sold the brown horse yet, Mr. S——? D—d if I wouldn't call him Sheet Anchor, he holds you so fast.' 'Ye're right there,' said the Irishman; 'for I've been at sea with him all along, till I'm thinking his right place is at the bottom of it. I'd cut my cable, an' leave him there.' So it went on day after day, and still the horse remained unsold.

Jockey Ford, who had noticed the growing impatience of Dennis, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it by smoking cigars all day, was quietly awaiting what he foresaw would be the inevitable result. At length, he conceived the time was come when the horse must be sold or disposed of somehow, and forthwith took counsel with his friend Tim. 'Tim,' said he, 'that Irishman is getting infernally sick of that brown oss; let us go down and see if we can deal; I never see nothing amiss with him; and if we can get him for fifty—why—he's cheap as dirt.' 'With all my heart,' says Tim; 'let's go,' and to the Repository they went accordingly. Dennis was at his post. 'Well,' said Tim, 'how about that brown horse? he has been hanging on your hands a long time; my friend and I will buy him if we can; we shall want to get a pound or two out of him, but he's blown on now.' 'The very word,' replied Dennis, "'blown on," that's what he is—if I had him at Tattersall's now or anywhere else but here, he'd fetch his price—but, as you say, he's blown on here.' 'Let's have a look at him,' said the pair. 'By all means,' said Dennis; 'but you've seen him times enough. There he is,' he continued, when they reached the stable where the horse stood in his accustomed stall. 'There he is, and as good-tempered a creature as ever carried an only daughter;' and he walked up and patted his neck. 'Six years old, you know,' said he, looking into his mouth, 'and handsome enough to carry the lord-lieutenant.' 'That's right enough,' said Ford. 'Will you warrant him sound?' 'You know I'll not;' was the quick reply. 'In the first place, we never warrant a horse in Ireland; it's "try" and "buy" with us; and, besides, I'll tell ye, for it's no use keeping anything from men like yourselves, they tell me he has got a spavin.' 'A spavin!' said Jockey Ford. 'A spavin?' said Tim Parton, and both looked at his hocks with might and main. 'It is but a small one, I believe,' said Dennis; 'but they say it's there, and that's enough,' and he lifted the horse's fore feet to show how clean and sound everything was in that quarter. 'This Irishman is a fool after all,' said Tim, in a whisper to his friend, 'I never saw cleaner hocks in my life. Ay, there it is,' said he, aloud, 'I can see it plain enough.' 'Can you?' said Dennis, 'then you find I'm not deceiving you. We're all in the same trade, you know, and I should not like to do it.' 'Oh, ah!' said Ford, 'the spavin's there sure enough, and we shall

'have to fire him and put him by. What's the lowest figure? you know we don't give big prices.' 'As to price,' said Dennis, 'it ought to be two hundred; but I've had such bad luck with the beast, I'd almost give him away, so I'll say seventy-five.' 'Gammon!' said Jockey Ford; 'fifty pounds, and not another farthing—fifty pounds, money down, and we take the horse away, and never ask another question.' 'Fifty pounds!' said Dennis, 'you're too hard on me. It's making a present of him to ye, I'd be —. Say sixty, an' he's yours.' 'Fifty pound, and not another penny,' said the inexorable Ford. 'Come on, Tim; there's nothing to be done—sixty pound and a spavin—he takes us for a couple of flats,' and they left the stable. 'Take ye for flats?' said Dennis. 'Why, Mister Parton is known to be the best judge of a horse in these parts—and a man to take *you* in, Mister Ford, must sit up all night for a week—but, as ye say, we're in the same trade, and I'd like ye to get a ten-pound note out of the bargain, and I suppose you must have him. Come into the office, pay me the money, and I'll give ye a receipt. An', Mike,' said he to his groom, 'put a halter on Sheet Anchor, an' ask the gentlemen to give you a shilling for it; let 'em take the divil away, for I'm sick of the sight of him.'

There was, there could be, no mistake about the bargain. The money paid, Tim Parton and Jockey Ford led the horse in triumph from the yard. How joyously they chuckled when fairly out of sight. 'The flat—a spavin! why, I never see better hocks in my life; he's been gammoned by somebody, that's certain; but he's sick on him, and, p'raps, he's hard up—who knows?' and thus exulting, they reached the stable destined for the reception of Sheet Anchor. 'Ger up,' said Tim, as he made the horse free of his new abode by a friendly tap with his little ash plant, 'Ger up.' The horse rushed up the stall, went 'bump' upon the manger, and struck his head violently against the rack. 'Why, hang me,' said Tim Parton, 'his daylights are out!' Quite true—he was blind as a mole.

'Blind?' gasped Jockey Ford, 'why, he's got a pair of full, staring eyes of his own.' 'That's just it,' said Tim, after a pause, 'It's amaurosis ne's got, and we're done; you can't see it without you look for it; but he's blind, sure enough.' 'And he talked about the spavin to make us look at his hocks—and be d—d to him for a thief,' said Ford. 'The vagabond!' ejaculated Tim. 'The lying rascal!' said Ford, and here he exhausted his vocabulary of oaths and epithets; while Tim's epigrams, like Macbeth's 'Amen,' stuck in his throat. Then they took counsel together as to the best course under the trying circumstances, and at length resolved to see Dennis and coax him into contenting himself with making a ten-pound note out of the transaction, and to take the horse again.

Acting upon this consolatory resolution, they sallied forth in quest of Dennis, whom they found smoking the inevitable cigar. 'I say

'S——,' began Ford, 'we're rather disappointed about that horse; the gentleman as we thought would buy him seems frightened at him; he's a timid old gentleman, and thinks he'll be too much for him.' 'Does he?' said Dennis, coolly; 'has he tried him?' 'No,' said Ford, 'he has not tried him; he seems afraid to get on his back.' 'Oh, let him try him by all means,' said Dennis, 'let him try him.' 'It's no use,' said Tim, 'he won't try him, and the horse is left on our hands.' 'Ye reckoned on that when ye bought him,' said Dennis, with a knowing look. 'Why not fire him, and turn him out, as ye said ye would? I'll not take him back, I can tell you, for I've had him long enough.' 'Fire him!' roared Ford, 'fire him, be ——, what's the use of firing him when you know he's blind?' 'Blind! is he?' said the imperturbable Dennis. 'Yes—blind,' bellowed Ford, again; 'and to tell us he'd got a spavin, you ——.' 'Stop there,' said Dennis; 'I never told you anything of the sort. I told you *they said* he had got a spavin, and ye both said ye saw it. I never saw it myself, so if anybody tells a lie it's yourselves.' 'It's a swindle and a shame to take us in—two men in the same trade,' said Ford. 'Well,' said Dennis, 'ye're two innocent lambs, to be sure. Why, is not Mr. Parton the best judge of a horse in these parts? and as for you, Mr. Ford, the very cut of your clothes would prevent any man in his senses trying it on with you.' 'Let us have none of that,' said Ford. 'What are we to do with him? that's the question.' 'Ay, now ye talk like sensible men—like yourselves, in fact. If ye ask my advice as a friend, I'll give it ye free and fair.' 'None of that,' said Tim, 'but if you can help us a bit, it won't hurt *you*, and may serve *us*.' 'Well, then,' said Dennis, 'keep him till ye find a bigger fool than yourselves, and then sell him.'

T. H. G.

A DREAM OF THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

I WELL remember the afternoon of the day to which my present sketch is going to refer—one of those dull, steamy November afternoons when you may see the vapour creep and crawl from branch to branch, and hear the moisture drip, drip, drip, with a continual patter on the sodden leaves below. It was a real scenting day if ever there was one; and so it had proved itself.

We had run a fox that morning from Crickleton Spinney, past Swineley village, with a check at Oozlemere osier beds, and then on to Sleaford Furzes, where we finished with a kill—one hour and forty minutes of as good a hunting run as ever man rode to. And so, not to spoil so good a day by an inferior afterpiece, I turned my horse's head homewards, and reached stable early.

It was my custom whenever we had had anything good, to go in and rehearse it to my dear old friend H——, once the pride of the Hunt, the bravest, truest, gentlest sportsman that ever sat upon a

saddle. Alas! his hunting days were over. The withering hand of consumption lay heavy upon him, and the honest eyes grew dim with the approach of death. Never did the Great Releaser lay his envious fingers on more kindly heart; never did he call away one whom we could spare so ill. Yet we who watched him knew that the brave spirit was indeed drawing near its rest, and he himself had said only the day before, as he wished me good-night, with that sweet smile of his—‘It won’t be long now—I am almost run ‘to earth.’

To-night I went to him as usual and told him all about the day we had had—told him how every one had asked after him at the coverside—how Will H—— and his whips had sent messages—how we had drawn Crickleton Spinney, and old Rustlepout, just like him, had headed back the fox—and how he got away at last—and what a splitter it was up to Swinely Pastures—and how his old chestnut hunter, that I had ridden ever since he had been ill, had carried me as never man was carried before (I had said the same of every run he had ever been under me in, but I hope I shall be forgiven for it), and a thousand things which I thought would interest, as they always did, my dear old friend.

He listened with the same quiet eagerness as ever, every now and then brightening into his happy smile, or chuckling gently to himself as something pleased him or called up an old association; and here and there asking a question, or throwing in a little comment. Yet he seemed more tired than usual, and spoke less; and after a time he said he thought he could sleep, and asked me to come again after tea. ‘You know I am always fit to talk more after tea;’ so, though I thought it too much for him, as he seemed anxious for it, I promised to come back.

When I returned a few hours later my friend had slept, and seemed much refreshed. As I sat down by his bed he seemed to have a strange look on his face, half serious, half amused, and I could see he wanted to tell me something.

‘I’ve had a queer dream since you’ve been gone,’ said he, laying his thin hand on my wrist. ‘I’ve been to cover side.’

‘“Coverside?”’ said I. ‘Where did you meet?’

‘In the happy hunting grounds,’ said he, with a twinkle of his kind eyes. ‘You may smile, but we *did*.

‘You hadn’t been gone long,’ he continued, ‘when I fell into a ‘sound sleep—how long it lasted I can’t say—but after some time ‘no doubt I fell a-dreaming, and all sorts of old scenes came over ‘me as fresh as if they were before my waking eyes. At last I ‘found myself across old chestnut Sultan, and I felt at home at ‘last, you may be sure. Well! the next I remember was being ‘alongside of a cover, which looked rather like Prettyman’s gorse, ‘too, but I can’t be sure of *that*. There wasn’t any one else there, ‘and I fell a-wondering what I could be waiting there for, when I ‘heard the yelp of a hound, very faint indeed, and through the wood. ‘I listened eagerly, and heard it again. I was the wrong side of

' the cover evidently ; and very likely the fox had gone away the other side, so, choosing a thin place in the cover (for there was no ride, and the gorse went for miles in a dark belt as far as the eye could see), I went crashing through the underwood. At first I got some rare switches across the face, but as I went on through the underwood it got thicker and closer, it didn't sting one nearly so much, and farther on, where to the eye it seemed quite impenetrable, one went through it as through a shadow, without feeling, and, stranger still, without sound.

' At last I reached the other side, and stood to gaze on the scene before me. It was the loveliest hunting country, Jack, that ever man set eyes on. A broad expanse of gently undulating lands, clothed with pastures, and sprinkled here and there with bits of cover—and oh, Jack, *such* fences. In parts were snug-looking homesteads, smoking comfortably among the trees, and I thought I could catch sight of a few brood mares grazing quietly among the pleasant pastures round them. There was little but grass, as far as the eye could reach, and one might see tempting brooks wandering amongst willows in the fields that lay low in the hollows. I felt I was in a hunting country such as no mortal man could know of, and I longed to discover what it could be.

' Just then I turned my eyes to the left, and saw what I had come in search of through that mysterious gorse. A great number of scarlet coats were waiting along the edge of the cover ; and the cry of a hound every now and then, and the cheery cry of a huntsman inside, told that business was on hand.

' But, guess my surprise, when, on observing the nearest groups more closely, I saw not the faces that you and I should meet at coverside to-day, but the familiar features of many that have been long dead, and a great many also that were not familiar, for they must have lived and died a century before you or I were thought of, for they were in the queerest old gets-up that you or I ever saw except in pictures. The odd thing was that though I myself was fairly lost in wonder at the strange assemblage of antique raiments, hats, breeches, and boots, the phantoms of the fashions of so many years, the men themselves showed no sign of astonishment at one another's costumes, but sat comfortably on their hunters (as diversified in appearance as themselves) outside the cover.

' As I looked at the nearest knot of loiterers, the one who was nearest among all to me seemed to grow familiar to my memory. He was a tall, spare figure, clad in a voluminous scarlet coat, richly bedizened with gold lace, and enormous lappets, collar, and frogs upon it. What a coat to go a-hunting in, thinks I, and yet I'll be sworn I've seen it before, and that old gentleman too, somewhere. And his three-cornered hat too, and grey-powdered periwig. Who can it be? Ay, and his gigantic boots and spurs, and the old-fashioned hunter with the Roman nose, and the four-inch tail! Shades of my ancestors! I know now. It's my great-great-

' grandfather, just as he is in the big picture in the hall downstairs—
' walked straight out of the canvas, and gone for a day's hunting—
' no doubt about it. I never saw him in the flesh, for it's near on
' two hundred years ago since his hunting days were over; but if
' that's not he I'll eat my hat. Just at this moment the figure
' turned its head, and with a grave and solemn bow offered a pinch
' of snuff to the man next him. The man next him—gracious
' goodness! it was old Squire T——, the Master of these Hounds
' fifty years ago, whom I only saw once, the first time I ever went
' out hunting as a seven-year old lad on a pony. He gave me
' a half-crown, and I have ever respected his memory. As I looked,
' a flash of thought for an instant made me think I was a lad again,
' and all that had passed since was a dream. I dived into my
' breeches pocket to feel for the half-crown—but it was gone; and
' the withers of chestnut Sultan, as I looked down, told me that I
' wasn't on the little mouse-coloured pony.

' The squire took the pinch of snuff; I saw him rise in his
' stirrups to reach the great silver box, and as he settled himself
' down into his seat once more, and stuck his square chin down into
' his great stiff collars and voluminous silk choker, as he used to do,
' I turned my eyes to others of the group. Each fresh figure that
' my eyes fell upon filled me with fresh astonishment, and a strange
' suspicion came over me, and filled me with a feeling akin to awe.
' I had heard of a place where the shades of the true-hearted met
' after their hunting days were over here, to enjoy the perpetual
' pleasures of the chase in the happy hunting grounds of futurity,
' but I never had thought of it except as a pleasant fancy. Now,
' however, it seemed that this must be the place. As I mused, the
' hounds that had been running up the cover drew up to the place
' where I stood—one jumped over the fence a few yards below me
' and sneaked along outside, and as he passed I gently dropped the
' lash of my hunting-whip over his back to send him back into cover.
' I could hardly believe my eyes when the lash passed completely
' through his body, as through a shadow, and fell lightly on to the
' earth beneath. I rubbed my eyes hard, thinking I must be asleep,
' but when they had recovered from their blinking, the same scene
' presented itself as before, the hound was still shirking along the
' cover side, having neither felt nor heeded the touch of my whip. I
' was in the land of dreams or spirits.

' I had hardly realized this conclusion, and recovered from the
' strange sensation it produced on me, when I saw coming towards
' me a figure that you and I should know well enough, Jack. I
' wonder if you'll recognize him by his description. A lean, bony
' figure, with a broad-brimmed flat hat, a long broad-skirted black
' coat, loose doeskins, and badly-fitting boots. No collar, but a
' black and white handkerchief twisted round his throat, and thrust
' into his waistcoat. A thin, expressive face, with a curious twitch
' of the corner of the mouth, and a merry twinkle of a grey eye
' under shaggy eyebrows; no whiskers; clean-cut, well-shaped chin;

‘and a lurking smile always playing over the whole face. A three-cornered seat on his horse, and one leg shorter in the stirrups than the other; one spur on the left heel. A good-looking varmint roan mare, with a Roman nose and a snaffle bridle, at which the rider was perpetually clutching, and crying, “Yeeups, old lady;” and——’

‘Why, old Joe Thorp, of course,’ interrupted I. ‘I should know him anywhere.’

‘To be sure it was,’ resumed my friend. ‘And Joe knew me as soon as I knew him. He clutched away at the bridle, and hammered away with his spurless heel till he got the old mare alongside, and held out his hand to shake hands with me. I tried to grasp it, but my hand passed right through his, and out the other side; and the attempt to shake hands proved a failure. Never try it on with a ghost; it will only end in disappointment.’

‘Well, the old man was the same as ever. Full of the same quaint sayings, the same kindly, twinkling merriment and dry remarks as ever; and all in that curious husky sort of whisper of his. We did not give ourselves time to feel astonished. We were deep in conversation before we had realized the strangeness of our meeting. Joe answered question after question, running off here and there, and returning again to the scent, and never waiting to hear more than half I had to say. I wish I had the power to write it down as he spoke it. I can only give you snatches.

“Hunting good?” “I believe you. Never had such hunting in the old place. Good foxes, good country, good huntsmen; all perfection. Hounds best I ever saw. Everything done best style *here*. No riding over ‘em. People that used to do that all sent to the other place” (with a jerk of the thumb over the shoulder indicative of—well, not the happy hunting-grounds).

“Ever draw blank?” “I should think not, indeed. You don’t suppose there are any pheasants or gamekeepers *here*. Oh, no! the shooting men have separate covers right over yonder—a nice place, I’m told, but I’ve never been. No, it’s all happiness here. No blank days, no bad foxes: everything happy. Men, horses, hounds, all full of enjoyment.”

“But how about the foxes?” said I.

“Lor’ bless you, they like it,” said he. (I have heard this stated of foxes on this side of the mysterious cover, so did not wonder to hear it said on that.) “That’s what they’re made for.”

I was silent. He resumed.

“Ah! and it’s such a country to ride over, too. Fine flying country for those that fly; and plenty of creeping for those that like to creep; and no end of gaps for the old gentlemen that like to go easy.” “Any of *them* here?” “Oh, dear, yes; lots of them. And plenty of other sorts that you wouldn’t have looked to find *here*. I tell you,” he said, with a grave look, “we used to make great mistakes in the old place. There’s lots that we used to take to be no sportsmen that must have had their heart in it, for they’ve

“got let in here. And there’s scores that used to go by the name of sportsmen that I’ve never seen at the cover side in this place ; nor ever shall, for they’re *somewhere* else. Mind you that.”

“Tumbles, do you say ?” “Oh yes ; lots of tumbles for them that like them, but no broken necks or bones. There’s a good many wouldn’t be happy without a fall or two a day, so they have them provided for them. Oh, there’s everything a man can want here, I can tell you !

“Oh, no ; there’s no annoyance from foot people, and such like. There’s generally a countryman to catch your horse, that’s all ; but all the tinkers and tailors that used to get in the way in the old place, and head the fox back, we’ve none of them. I expect they’re all *somewhere else*.”

“What’s become of all the young swells in the scarlet coats that used to lie in bed all morning, and turn out about twelve o’clock, do you say ?” “Well, I can’t exactly say. They don’t do it *here*, anyhow. If they’re here at all, they’ve mended their ways. There’s no galloping about over wheat, and tearing about like mad things here. If the folk that did that are here, they’re all altered ; or else they’re *somewhere else*.”

“Oh, no. There are none of that sort that used to hunt a whole season through with a pack, and never pay a subscription. If they get any hunting at all, they don’t have it here. I expect they get it *somewhere else*.”

“Steel traps ! wire fences !” (his face grew livid with horror, and he dropped his voice to an earnest whisper) : “don’t let any one hear you say those words here. It is banishment even to mention them. And as for those that put them up” (his voice assumed a tone of appalling awfulness), “they’re *somewhere else*.”

The frequency with which he alluded to this mysterious “*somewhere else*,” and, above all, the solemnity with which he always pronounced the words, at length aroused my interest to such an intensity that I asked whether, then, there was some other receptacle of the departed where I had not yet been. He looked at me with an air of the gravest solemnity ; and, dropping his hand on to my arm for extra impressiveness (though as before it proved a failure, and went right through to the other side), whispered, with deep emotion,

“Other place ! I believe you. But we don’t like to speak of it here. There’s a place somewhere out beyond this that we all know of, though we have never been there, of course. It’s the place where the spirits of bad sportsmen” (here his voice became absolutely sepulchral) “are kept and tormented with all the plagues that can happen to a sportsman. They’ve got a pack of hounds, and meet regularly ; but the hounds are all trapped in cover ; they run hare ; they can’t hunt a yard. The foxes are all bad-hearted ; if they get away, they run back to cover. There are scores of foot people, condemned for their offences to inhabit that unhappy abode, who always head the fox back it

“ he gets away. There’s always a man in the way just where the
“ fox wants to get out. If ever they do get away, the hounds
“ get ridden over, killed, driven over the scent. The master is
“ always swearing at the field ; the field swear back at the master.
“ There are wires in all the fences, and blind ditches on the far
“ side of every jump. If a horse gets away, his owner has to
“ follow him on foot for the rest of the run ; there’s no one
“ to catch him, and the rest of the field are too selfish to do a
“ good turn. Of course they’re selfish *there* ; that’s how they got
“ there at all. Sometimes, just to tantalise them, there’s a burning
“ scent, and the hounds go right away ; but there is always some
“ impassable obstacle to stop all the field. They are condemned to
“ perpetual disappointment, failure, vexation, for their misdoings in
“ the old place. Ah, they’re miserable, poor fellows, I can tell
“ you ! There they are—every sort of vice a man can have is
“ represented *there*. Men who ride over hounds, head back
“ foxes, pay no subscriptions, kill foxes unfairly. Oh, it’s awful
“ to think of being in such company ! But I am told the worst
“ misery is reserved for the Vulpecides, who haunt the covers there
“ in countless numbers. They are condemned to wander for ever
“ and ever, always trying to shoot foxes, always missing them
“ whenever they fire, and peppering one another’s legs instead. It
“ is said that the appearance of these unhappy men is so piteously
“ miserable, that their fate excites the compassion even of their
“ companions in that place of punishment.”

‘ I was deeply moved by his account of the fate of so many lost sportsmen, and I felt unutterable grief when I looked amongst all the faces that kept passing to and fro in front of us, and missed from them many and many a one that I never had missed from cover side in the old place ; but now I knew that they must be in that terrible “ somewhere else,” of which I had just heard. I turned to question old Joe again, but he had moved a pace or two from my side. At the very moment there rang out a clear, happy “ Gone away.” A glorious ghost of a ruddy old fox stole away up the hill, the hounds came tumbling out of the cover over the ghost of the wattle, and were on to the scent in no time. Every one waited to let them get well away ; and then the countless field of ghostly horsemen, settling themselves into their saddles, passed away ; and I watched the even pack grow smaller and smaller over the far-off pastures, and the cavalcade disappear over the hill-top ; and as I stood and mused and wondered, the vision faded from my eyes, and I awoke. But,’ continued he, after a moment. ‘ I think I shall go there again.’

‘ I think so too,’ said I.

And so his story ended.

CLERICUS.

A SHOOTING EXCURSION FROM NAPLES.

SOME years ago, when at Naples, I—by the kindness of my old friend and schoolfellow, the Prince Giardinelli—obtained permission to enjoy two days' shooting in the royal hunting ground of Persano, situated on the plain between Battipaglio and Pæstum.

It was a lovely October morning when our party—consisting of the Prince, two of my messmates and myself—left Naples by the rail for Cava, which was at that time the limit of the line, and passing through Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, Pompeii, Scafata, Angri, Pagani, and Nocera, arrived at Cava in about two hours. From thence we drove to Salerno, a distance of about five miles. The road from Cava to Salerno is simply beautiful; but it has been described so often, that nothing I could say of it would be new to the majority of my readers: suffice it to say, that it was a most glorious morning, and we thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the truly magnificent scenery of the route. On reaching Salerno, we breakfasted at the Hôtel Vittoria, and then hiring another trap, drove along the high road to Calabria, as far as a large village on the Tusciiano, called Battipaglio, which was to be our head-quarters, and took up our abode at the house of the village priest, a friend of Giardinelli's, who left no stone unturned to make us comfortable.

At the period I write of, the kingdom of Naples was in a most disturbed state. The misrule of the unhappy king, the plotting of the nobles, the discontent and poverty of the people, and expected advent of Garibaldi (1859) made everybody and everything unsettled. Large bands of brigands were known to be prowling about, and the very plain on which we intended to shoot was the known resort of a formidable band of them; so, although we were all armed with revolvers in addition to our fowling-pieces, the Prince had arranged for a party of ten dragoons to accompany us, an arrangement which, however requisite, certainly gave one a good idea of 'sporting under difficulties.'

As our permission to shoot did not enter into force until the next day, we rode from Battipaglio to Pæstum, and, under the guidance of our reverend host, did its celebrated ruins. As you approach them, their huge masses, standing alone amidst their mountain wilderness, without a vestige nigh of any power that could have raised them, look absolutely supernatural. It is impossible to describe their grandeur; a deep feeling of indescribable awe is almost overpowering as one gazes on these sublime relics of the art, refinement, and civilization of bygone times. The principal ruins consist of the walls and remains of three temples, standing within the space enclosed by them. The whole circuit of the walls can be clearly made out; several towers are still standing, and the eastern gate of the town is nearly perfect; the whole forming an irregular polygon about three miles in circumference. It seems passing strange that these magnificent and stupendous ruins are not even alluded to by any ancient writer,

although they are believed to be the most venerable examples of classical architecture in Italy. After spending a couple of hours among them, we returned to the priest's house, and after an excellent dinner, washed down by copious libations of *Lacryma Christi*, and some of that Falernian old Horace was so fond of, nightcapped with rather more than 'a suspicion' of navy rum, we turned in, and 'slept the sleep of the just.'

After an early breakfast next morning, we started for the plain, escorted by our guards, who Giardinelli posted upon every available height round about the spot we had decided to beat. In addition to ourselves, our party consisted of about a dozen villagers to act as beaters and markers, and very useful they proved; indeed, from the knowledge these fellows displayed, I suspect that not unfrequently they had helped themselves to the royal game. Our programme was—first day, birds and ground game; second day—provided the brigands did not molest us and spoil our sport—a grand pig hunt.

Our first beat commenced about a mile from the village, and the beaters were put in at the upper end of a large grove of orange-trees, with a splendid undergrowth of myrtle, and a shrub like the rhododendron, while we posted ourselves at the lower end. In a very few minutes a host of rabbits were bolting out in all directions, and a brisk fusillade was begun; presently, however, a fine old cock pheasant whirled out, and fell to my second barrel, the contents of the first having just found a resting-place in the head and fore-quarters of a rabbit. For half an hour we got 'good shooting here—few rabbits, and I think only about three pheasants escaping—while Giardinelli had been fortunate enough to stop the only two woodcock flushed.

Leaving the covert, we next beat over a large track of grass fields thickly studded with clumps of ferns. In these we found several coveys of partridges and quail, and our bags very soon began to assume a very respectable appearance. I had an old Irish setter with me, so, leaving the line of the beaters, I looked over a field or two by myself, and enjoyed half an hour's as pretty quail-shooting as a man could desire. I often wonder why large landed proprietors in England do not encourage the breeding of quail upon their estates; they are very hardy, breed plentifully, and give first-rate shooting—quite, in my idea, equal to its larger brother, the partridge.

Working up to my friends again, I found them only waiting for me to beat a little grove, said to be the best hold for woodcock on the plain. Entering it, we soon found it deserved (for a wonder) its reputation, for cock were abundant; but, owing to the thickness of the brambles and briars, only eight were bagged by us, although I am certain twice that number were lost, and at least forty were flushed. The grove beaten, we were not sorry to find that we were close to the spot the Prince had ordered our luncheon to be waiting for us, for by this time the 'inner man' required refreshing; so we made our way to the top of a little hill, and there found our friend the padre, with two men and a mule laden with good things. Our

bags were now examined and found to consist of fifteen and a half couples of rabbits, seven brace of pheasants, eleven of partridge, and five and a half of quail (four and a half brace of the latter falling to my share), and one hare, which was ignobly killed by a tap on the head with a stick by one of the beaters.

Our lunch over, and one cigar smoked, again we took the field, and turning towards the banks of the Tusciano, beat some rare-looking marshes for snipe; but it was too early in the season, and two only were seen, one of which escaped. Again more grass, and more partridges, quails, and an occasional hare, but—as usually the case after lunch—the shooting did not come up to that of the forenoon. However, we plodded on until half-past four o'clock, when we decided upon knocking off for the day; so, collecting our band of attendants and beaters, we lit our pipes, and returned to Battipaglia, our guardian escort dropping in with us by ones and twos, seemingly as pleased as we were that the brigands had not molested us.

Of our evening at the priest's I will simply say, that his dinner and wine were perfection; and if we did consume divers bowls of rum-punch—why, it matters to no one!

Early next morning we were astir, and on going into the courtyard found nearly all the village assembled, with a collection of dogs of all breeds, sizes, and colours. Horses had been obtained for us; so, after a hearty breakfast, we mounted, and after riding for some four or five miles across the plain, we reached a small wine-shop, where we left our horses, and were joined by four of the royal huntsmen, with two couple of boar-hounds. These men informed us that they had harboured a boar not far off that morning, but that it was a bad time for pigs—the brigands killed them.

After a glass or two of wine, we got under weigh again, and followed the huntsmen until we reached a part of the plain densely covered with thickets and brambles; here the beaters with their curs were put in, the huntsmen keeping their hounds in hand on the outside, while we separated into two parties, about two hundred yards apart, keeping as nearly as we could abreast of the beaters. In a few moments the rabbits began to bolt in all directions, but our guns being loaded with ball for the larger game, no notice was taken of them.

At length, after half an hour's most unpleasant scrambling through the briars, the yelling of the beaters became intensified, and it was evident that a pig or pigs were afoot, and almost directly a magnificent old boar broke cover about forty yards from the Prince, who let fly both barrels at him, hitting him hard; the hounds were let go, and after a short but exciting burst of about ten minutes, they brought him to bay in a small clump of myrtle-bushes. It was great fun to see how carefully the dogs kept out of his reach; they evidently had no idea of seizing him, but contented themselves with keeping just out of his reach, showing no more courage than a puppy does with a cat; at which I was rather astonished, for, as far as looks

went, they seemed fit to drag a tiger down. The Prince now told me that I was to have the honour of despatching master piggy, which I did by putting a couple of balls into his head; and I must confess that I was terribly disgusted with the tameness of the sport. Giardinelli, however, was in raptures with the result of our beat, and rewarded the royal huntsmen liberally.

We beat another large thicket, but found it blank, and then turned our attention to the rabbits, of which we killed some eighteen or twenty, couple. We then returned to the wine-shop, and after liquoring all hands, rode back to Battipaglio in time for an early dinner; after which we said good-bye to the jolly old padre, and started on our homeward journey for Naples, arriving at Cava just in time to be too late for the last train for Naples. Here, again, the Church stood our friend; for the Superior of the monastery of La Trinita della Cava was a chum of Giardinelli's, so we beat him up, and spent a very comfortable evening with him; and, to do him justice, I must add that he gave us some of the best white Capri I ever drank.

Next morning we returned to Naples, not much pleased, as far as I was concerned, with the amount of sport we had had; in fact, I was rather disappointed that the much-talked-of brigands did not interfere with us. That they frequented the plain we had proof positive a few days after our expedition; for they captured an English tourist and his wife in the ruins of Pæstum, and it was only by paying a pretty heavy ransom that the unfortunates regained their liberty.

We were offered a day's shooting in the Royal Chasse at Cumæ, but did not try it; but I believe that it contains any number of pheasants, and is far better worth going to than Persano; and any English gentleman can—or, I should say, could, at the time I write of—easily obtain permission for a day or two's sport in it.

F. W. B.

FOREST HUNTING.

' Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair: he shakes his dappled sides
And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends.'

GRADUALLY and surely as wild sport seems to be dying out from amongst us, there are still a few nooks and corners left in old England where Diana herself might yet deign to join the chase, and find a sylvan shade as wild and rustic as her haunts of old, and scarcely less beautiful. Such, for one, is the New Forest in Hampshire; and, for a lover of really wild sport, we know of few more charming localities than this, where the black game yet rises to tempt the shooter, while snipe and woodcock enjoy a very paradise beneath its evergreens and amongst its verdant bogs. Here the fox

roams unmolested by keepers, and we know of no prettier sight than to watch a find amidst its brown heath. From the time of

‘That red king, who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman’s arrow bled,’

until now the foresters have been sportsmen to a man, and their fox-hunting annals date as far back as those of any in the county. John Ward, Nichol, and other good men have thought it worthy of their time and trouble to hunt it, but never has the thing been done in better style than by the present master, Mr. Standish, who has a pack of hounds and stud of horses worthy of any county in England, and many is the merry spin we have had with him during the month of April, when hard ground and the advancing season have put an end to fox-hunting elsewhere. Here that exciting sport differs from other localities, and in nothing more so than the extreme uncertainty of where you may chance to find. In other countries, foxes, with the exception of a few outlying ones who make their home for a time in hedgerows and turnips until disturbed by shooters or harriers, and forced to the regular covers, are certain to be found either in the woodlands or gorses made purposely to hold them. Here the case is altogether different, as there are acres of old heath in places, which form warm and dry lying for them. Numerous strong pieces of gorse scattered about, and very large plantations recently made, where the grass, getting up high and strong, affords them capital shelter. Besides this, they often make their kennels amidst the rank tussocks of grass in the bogs, so that one place is as likely to hold them as another, and a long draw often takes place from this circumstance when there are plenty of foxes about. For the same cause, also, they are apt at times to run somewhat short, from having no particular point to make to. To set against these disadvantages, the heath holds a capital scent, so that hounds generally go a great pace, and you can hunt as late and commence cubbing as early as you like. There is another sport, however, to be enjoyed here, of which we wish to speak, viz., wild deer hunting, and very pretty sport it is, too. The royal red deer, alas, is found in these sylvan glades no more, and it is years since the Buckhounds, with Davis on his grand old grey Hermit at their head, was wont each spring for a time to forsake the deer cart, and, coming down here, show the world what stag hunting really was, when a thousand horsemen were sometimes to be counted at the meet:—

‘Heroic noble youths,
In arts and arms renownéd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favoured shades;’

in fact, when the meets of the Royal Hounds attracted here the *élite* of the hunting world from all parts of the kingdom. Then followed those dark days when the doom of the deer went forth, and the few red ones that the forest held were soon exterminated, and the

thousands of their fallow brethren were brought to tens. Then Grantley Berkeley and old Druid waged a never-ceasing war against them, and one by one the scattered remnant was brought to bay, until I remember his writing in the columns of a weekly paper a touching lament over the last deer in the forest, who had been driven to herd with the ponies for companionship. Persecution only ceased when the victims were believed to be all slain. But the end was not yet. Driven about and scattered in every direction, a few had managed to escape the nose of Druid and the rifle of his master, and, rendered shy and wary by continual hunting, managed to keep themselves from view, until their increasing numbers again attracted notice. But the spirit of the day was now changed, and, if not actually protected by the keepers, they were suffered to roam their native haunts unmolested, except when leave has annually been granted each spring to the gentlemen in the forest to hunt and kill a few. Fallow deer hunting is generally considered poor sport, and so it would have been when they were both tame and weak from overcrowding, and looked to their annual supply of hay to keep them alive in winter; but now a few have the forest to themselves for sustenance, and are naturally more shy, from being so few, it is altogether another matter, and a good old buck will stand his hour well before hounds, and beat them at the end of it. In fact, there are few beasts of venerie that know better how to take care of themselves.

‘What doubling shifts

He tries; not more the wily hare, in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouthed pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.’

Here, in the pleasant month of April, is a sport that will well repay any one for the trouble of taking his horses to Southampton, and, even should luck not favour him, or runs prove bad, a ride through the lovely scenes of Vinny Ridge or Boldrewood is in itself no mean pleasure when gorse is bursting into bloom, the hawthorn becoming each day whiter on the bough, and thrush and blackbird are trilling forth their sweetest notes. We feel sure that this forest hunting at the end of the season only wants to be more generally known to be better appreciated; and in these days of enclosures and allotments, when hungry land surveyors are casting anxious eyes on the only royal forest yet left to us in England, it seems almost a duty to put in a plea for one of our oldest sports. Here and on Exmoor, alone, can deer hunting now be seen without the intervention of the cart, and, although we do not for a moment place the chase of the fallow buck on a par with that of his nobler congener, that Mr. Fenwick Bisset has done so much to revive, and made so wondrously popular, yet, as it has a distinctive character, we hope to see it flourish here for years to come, and would say, with Bellicent:

‘Follow the deer

By these tall firs and our fast-falling burns,
To make thy manhood mightier day by day—’

to all who can ride a horse, and like a holiday in the sweet spring, amidst scenery the most beautiful that can be found in the south of England. Another word while on this subject; the time is fast approaching when we shall be glad of some place where the inhabitants of our crowded cities can breathe fresh air and refresh their eyes with a look of nature. Where can we find it so well within reach of London, and, at the same time, fulfilling every requirement, as in the New Forest? When first the fallow deer hunting began, after their supposed extermination, Mr. St. John took his harriers down there for a couple of seasons; after that Mr. Lywood hunted them for one, then came Col. Montessoro for a year or two, and since that Captain Lovel has got together a few couple of foxhounds, which he hunts himself. There is very good accommodation both for man and horse at Lyndhurst, or, if you prefer it, Southampton is within reach of all the meets, while the sport can be varied on alternate days by a gallop with the foxhounds. One thing more; do not fancy that, because there are no fences, good riding is not required to cross the forest, for, before you have run many miles over its heaths or beneath the greenwood tree, you will find that light hands, a quick eye, and prompt decision are as necessary here as amongst the stiffest and biggest of oxers and bullfinches. In fact, as the clergyman said, you must have a 'light hand, a merry heel, and a lively faith in providence' if you mean to go well over it. Never mind the bogs, they will not hurt you if you only take the precaution to let a forest man go before you; but keep a sharp lookout for branches of trees, or you may chance to get all your teeth knocked out, as I once saw happen to a man who neglected to take this precaution.

N.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jivialities.

Panem et Circenses—the corrupt old cry is, we verily believe, on many lips during our brief Carnival, when to eat and drink and enjoy oneself, though our *panem* may be mutton at elevenpence a pound—and they have an unpleasant way of charging seven and sixpence for *circenses*—is considered the greatest good. *Panem et circenses*, though coal-bills make housekeepers shudder, and Paterfamilias thinks he can hardly afford that private box he has promised the youngsters;—*panem et circenses*, though pawnbrokers are busy in the New Cut, and Joe Buggins is uncertain whether the gallery of the Victoria, for himself and missis, is within his grasp;—*panem et circenses*, though the brokers are threatened at Paradise Lodge, and Christmas bills are an undesired element in the festivities of the season. We certainly consume more than we used to (*vide* the Revenue Returns), and go in for spectacle and amusement in a way that our forefathers never thought of. Perhaps they had not so many opportunities; but, at all events, there is the patent fact that, year by year, we add to our temples of the drama (in some instances falsely so called), and that the

said temples, with here and there an exception, all seem to be driving a roaring trade.

And in the dreary nights and days of the last two months, was not the theatre, with its warmth, its colouring—here, deep and rich in violet, red and black; there, light and brilliant in the never-tiring white and gold; its sparkling spectacle and sparkling music—an intense relief from the muddy streets and the dispiriting atmosphere outside? No need to be too critical on the fare provided within; the most miserable burlesque, in which plot there was none, and breakdowns had no savour—where the absence of humour was compensated for by no extra shortness of skirt, and the beauty of Glycerine and Bandoline did not make up for their other deficiencies—was at least better than the streets. Even a whole night of 'Babil and Bijou' was preferable to listening to the howling of the gale, if we sate at home, or to the all-monotonous topics of the smoking-room abroad; the silver Amazons and their queen, the gentleman who does the portraits, Mdle. Pettitoes and Mdle. Cherrytoes, ballets of the seasons, and a good many other things besides—all this was cheap even at seven shillings a head. And did not the victims come to the bait when, after Christmas, the 'Lost Regalia' was newly furbished up, and the silver Amazons had an extra polish applied—when Mdle. Pettitoes gave us some extra twirls, and the ladies in the tight-fitting costumes got an extra tightening? There were Noodle and Doodle up to time about 8.30 p.m. prepared at all points; and Methuselah had his glasses fixed to his wicked old eyes full half an hour previous. And then there were the mysteries of the 'Black Crook,' at the Alhambra, to be unravelled, and that was a task indeed; because, as the performers evidently knew nothing about it, it was asking the audience to make a superhuman effort to try. But there, too, was armour, and, by way of stirring our somewhat jaded appetites, a black ballet, but we don't think it took, and Noodle and Doodle evidently thought it an insult to their understandings. The shining light of the spectacle, too, was incapacitated by indisposition on the very first night; and though Miss Santley, in a most bewildering costume, looked very arch and pretty, and said that nobody knew what *she* knew (what was it, we wonder), and paraded the stage in a succession of bewitching wriggles, yet the verdict of the stalls was hardly favourable, while those who remembered the charming 'Biche au Bois' in Paris, some few years back, were afflicted even to tears. Better far to sport with wiry Sarah, in the shades of pious Islington, and play with the tangles of Soldene's hair, to the strains of the immortal Offenbach, than this; for, at Islington, there is humour and some wit, sparkling music and soothing melody; and though the youth of the place and period do crowd the refreshment saloon, and stare out of countenance the hapless ladies who have come so far to see Sarah and hear the gendarmes, yet that is Islington custom, and we must not complain. Certainly, the cream of Opera Bouffe (and what poor stuff it is at other theatres) is to be found at the Philharmonic.

But, we are proud and pleased to say, that there are *circenses* other than these in which silver armour and tinfoil, shapely figures and lime-lights, are the sole attraction. It is an old story by this time to tell of that wonderful impersonation of King Charles I. by Mr. Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre—an old one, and yet still, week after week, renewing its youth, and holding spell-bound audiences, numbering among them many who have listened already more than once to Mr. Wills's noble lines. To speak of the rapid rise of Mr. Irving within the last three or four years, from a position that we may describe as clever utility, to that of the very foremost rank on the metropolitan stage, is

beyond our purpose. Those who saw him in his wonderfully clever embodiment of the selfish old scoundrel of a father, in the 'Two Roses,' at the Vaudeville, were in some measure prepared for the yet greater development of his genius in 'The Bells;' but, perhaps, they hardly looked forward to such a conception as that of the Martyr King; for he is the King—the man that Vandyck has handed down to us on canvas, with the presage of his doom in every line of his face, even from the moment when the dramatist shows him sporting with his children at Hampton Court, in the brief period of happiness, to the day when he surrenders his sword to Cromwell, and the King in the Scotch camp is bought and sold. Very touching—the more because both author and actor do not overstrain the situation, and neither in language nor action is there the slightest exaggeration—is the last scene, with the leave-taking between the husband and wife. Mr. Wills's lines are replete with stately language and noble imagery, and they fall on the ear without rant, or that passion that splits the ears of the groundlings. A great treat indeed is this succession of scenes, each in itself a picture, which the author has given Mr. Irving to illustrate; and though a good many worthy people either were, or professed to be, much shocked at the liberties taken with Oliver Cromwell, we don't think the public at all shared their sentiments. Republicanism—past, present, and to come—is not looked upon (*pace* Sir Charles Dilke) with any particular admiration by the people of this country; and, we confess, speaking individually, that the picture of Cromwell, as a rather common villain, did not afflict us in the least. It was probably not history, but if that be the only liberty taken with the 'old almanac,' we can well afford to pardon it. The Lyceum audiences evidently do, and the applause that greets every loyal sentiment, and drowns any counter demonstration, must be the proof of our assertion.

But there is another side to the picture, and though we may not be ardent Cromwellites, yet we can admire Col. Richards' play, in which the great Lord Protector is the central figure, and feel the beauty of thought and language in which it is clothed. Col. Richards, if not quite so fortunate as Mr. Wills in the actor who personates his hero, has yet, in Mr. George Rignold, an artist of no mean ability, gifted with a singularly intelligent face, and a bearing in which there was a happy mixture of the dignity of a ruler of men with that of the bluff soldier. It is, perhaps, unimportant how, in plays of a single character, the subordinate parts are distributed; and, if this be the rule, there certainly has been scarcely an exception at the Queen's. True, Miss Wallis shows powers in Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth, such as lead us to expect she will take yet higher rank in her profession; but power of lungs seems the highest object with the others. This is particularly apparent at the Council at Whitehall, and in the address to the soldiers before Marston Moor. Mr. Rignold, too, errs in this respect. We are quite aware stirring speeches must be delivered in an emphatic way, but there is an old authority about not overstepping the modesty of nature, which 'twere well to observe. In his fine soliloquy, over the dead body of King Charles, both author and actor are heard to the greatest advantage, and the applause is deserved here. Some of the republican ravings of Ireton and others exhibit just a little too much appeal to the gallery, but the gallery respond, and are evidently much pleased, so, perhaps, there is hope for the Member for Chelsea yet. Cromwell is certainly a fine play, marred here and there by faults of construction, but abounding in beauties which make us hope we shall see other efforts from Col. Richards' pen.

And last, but assuredly not least, there are the ways of the 'Wicked World' to be studied at the Haymarket—a place which, if we were cynically inclined, we might remark, was just the one for the purpose; but we are speaking of the inside of the chaste little theatre, where nothing enters to defile, and where Mr. Gilbert has again caught the taste of the town in one of his charming fairy comedies, and where he has again been fortunate in having Mrs. Kendal as the chief exponent. And a very bold man has been Mr. Gilbert, at the same time that he has been a successful one; for he has ruthlessly trodden on all our cherished dramatic beliefs, in a manner that, in less skilled hands, would have been fatal. Fancy the curtain descending on a play where there are no happy unions; where no parent blesses his child, and no enraptured couple rush into each other's arms; where, in short, love is utterly scouted, and that by the feminine portion of the cast. There is plenty of love in the play, and we see a good deal of the tender passion, and its somewhat dire effects on the innocent fairies who have received the fatal gift from the wicked world. It is in their steadfast refusal to have anything to do with that passion, which, while it imparts happiness, brings also misery in its train, that consists the peculiarity of Mr. Gilbert's treatment. The dwellers in a certain fairy land, living together in the most platonic affection, have a visit paid them by two knights from the wicked world, and the introduction of mortal love into their quiet abode is the signal for the birth of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in the hitherto happy family. Women find themselves rivals, and their lovers faithless (the gentlemen do not behave very well, we must say); and when the dream is over, and the mortals return to earth, an offer brought from below, of the gift of that love of which they have had, in the short space of twenty-four hours, such dreadful experiences, is unanimously rejected. In some singularly beautiful lines, the Queen, the principal sufferer from the mortal visit, speaking for herself and subjects, most decidedly rejects the gift, and depicts in glowing colours the beauty of dwelling together in brotherly and sisterly unity. No, 'We will not have this love,' is the conclusion at which the Queen arrives, and beautifully does Mrs. Kendal deliver these atrocious sentiments, and a model of grace and refinement does she look as the curtain descends. To say that there is a certain flatness in the finale—a disappointment at there being no live-happy-ever-afterwards situation—is only natural; that it evidently exists, and that yet the play is a great success, is the highest compliment the author can receive. It was a hazardous experiment to make, but the art of the dramatist has triumphed over the difficulty. As in 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' the one central figure is Mrs. Kendal, the Queen of the ideal fairy-land; and most worthily does she bear the burden, and most worthily does she take the honours. In the second act, when she finds her love scorned, and herself an object of detestation to her rivals, Mrs. Kendal imparts a force and vigour into her acting such as she has not before shown to be in her. Her speech, in which she taunts her lover with his base perfidy, and hurls back on the other women hatred for hatred, and scorn for scorn, is grandly delivered, and, to use the hackneyed expression, fairly brings down the house. The other characters are not much; but Mr. Buckstone is, of course, amusing; and Miss Litton, specially engaged, makes the very most of an arch and somewhat spiteful rôle. We would like to add to our theatrical parcel by a brief account of how well worthy of a visit is the Charing Cross, with its admirably cast 'Rivals,' in which such a Mrs. Malaprop as Mrs. Stirling, or such an entirely original Acres as Mr. Clarke, has been rarely seen. Interesting, too, to witness a finished portrait of Sir Anthony by an actor who the

present generation of playgoers can remember as a most gallant Captain Absolute; for it is not every one, like Mr. Walter Lacy, who can slide so gracefully from youthful comedy to a part more consonant with advancing years. That clever actress, Miss Maggie Brennan, we were glad to meet again, and hope to see her in a part more suited to her talents than that of the sentimental Lydia. Fain would we linger, too, a moment to speak of 'False Shame,' at the Globe, and of Mr. Montague's beautiful and touching delineation of Marcel, in an adaptation of that French piece, but space warns us to bring our notes to a close. It will be seen, however—and as it, perhaps, marks an epoch in our dramatic taste, it is important to note it—that plays, old and new, of a high character, relying for popularity on their own merits alone, are now drawing crowded audiences to some half-dozen of the principal theatres in the metropolis. This is surely a very hopeful and encouraging sign. We must not be supposed to have a horror of burlesque, or that we object to 'legs' as accessories to the drama. Far from it. We hold these important appendages to be excellent things in their way; but we have had lately somewhat more than enough of them, and we have been Babled and Bijoud, King Carrotted, Aladinned, and female-warrioried into a state of half imbecility and forgetfulness of anything higher on the stage. But now we have awakened from our Mahometan paradise, to find a new, and at the same time an old, intellectual enjoyment, and to feel that the London stage at least is doing its true work in a most satisfactory manner.

Sport has been, in some places, well-nigh stopped in the past month; while, in others, especially during the first week, it has been almost unexampled. Take Leicestershire, for instance, where the Belvoir, the Quorn, and the Cottesmore had some wonderful runs, the very cream of the week being enjoyed by the Cottesmore on the 11th, with a woodland fox from Ranksborough. Everybody who saw it, or had any pretension to see it, have characterized it as one of the quickest bursts ever had, even in Leicestershire; and so rapidly did the hounds get away, and so sticky was the grass, that only the very tip-top of condition could go the pace. For about five-and-twenty or thirty minutes the hounds raced the fox, and then they lost him in Ouston Wood. Mr. Tailby had a grand run the same day from Alexton, but, owing to the superior attractions of the Cottesmore, with a limited field. However, they found a very straight and game fox, who for one hour and thirty-five minutes lived before the hounds over a country all grass, his last plucky effort being to reach the Fitzwilliam coverts, but he was pulled down close to their shelter. A kill is rather a rarity in a run into the Fitzwilliam country, there are generally so many foxes a foot. Frank Gillard, by the way, sent us a brief account of 'two red-letter days,' as he termed them, with the Belvoir, on the 27th and 28th of December, which came to hand just as the 'Van' was packed last month. On the 27th they met at Lenton village, found him at Folkingham Gorse, and run him as hard as hounds could race for forty-five minutes, with but two slight checks, the line being by Birthorpe, Sempringham, Panton, and Graby to Dunsby Wood, where they killed him. The next day they met at Piper Hole, about the best meet the Belvoir has got, and found at Hose Thorns, the fox first making for Sherbrock's Gorse; but, after a few fields, turned by Clawson, and away by Hose, Harby, and Stathern to the Belvoir Woods, where he went to ground, after a first-rate forty minutes, and over a splendid line of country, chiefly grass.

We hear from the Atherstone that Mr. Oakeley has been doing very well, though the country is very trying to horses in many places. On the 10th, they

were at Phelton Station, and found at Wolrey, which has become a grand covert now, and Mr. Oakeley must be glad he did not take Mr. George Moore's advice, to grub it up and plant gorse there. The fox set his head straight for Atteborough, but was headed on Withrington's farm, and ran parallel to the road nearly to Ryton, then turned to the left, leaving Shilton village to the right, and skirting Hopsford by Mobb's Wood, ran by the side of the Trent Valley Railway (a capital line), where they got a view of him. A momentary check occurred here, and then on to Street Aston House, where they had a little bother among the out-buildings—the time, up to this point, being, with the trifling check just mentioned, thirty-five minutes, as hard as they could go. From Street Aston they hunted him up to Newnham, leaving the house on his right, through Burton Pool; but they were burning weeds about here, and the smoke being all over the place, the hounds could only pick it out. He went close to the Railway covert and tried the ballast-holes, left Twelve Acres four or five fields on the right, and got within a field of the little covert, on the road to Bitteswell, where he lay down in a hedge. The hounds coursed him down it, and a young bitch, of this year's entry, went heels over head with him, but could not hold him, and they killed him in a deep pit, into which Castleman, seeing he would sink, and that the hounds would lose him, jumped like a man, and brought him out—time one hour and twenty-five minutes. A most satisfactory run. On the 18th, they ran a fox from Arbury one hour and fifty-five minutes, with a very bad scent, which improved a little at last, and killed him handsomely—a wide ring. On the 20th, they met at Harrow Gate, and had a cracker for about eighteen minutes; to ground at Stony Staunton. The terrier bolted a fresh one (the hunted fox coming out afterwards), and had some chase under Croft Hill by Shilton, turned back nearly to Sapcote, and then to Burbage Wood, where they killed him. A good hunt for two hours and twenty minutes, including the delay at the drain. We are requested to state that there is no truth in a report which has found its way into some of the sporting papers, to the effect that Mr. Oakeley had made an offer to the Master of the North Warwickshire to place Coombe, Packington, All Oaks, and Willenhall Wood on neutral ground. Mr. Oakeley is not one of the sort to concede an inch of his territory; but he has given Mr. Lant two days *by invitation* in county, which that gentleman has accepted.

Lord Coventry has been doing extremely well, too, in his country, and, on the 15th, his hounds met at Dumbleton, where Mr. Holland always has a fox in Dumbleton Wood. Here they found an old dog, which ran a ring; but he was driven on by the hounds, who stuck to him, over Round Hill, through Dumbleton village, and then on over the vale, as if going for Toddington House. Here he turned for Warmington, and ran for Sedgeberrow, and on towards Hinton Gorse, which he did not call at, but kept the road, crossing the vale for Holland Gorse, but was pulled down in the open before he reached it, after a very fine run of one hour and twenty-five minutes. Up at the finish were Mr. Corbett, Mr. Wynniatt, Mr. Baker, Mr. Hatil Foll of Beckford Hall, Mr. Le Blanc, Mr. Isaac Avenel of Broadway, and Mr. Frederick Marshall of Cheltenham. The latter gentleman will, we feel sure, excuse us for supplementing to the above his own graphic account of the day. 'I went like blazes, and was the first up by a lucky nick when the fox was killed. 'I did not pick him up; and the huntsman, who rode up with a red spur, 'Lord Coventry being close behind, called out, "Mr. Marshall, why the devil "don't you get off, and pick up the fox?" I replied, "That's a dangerous "game—you'll be in time;" and so he crammed through the hedge (for the

'hounds had got the fox in a ditch on the other side of the fence), and pulled out an elongated carcase bedaubed with blood and mud. Lord Coventry, when the obsequies had been performed, offered me the brush, but I preferred the nob; so his Lordship observed, "Well, Marshall, you may be a good lawyer, but you *are* a devilish good horseman, so take it by all means." So I rode home rejoicing at the head of the Cheltenham division, covered with mud and glory.'

We hear capital accounts from the Bicester country, where the mantle of that good fellow, the late Sir Algernon Peyton, seems to have fallen on his successor. This is no mean praise; for 'poor Algy' was not only a keen sportsman, but he also thoroughly understood hunting, knew how to keep his field in order, and was as popular there as he was in the drawing-room or among his old friends of the Household Brigade. The Bicester, then, have been fortunate in securing so good a man as Lord Valentia. A good rider, young, keen, and popular, we hope he will long carry the horn that has been so ably carried before by his cousin, Mr. Drake, and show as good sport as the Squire used to do. He has begun well with an admirable pack of hounds—the bitch pack first-rate; and his huntsman, William Claxton, is very energetic, quick as lightning when he ought to be, and not too hasty when hounds are on scent. The men, too, are well horsed and well turned out, and the pack have had some good sport both in their north and south country.

In Devonshire, Lord Portsmouth, at the beginning of the year, had some very good sport, as a few notes from a correspondent's diary will show:

January 6th.—A really good hunting-run of more than three hours, with a middling scent, and killed.

Jan. 7th.—A very large field at Castle Hill, where Lord Fortescue entertained all comers. Foxes running about in every direction, but half the pack settled to one, and raced him for forty minutes, when he went to ground in a drain near the house, from which a terrier promptly bolted him; and going away in view over the lawn, was soon rolled over.

Jan. 9th.—A very fast thing with first fox, and lost, thanks to a sheep-dog coursing him. Did better with second fox, with which we had a regular race for fifty minutes into a farm-yard, where hounds could make nothing of him. He must have crept into the buildings.

Jan. 11th.—Thanks to the staunch preserving of Mr. Madge and of Mr. Short, who have the shooting over the Hon. Mark Rolle's property in that part of the country, foxes were running about and hounds were scattered in every direction, but at last the latter were got together, and trotted to Short-ridge Wood. Found a brace of foxes directly, and hounds settled well to one, and he proved a stout one, for he stood, for two hours and a quarter, such pressure as few foxes can stand, the hounds doing most of the work themselves. For the last half-hour there were not more than six horsemen left out of a very large field, and, from the huntsman's horse being dead beat, Lord Portsmouth had to hunt the hounds. The fox ran a ring twice, and then went for his life down wind, and was killed seven miles, as the crow flies, from where he was found. Every horse at last was beaten, and reduced to a trot—a rare day for hounds.

We must here mention the gratifying marks of the high appreciation in which Lord Portsmouth is held by the whole county of Devon, in the presentation to him, at Exeter, on the 16th, of two pictures—one painted by Mr. Ansdell, representing his Lordship standing by an earth, listening intently for some sound that shall proclaim the terrier has got at the fox; the other, the

work of Mr. Wells, giving us a kill, with portraits of Lord Lymington and Charles Littleworth, the huntsman ; the former on a well-known chestnut, the latter on an equally well-known brown from the Eggesford stables. The paintings are admirable, the likenesses there is no mistaking, and especially happy has Mr. Ansdell been in that of Lord Portsmouth. The presentation was the occasion of a gathering—not alone of hunting-men, but of representatives of every class in the country—of those who only knew him as the kind neighbour, the liberal landlord, and the poor's good friend, as well as those accustomed to meet him at the covert side. The High Sheriff, who was in the chair, mentioned that it was seventy-five years ago since the Hon. Newton Fellowes first kept hounds in that county, and from that time the house of Eggesford had done everything to promote the noble sport. Of course Lord Portsmouth's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and the feature of the evening appears to have been the speech of Lord Lymington. It was what the High Sheriff termed 'a county demonstration,' in the full sense of the word, and one honourable to all who took part in it.

We have a good Hampshire budget, thanks to the good friends who keep us *au courant* of what is going on in that county of many packs.

The Hambledon inaugurated 1873 with as fine a run as could possibly be, and, had they killed, it would have been perfect. On New Year's day they met at Bursledon, and after drawing some coverts blank they found at Thornhill, and, running for upwards of an hour, went away with a fresh fox, leaving Hickley on the left, over some very heavy meadows, crossed the Bishopstoke and Botley Railroad, having Bushydeans covert on the right, through Durley, and then by Durley Wood on the left, through Ashton on to Stephen's Castle Down, where was the first check ; they hunted him to Lower Preshaw, and gave up as it was getting dark. To Stephen's Castle Down it was a strong bank and ditch country, and required a good man and a good horse to get over it. Amongst those who went well were Captain Eccles, who plays his part over a country as well as he plays the part of a wandering minstrel, for he had the best of it ; Captain Schreiber, Mr. Walter Long, Captain Lowe, and Mr. Martin went well ; and last but not least, weighing nearly 18 stone, Mr. Bovill Smith on his fine weight-carrier was all there ; the huntsman and whips were well in their places, and the hounds (the dog pack) did their work magnificently.

On the 14th, the H. H. were at Matterley Gate and drew the Avington coverts—plenty of foxes, as usual. No. 1, found in Harnage, ran to Fully, then to Avington, where they had a squeak for his brush, which he just saved by going to ground in a bank above the water meadows. There were a brace in Harnage, and No. 2 took us a very pretty gallop through the park, and Miss Edie Coker jumped the rails very prettily ; but both foxes were lost. They then repaired to Chestford Head, but found not, though once or twice the hounds just spoke and clustered together as if a fox had recently been there, but a cold storm of rain washed away the scent. They then drew a gorse blank, and were proceeding to Fully when there was a halloo on the right. Mr. Acheson Gray and Captain Eccles, *en route* home, had put up a fox in the open, and he wended his way to Fully, being viewed quietly slipping out of that covert in the direction of Avington while another fox was being killed at the other end. On the 16th they were at Burntwood, but drew it blank, then found at Itchin Wood, and, running to Burntwood, emerged on the other side, the field fondly hoping they were in for a run, when up jumped a poor thing with part of a trap fixed to its leg ; he was, of course, killed out of hand, thereby directing the pack from the hunted fox. The

latter went on to Micheldever on a coldish scent, and some of the field were unlucky in getting out of that labyrinth, for the hounds slipped them, and ran (but not fast) the hedgerows to the Grange with a pretty little gallop through the park. On the 23rd they were at Abbotstone Down, plenty of foxes and a grand crash of tongues in covert where there appeared to be scent, but in the open simply none. They ran from Abbotstone to Lenham, then back to Abbotstone, where they killed a very fine fox in a neighbouring copse. Next tried Weald Wood, found and lost; then trotted on to Barton, and either found again or picked up what they lost at Weald, it was not very clear which. Next went to Bighton, but it was slow work, and many left. The sensation of the day was a tremendous post and rail cropper on the part of 'Jock,' who was either schooling or showing off. The horse came over on him, and it was extremely unpleasant to look at, but he was up like a cat and unhurt. 'The Little Hursley' met on the 17th at Farley Green, found directly in Parnholt, and got out once or twice, but there was no scent out of covert, so they splashed and chattered in single file about the rides. They spent a long time in Crab Wood, and wound up by a good gallop to Cranbury, where they lost, owing to the dusk. Mr. Dear's currant jellies have been having excellent sport. On the 20th they were at Newton Stacey Down, there being a slight sprinkling of snow, but it soon nearly disappeared. They began brilliantly with the first hare, but somehow she vanished; then found again, but the day waxed cold and the scent colder, and things looked so bad most of the field left. However a select few thought they might as well see it out, and suddenly matters improved, for after a short and sharp gallop puss was killed in the open. Mr. Dear was much pleased, and with reason, for his perseverance was almost superhuman, and deserved to be rewarded with success. On the 16th, too, they had a regular clipper. Miss Bowker was out on a fine ex-steeplechaser she has now, a chestnut somewhat leggy, but, barring that, very handsome. Mr. Dear gave the hare's 'brush' to a small boy who had been spilt (but no ways daunted) in a fallow field, and his was not the only example of 'more dirt less hurt.'

'The Baron' has been having truly grand sport. On January 16th his stag-hounds met at Mentmore Cross Roads. The stag was uncartered at Wing Bury, and went over a magnificent grass country under Aston Abbots to Creslow, across the 'great ground,' and over the Buckingham Road, on to Winslow; then turning back to Grandborough and North Marston, skirted Oving, ran through Pitchcott, close down to Hardwick Folly Farm; thence to Blackgrove, and on to Fleet Marston, in the Bicester country. Here a short check ensued, but the scent being again picked up, the run was continued by Putlers and Eythrope to Beachington, where he was taken in the river, under Mr. Flower's farm, after a run of nearly two hours and three quarters, over about thirty miles of as fine a grass country as any in the vale of Aylesbury. The pace, during the first hour, was very fast. They had another good thing on the 23rd. The meet was at Helsthorpe; the line by Marston Gate, over the Hulcot brooks by Bierton, on by Weedon village, across the Hardwick brook, then between Whitchurch and Creslow to Dunton. The stag then went by the well-known fox-covert of High Havens, on to Stewkley and Drayton, in which village he was taken after a magnificent run of one hour and three quarters. The depth of the ground brought many to grief, there being a greater number of falls than have been witnessed in any run with these hounds for years. Twenty-two horsemen fell in the Hulcot brooks alone.

On Friday the 17th, Lord Radnor had a fine woodland run, from Helbury

Mill, with his small pack, killing an old dog-fox after four hours of real hard work, when he had not another wag left in him, and was so stiff that they stood him upon his legs for the hounds to bay. He tried every inch he knew of ground, running short, lying down, and every means to shake them off; but they would not be denied, and fairly ran him down, after as fine a piece of hunting as any man ever saw.

The Old Berkeley had a capital hunting run on the 18th, of one hour and fifty minutes, killing their fox nine miles from where they found, and only running through two or three unimportant woods; scent moderate. On the 20th they raced an old dog-fox for two hours and twenty-five minutes, over a lot of country, and at last pulled him down in a hedgerow.

In the North there has been some good sport with the South Durham; and one day (on the 13th) they had a tremendous run from Brierton Wood, which lasted for three hours and thirty-five minutes; but, unfortunately, the fox went to ground near Hardwicke Hall. Another good run, with more satisfactory results, was on the 15th, when they found near Foxey Hill; and a singular circumstance happened after they had been running him about an hour. Near Mr. Sutton's coverts a fresh fox jumped up in full view, and two of the hounds seized him in a hedge, when, curious to say, he shook them off, and got away, the whole pack after him. Fortunately, Dowdeswell stopped the hounds quickly, and got them on the line of the hunted fox, which turned out a rare stout one, for he led them a dance for four hours and twenty-five minutes, the hounds finally pulling him down in Sandyke's covert. On the 17th the meet was at Wynyard Park, where there was the usual liberal hospitality that Lord Londonderry so well dispenses. They had a good run of one hour and forty-five minutes, but without blood, the fox going to ground in the Main Earths at Hardwicke. Mr. Harvey, the master, has, to the great regret of every one, been, through illness, unable to share in the sport lately; but it is hoped he will be about again soon. Mr. Cradock's hounds have been rather unlucky lately, in the way of blood. One day, about three weeks since, they ran a fox to ground in a short drain with two ends, and bolted him by several charges of powder from a gun. He ran two hundred yards out of sight in the open drain when bolted, and then gave them twenty minutes, at racing pace, into another drain under the Great Northern, where they were obliged to leave him. The gun dodge is rather a novelty, and in the second run to ground burning him out was suggested, and a handful of straw soon procured from a farm-house; but it was found of no use from the length of the drain.

Luck still sticks to the Bramham Moor Hounds. December 28th.—Stutton Mill. Found in Tadcaster Willow Bed, and after two rings to Grimston Renshaw and back, drove him away very fast past Jack Daw Crag, over Headley Manor, to Hallowell Lees, Blackfen Becca, and Hazlewood, where a fresh fox took us back to Blackfen, and we were beat. December 30th.—Wescoe Hill. Thick fog. Hounds were thrown into Riffa Wood at 12 o'clock; ran a ring with bad scent and lost. The day improved, and in the afternoon, whilst drawing along Weeton Bottoms, the hounds took up the line of a disturbed fox, ran over Dunkeswick Hill, left Ridgeman's Bar on the right, came up to the fox at the Harrogate Road where he had been headed, doubled short back, but again made his point forward, leaving Harewood Bridge on the right to Netherby, then to the left across the Punch Bowl, with Swindon Wood on the left, Kirkby Overblow on the right, got nearer to him, and raced over the Hags to within a field of Parkin's Wood; here a sheep-dog caused a long check, but recovering the line, and hunting

patiently on past Herbert's Larches, to Walton Head Whin, we came up to him and got away on good terms, running past Spacey Houses, crossed the railway at Pannah, up the hill to Beckwithshaw, turned to the right, viewed him in a field by Harrogate Brick-yards, and chased him into a garden behind the high wall on Harrogate Stray. The gallant old fox jumped the wall to the astonishment of the huntsman, who thought he had him in hand. But two couples and a half of bitches caught sight of him; and, thanks to courage, good shape, and condition, managed to get over the wall, chasing him in view, and pulling him down in the middle of the Common. Time, two hours and thirty-five minutes. What a fine run, and what a finish to the old year!

January 1st, 1873.—Plompton found a bad fox fond of water; he crossed the River Nidd four times and got to ground in the bank above Goldsbro' Mill. Found our second fox in Braham Wood, a ringing brute, but after working after him for one hour and ten minutes got up to him and killed near Ribston village. Found our third fox in Deighton Spring. Away at a very great pace straight for Wetherby; doubled short under Kirk Deighton, to within a field of the Boroughbridge Road, bearing to the left to Ribston Moor Whin, pointed for Plompton, turned to the left, leaving Spofforth on the right, raced him to Kirk Deighton and killed, fifty-five minutes, very good. First blood for the Dog Pack in '73, master went home smiling. *January 6th.*—Wordhall Bridge. Found in Woolah Head, hunted slowly past Netherby, left Kirkby on the left, past the Cocked Hat, came up to our fox in Parkin's Wood, raced him up wind back to Woolah Head, where we ought to have caught him, but a fresh fox was viewed away, and we ran to Wordhall, Stockeld Park, Deighton Spring, Ribston Moor, and called off near Berkham Wood in the dark. *January 10th.*—Wighill Village. Found in Shireoaks, crossed the river at Kelaugh Hall, did not follow him. A fox was viewed behind Kelaugh village, ran a sharp burst, came to cold hunting in consequence of sheep-dogs, and lost. Found in Collier Hag, away like wild-fire for Rufforth, turned to the left over the big drains and pastures to Marston, skirting the village, pointed for the Whin; but, bearing to the left, ran over Fairy Car to Nova Scotia on the right, and skirted Kelaugh village for Angram Bottoms, the fox close before us. Unfortunately, hounds checked, and a hat held in the air caused confusion and a rush. Hounds were lifted on to a fox, but not our beaten friend, and therefore this brilliant forty minutes did not end as well as it might. *January 11th.*—Allwoodley Crag. Drew some good covers near Cookeridge blank, found in Camp Wood, raced him for twenty-five minutes, and killed. Found at 2.30 in Waterhouse Whin, ran into Harewood Woods, all through the woods out by Wike Clumps, left Vicar's Field on the right to Cardwick; here two or three foxes on foot ran on to the Harewood Park wall below the castle, back to Cardwick, up the hill to the end of the avenue on the Harewood Road, down to the riverside, and again towards Harewood, where we hunted up to a tired fox, and ran him again up the hill to Harewood Moor, turning down to Cardwick; it was now dark. A check for a few minutes, when 'hark to Conjuror!' 'hark to Gincler!' was the thrilling cry. The pack raced on nearly to Keswick Ox Close alone—turned him back a few fields, and rolled him over on the bank of the River Wharfe at 5 P.M.—after two hours and thirty minutes' hard and good work. Whoohoop! roared the few hardy sportsmen who had stuck to their work. Ho, ho, ho, hooo! screamed the owl in the ivy-bush. The moon peeped out, and let these gallant and good hounds see to eat their fox, which they did with pleasure, and went home grave and proud. *January 17th.*—Marston.

Found in Hutton Thorns; away to Rufforth, there turning to the left, hunted slowly in the direction of Wilstrik; scent very bad; hunting on past Marston Whin, the fox was seen in front of us in a field near Jockwith; he seemed to be thinking how to dodge the pack. In a moment Kingsbury took the liberty of getting nearer to him, and the bitches soon showed him what they meant. The pace became first-rate, the line splendid for good and true men; they never hesitated, going past Hutton Thorns and Harewood's Whin, and pulled him down in Poppleton village. On this day a large field of strangers from the York and Ainsty and Lord Middleton's hunts, came to have a day with their neighbours, and were rewarded for their journey; though many were left behind, many thought it 'too deep to ride'; 'did not think 'there was any scent'; 'was talking to Neway Jem'; and other frivolous excuses. But it was a sporting run of one hour and twenty-five minutes, and much enjoyed by many. A cruel frost has thrown many a good man and horse out of spirits. The Bramham Moor men have had a little recreation at Wetherby and the neighbourhood. They have walked to Godfrey Longs, have lunched at the club at York, but they pine for a continuation of their good sport.

Referring again to that excellent society, the Hunt Servants' Fund, we cannot better show its necessity and admirable uses than in giving the following list of benefit members who have received full-pay sick-allowance since the commencement of the present hunting season:

1. Richard Roake . . . *South Berks.*
2. Will Bowers . . . *The Craven.*
3. Tom Enever . . . *The Suffolk.*
4. Will Freeman . . . *The Kildare.*
5. Mark Howcott . . . *Baron Rothschild.*
6. Thomas Melrose . . . *The Tynedale.*
7. Peter Whitecross . . . *Mr. Watson Askew's.*
8. Charles Howard . . . *The Grove.*

We are pleased to see, by the way, so many ladies have become honorary members, their number being quite out of proportion to the hundreds of men who, we are sorry to say, hunt, but do not subscribe. The Dowager Marchioness of Westminster was, as is now well known, with her daughter, Lady Theodore Grosvenor, the first to take the matter warmly up, and since then a number of ladies have become subscribers, as well as giving handsome donations. Among them are the Marchioness of Hastings, the Countess of Aylesford, the Countess of Harewood, the Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Colville, Mrs. Henry Townsend, Mrs. Henry Leigh, Mrs. Thursby, Miss Meynell Ingram (one of its most liberal supporters), Mrs. Lane Fox, the Misses Lane Fox, Miss E. M. Davy, Mrs. Herbert Wood, Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, &c., &c. Despite the good example set by these ladies, there are many 'Cheap Jacks' about men who come into the shires with four or five horses, ride and talk about it, and depart without giving a copper. One of this sort, when lately asked to subscribe to the above society, declined, on the ground that he did not consider himself a regular hunting man, as he only had three horses (for which he rarely gives less than a couple of hundred apiece), and no fixed residence. Now he must be a very nice man indeed, no doubt the pride and ornament of a domestic circle, and we should like to know him. Of what a different class (you could not bring the two together at any weights) is Lord Radnor, who was so delighted at having a first-rate day with his hounds lately, that he sent a fiver as a thank-offering. Hear this, ye M.F.H.'s

and members of the Fox-hunting Club, and remember the Treasurer's address. If all those who have promised to give would fulfil their promise promptly, that official would be much obliged. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

'The pleasant History of Reynard the Fox. Illustrated with one hundred designs by Alfred E. Elwes and John Jellicoe.' A remarkable and charming work, too well known to render it necessary to enter into any detailed description of its story and its purpose. It has been translated into many languages, and has passed through innumerable editions, the present translation having been made by the late Thomas Roscoe. Although it is a matter of dispute amongst the learned as to who was really the author of the work, the evidence is strongly in favour of its having been written by a Dutchman, one Henry von Alkmar. Anyway, his is the first known edition, published at Delft, in the year 1485, a copy of which is still preserved in the Ducal library at Wolfenbüttel. There seems every likelihood that the Court of Animals was intended to apply to some government existing at the time the work was written, and Reynard himself to some prince or minister. The edition of Reynard the Fox, now before us, is most elegantly produced, and contains one hundred illustrations, and it is to these designs that we wish to call the attention of our readers. They are chiefly from the pencil of Mr. Alfred T. Elwes, but some few are by Mr. Jellicoe. Mr. Elwes's work is admirable, and he has given us some excellent specimens of animal drawing. They display a rare fidelity to nature; and, though the artist has had in this book to represent the various animals in every conceivable position, he has treated them with masterly ease and accomplishment, and has shown, in many cases, very considerable humour. In the matter of expression he has been singularly successful. The just illustration of the story requiring that a human look should, in some cases, be given to the different animals portrayed; it has been rendered with great and happy skill, and without any sacrifice to truth of execution. We may mention particularly four of the drawings possessing exceptional merit. They are entitled respectively, 'Reynard forgiven,' 'Amen, said the Ape,' 'The Lion rebukes Reynard,' and 'Gambard and his wife Slopard.' The work is beautifully printed, and altogether reflects credit alike upon the enterprise of the publisher and the genius of the artist.

A very well-known and unusually hard-riding gentleman recently lost his hat early in a run with the Cheshire, and rode the rest of it bare-headed; whereupon an old farmer, delighted with his bold style of going, declared he would give him a new one, and the kill taking place near ———, the farmer took the bruising gentleman to a shop and presented him with a three-and-sixpenny billycock, with which the latter rode home, delighted.

The clergy, we know, have been much exercised lately respecting the prayer for fine weather, and the Primate's exceedingly matter-of-fact order of the day on the subject. Compliance and non-compliance have been equally divided. Whether any of the recalcitrants were of the same opinion with the farmer, who said it was of no use praying for rain with the wind in the east, we know not, but a worthy and well-known clergyman in the south of England—who, we believe, bought the Hero when running by the side of his dam—took a view of the matter so entirely parochial that it is worth recording. A deputation of his parishioners having waited upon him to ask him to read the prayer for fine weather, he remarked that he did not see the need of it as all of them had got in their wheat with the exception of Mr. ———, and as he had only ten acres to sow, that was of little consequence, and so he would have that extra prayer to read for nothing.

The following epitaph was picked up near the Carlton the other night. The name of the supposed deceased was obliterated by the rain, and we are left to conjecture whose memory they perpetuate. Perhaps our readers may supply the hiatus:—

'Here lie the bones of —,
A doubtful friend, a bitter foe;
Whither his restless spirit's fled,
Is never thought of, harder said;
If to the realms of bliss above,
No more in heaven is peace or love;
If sunken to a lower level,
We all commiserate the devil.'

The death of James Robinson, at the good old age of eighty, calls up memories of splendid finishes, races snatched out of the fore, and a string of Derbies, Oaks, and Legers, which to the present generation of racing men are but tales of the past. He was probably the most brilliant horseman the Turf has produced, and he gained the respect and liking of his employers by integrity of conduct. He was brought up at Newmarket in Robson's stables, —and it was there that the old man spent the years of his life, and there he died. One and twenty years ago he rode his last race, when he met with the accident—fracture of the thigh, and other injuries—which put a stop to his racing career. A subscription was set on foot by his employer, Lord Clifden, to which racing men of all classes contributed; an annuity was purchased for him, and this, added to the kindness of Lord Falmouth and one or two old racing men who remembered the veteran in the days of his fame, enabled him to end his years comfortably.

Colonel Mayo, of Clipston, a gallant, soldier well known in Warwickshire, died on the afternoon of New Year's day from heart-disease, while hunting with the Pytchley. Many a kindly greeting and good wishes of the season had been given the Colonel but a short time previous to his seizure, and more than one of his friends remarked how blue his face looked. He was a bruising rider for a big man.

Lord Spencer, as everyone knows, is not only a good viceroy in Dublin Castle, but a good sportsman and a good landlord to boot. His public acts speak for themselves; among his private ones we might remind our readers of that invitation, about two years ago, to the Pytchley establishment, when Mr. Craven was the Master, for horses, men, and hounds to come over to Ireland, and have a week in Kildare, just about Punchestown time. We forget now what prevented the fixture coming off, but we remember Mr. Craven was very vexed he could not cross the Channel. However, Lord Spencer is still mindful of his Northamptonshire friends, for he has invited some of his tenants to visit him at Dublin, and not only to bring their wives but also their hunting toggery, and see how they like the Irish banks. Such an act speaks for itself, and we hope to hear next month of their having gone well for the honour of Northamptonshire.

In these days of competition we all know the revolution brought about in fire-arms, great and small; and cartridges have, apparently, reached the *acmé* of perfection. Our attention was called the other day to the cartridge cases manufactured by Kynoch & Co., of Birmingham, a 'gas-tight' article which we heard praised by some gunners of celebrity as superior to anything they had met with for sporting purposes. The cartridges, too, kill at most wonderful distances, with a precision and certainty that our friends told us they did not think could be surpassed.

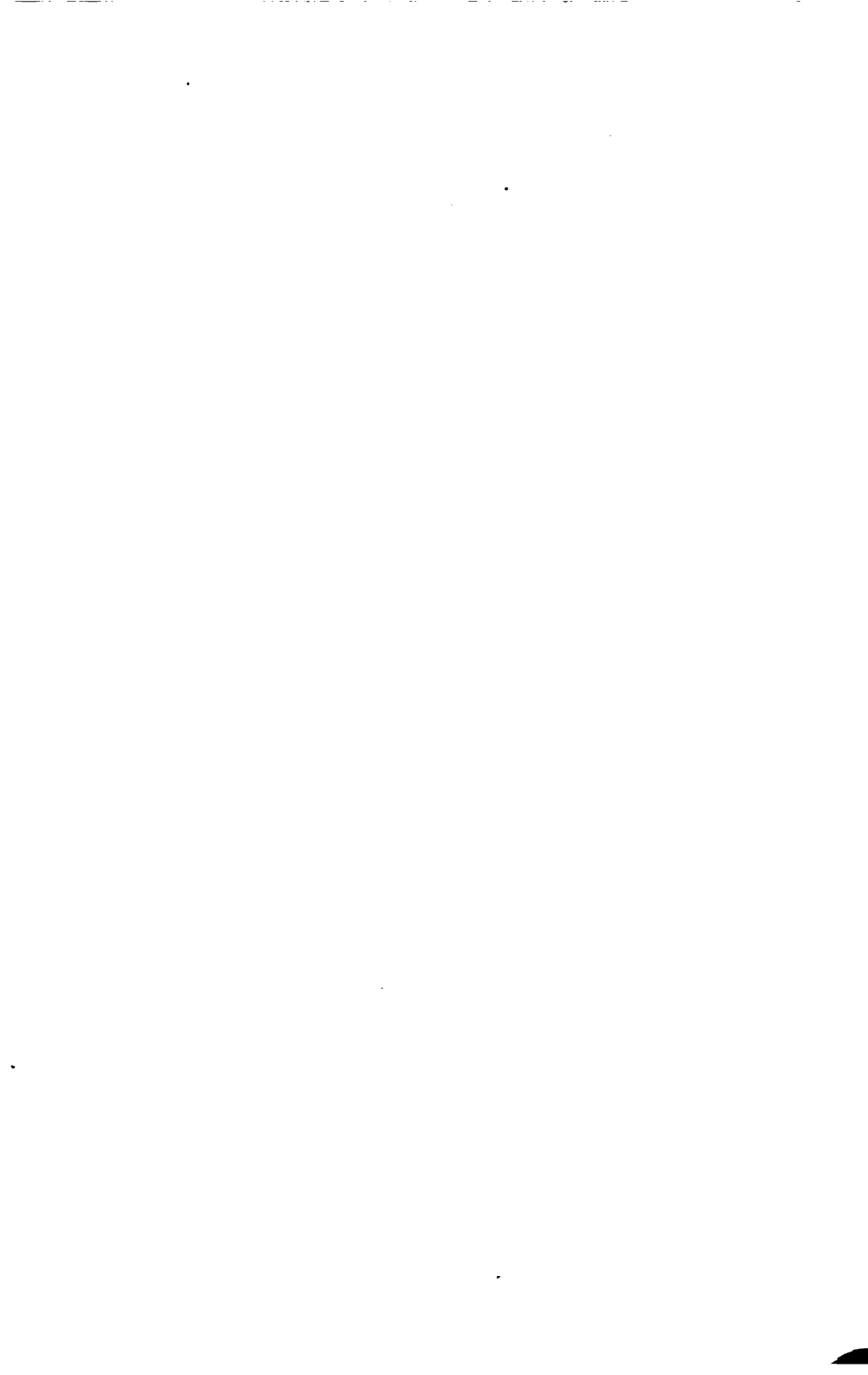
[February, 1873.]

We don't know if Punch's charming sketch of '*Polo Post Futurum*' will be raised. We must wait for another decade before our fairest and dearest are in those manly exercises. But we think we can promise them this year that as lookers-on, they shall enjoy a present *Polo* in a charming locality at all the amusements and means to boot that ladies love. A club more than worth the future. To be continued in our next.

As our saddest paragraph is our last. The death of Napoleon the Third is the saddest depth of feeling in the hearts of the people of this country as, to the loss of one of our own Royal House, has never been evoked by the mourning crowds that flocked to Chiselhurst, that besieged the house for one last look at the dead face, that thronged the roads round themselves around the little chapel of S. Mary, were eloquent in mourning for the end of the brightest word-painting, or the most polished mirror of the memory of the Emperor was the sincere expression of our love for the man who had filled such a grand part in history, and with such dignity in adversity as in our province to dwell on the character of that

'Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,'

to his memory must of necessity embrace a brief mention of his tastes and habits which, from his youth to his old age, were part of the man. A bold rider, whose pluck and endurance were never a good shot, as those who were sharers in the pleasant Compiègne will be also brought his practical knowledge of English horse-riding improving the French blood, and spared no expense in trying to subjects a taste for those sports which are considered essentially English. It was he did for the French Turf is so well known that it would be hard to dwell on it. The glories of Longchamps we shall not see again for some time, if indeed we ever shall; but the Emperor has not only shared this and the wonderful successes of French-bred horses in the successful endeavours of Napoleon the Third in that direction. He who had galloped with him across the vale of Aylesbury and round the circle he liked to gather round him at Compiègne have but one account to give of the attachment to his country, the large heart, and kindly nature of the man. Such as stood on Imperial tombs, and they will outweigh, we take it, the bitter and unkind hatred which, with some honourable exceptions, our opponents have sought to pour out on the honoured



We don't know if Punch's charming sketch of '*Polo Post Futurum*' will be quite realised. We must wait for another decade before our fairest and dearest take part in those manly exercises. But we think we can promise them this season that, as lookers-on, they shall enjoy a present *Polo* in a charming locality with all the appliances and means to boot that ladies love. A club more than looms in the future. To be continued in our next.

And our saddest paragraph is our last. The death of Napoleon the Third has stirred such depths of feeling in the hearts of the people of this country as, save for the loss of one of our own Royal House, has never been evoked before; and the mourning crowds that flocked to Chiselhurst, that besieged Camden House for one last look at the dead face, that thronged the roads and massed themselves around the little chapel of S. Mary, were eloquent tokens wanting not the aid of the brightest word-painting, or the most polished periods, to swell their importance. We are not an impulsive people, and the tribute to the memory of the Emperor was the sincere expression of our admiration and liking for the man who had filled such a grand part in history, and had borne himself so courageously, and with such dignity in adversity as in prosperity. It is not our province to dwell on the character of that

'Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay;'

and our tribute to his memory must of necessity embrace a brief mention of those sporting tastes and habits which, from his youth to his old age, were part and parcel of the man. A bold rider, whose pluck and endurance were never questioned; a good shot, as those who were sharers in the pleasant Compiègne days could tell, he also brought his practical knowledge of English horse-flesh to bear in improving the French blood, and spared no expense in trying to instil into his subjects a taste for those sports which are considered essentially English. What he did for the French Turf is so well known that it would be superfluous to dwell on it. The glories of Longchamps we shall not see again, at least, for some time, if indeed we ever shall; but the Emperor has left his mark behind him, and the wonderful successes of French-bred horses will testify to the unceasing endeavours of Napoleon the Third in that direction. Those who knew him intimately—and we are referring here especially to his many English friends—who had galloped with him across the vale of Aylesbury in younger days, and joined the circle he liked to gather round him at Compiègne in latter times, have but one account to give of the attachment to his person he inspired—of the large heart, and kindly nature of the man. Such epitaphs are rarely written on Imperial tombs, and they will outweigh, we take leave to think, the bitter and ribald hatred which, with some honourable exceptions, his political opponents have sought to pour out on the honoured one at Chiselhurst.



Guilford .

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF GUILFORD.

DUDLEY FRANCIS NORTH, seventh Earl of Guilford, the present Master of the East Kent, is, we believe, the youngest M.F.H. in our gallery; but though his summers are few, he has already earned a good degree in the hunting field, and has proved himself no unworthy successor to Mr. Brockman. To have deserved well of his country, coming after such a thorough sportsman as the late Master, who had carried the horn for thirty-eight years, is no small commendation. East Kent requires, or used to require, delicate handling, for it is essentially a game country, and one of the secrets of Mr. Brockman's popularity was the tact with which he steered clear of the game question. His successor has, we believe, followed in his footsteps, and made himself a favourite with those 'yeomen of Kent' who have been good at many things besides fox-hunting from time that is almost immemorial.

The pack hunt three days a-week, and Painting, the huntsman, has settled well to his work. Foxes are plentiful all over the country, and the sport has, we believe, been good. We wish our 'youngest contributor' a prosperous career.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN
LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XVIII.

NOTES ever welcome to the Breton's ear are those proclaiming the 'mort' over the captured game; and when that game happens to be the wolf or the tusky boar, his pæans of exultation burst out into the wildest strains of gratitude and joy. The 'who-whoop' of our countrymen, vigorous even as that of Osbaldeston when 'it might have been heard at Cottesmore,' is a mild finale compared with the demonstration enacted in a Brittany forest, when the sylvan war is brought to a close by a successful and decisive victory. Nor is the flourish of horns, commingled with the din of hounds and men, without its serviceable use, a mere *vox, et præterea nihil*—an ebullition of joy, and nothing more, in that forest-land—but, on the contrary, by conveying the news of victory far and wide, the scattered forces of the field, thrown out by the ever-recurring vicissitudes of the chase, are gathered together from all quarters to share and enjoy the triumph over the fallen foe.

So when Keryfan and I came up to him, although Kergoorlas was then alone, standing over the boar in an attitude that, but for its animation, might have been taken for an antique statue, and blowing his voluminous horn till his cheeks were well nigh cracked, in less than ten minutes a score of peasants had assembled at the spot, all uniting to swell the hubbub, and looking forward to a division of the spoil with eager eyes. However, nothing surprised me more, considering the damage they had sustained by the pigs, and the real treat fresh meat must have been to them, than the orderly and modest conduct of the peasants on every occasion when the boar was cut up and divided amongst them. This business was always managed under the direction of the Louvetier, M. de St. Prix, who, as before stated, exercised a paramount influence over the peasantry throughout the district of Cournouaille. His word was their law; and if at the right time a blow had been struck in favour of the legitimate claim to the throne of France, I verily believe he could have brought the men of that country to the field, one and all at his back, in support of his own views and the old Bourbon blood. But St. Prix loved hunting better than politics, and far preferred the sound of his own sylvan horn to the fiercer clang of the martial trumpet; though, if his King had called on him, he would have gone to the front like a man, and then other and abler pens would probably have recorded his glory in fields more sanguinary but less joyous than those of a Brittany forest. Mine be the simpler task of telling how gallant his bearing, and how skilful his tactics ever were in all matters pertaining to the manly chase.

The great size of the boar, seeing he was not a *solitaire*, appeared to astonish the peasants not a little; for it is a most unusual event to

find an old male tusker, of a certain weight and age, in company with another pig. But St. Prix's success, as we afterwards found, revealed the secret: that other pig, his companion, was a young sow, full-grown, but lean and long-legged as a greyhound, and fit to go for her life. The old gentleman had evidently stuck to his mate so long as his wind would permit him; but that failing him, he turned short, and so let in a few of the tail-hounds and Kergoorlas's lot, which throwing fresh strength into the struggle, soon brought him to bay, and then to bite the dust, under the *couteau* that struck him to the heart. One blow sufficed, and so rapidly was it given, that not a hound was scratched in the affair.

Hog-hunting, as practised in India, is doubtless a most exciting and manly sport, requiring not only good nerve in the rider, but thorough skill in the management of his horse and spear, good hands, and a quick eye—these are indispensable gifts; and the honour of winning 'first spear' and the tusks, no matter how swift the steed may be, will only accidentally fall to the lot of him who lacks such needful qualifications. But the danger of pursuing the boar in this fashion is not to be compared with the risk a man runs when he closes, *chasse-couteau* in hand, with the brute at bay. His charge then, if his wind has not been completely pumped out of him, is certain to do serious mischief; and woe be to the hunter who is a laggard in striking the blow rapidly and expertly, so soon as the hounds have done their work—brought him fairly to bay. Kergoorlas would not have missed that feat for a dukedom.

But let us now follow St. Prix, who, when the big boar turned short, and the tail-hounds turned with him, kept his ear on the leading hounds, and sticking to them, found to his joy that, though the hounds had divided, the body of the pack was still with him, and the pig going straight for the river in the hollow vale below. There, he well knew, the beast would make a stand; and, as the stream was a broad and rocky one, his anxiety for the hounds' safety impelled him forward at a terrific pace; and if Barbe-bleu, on which he was fortunately mounted, had possessed the legs of a mountain-cat, he needed them all in descending that steep ravine, obstructed as he was at every stride by the tangled brake and rugged ground over which he was compelled to travel so rapidly. But the gallant steed carried him, like a dragon on wings, through and over every impediment; though, as Shafto, who had vainly attempted to keep pace with him, afterwards told us, it was nothing short of a miracle how both man and horse escaped utter annihilation. However, by the time we reached him, at least an hour after Kergoorlas and the peasants had slung up the slain boar by the heels for future dissection, he was sounding 'La sortie de l'eau' complacently on the river bank, and without a symptom of his usual lively excitement. The hounds, too, were sitting on their haunches, regarding with intent look the boar, as she stood mid-waist in the water, her back arched like a bow, her jaws smeared with froth, and her hind-quarters planted firmly against the roots of a gnarled oak-tree.

Shafto and half a score peasants were there, restraining the hounds with rate and lash, until the stragglers, especially Keryfan and myself, could be brought up by the well-known signal to see the finish. St. Prix had ascertained the sex of the pig; and, although the crunch of a sow's jaws is no joke, it is not to be compared to the rip of a tusker, who, if he gets a fair cut at limb or body, leaves a life, if not a death mark, on the unlucky victim. So St. Prix's complacency was at once accounted for; he had enjoyed, too, a fine run, and was now patiently awaiting the arrival of his 'field,' and resting his hounds, ere he 'loo'd them on to their last attack.

Men are all selfish animals; and even among those devoted to hunting, of all sports the most social, few there be who will not confess to a certain amount of satisfaction in being able, either by their own judgment or their steed's merits, or even by sheer luck, to see 'a good thing' across country, and to find themselves living with hounds 'alone in their glory,' while the rest of the 'field' are 'positively nowhere.' The tendency to self-glorification is, doubtless, at the root of this inward chuckle; though, in ten minutes after the ardour of the chase has evaporated, every good fellow will hate himself for allowing his heart to entertain so selfish a feeling. St. Prix, as he urged the gallant Barbe-bleu down that rugged hill-side, and felt as if he was carried by

'A creature winged, I swear,'

home to the stern of his hounds, might well be pardoned if a tinge of pride mantled to his brow at that moment; but the colouring, if it came, was as transient as the shade of a summer cloud; for no man on earth could be less selfish, either in the chase or at home, than St. Prix—no one could love to share pleasure with another better than he did.

'Bravo, Kergoorlas!' he exclaimed with delight, as, to his great surprise, he saw that chasseur in our company. 'Bravo! you and your hounds are just in time to do us good service with yonder pig. I have been running her hard for three hours; but she has fresh caught her wind now, and will hold us a good tug yet.'

The moment he had driven her to soil St. Prix had given an order that no gun should be used, and that he meant to kill the game beast by fair hunting alone; and now, with the reinforcement brought up by Kergoorlas, he expected to accomplish that object without much difficulty.

One cheer and a blast on his horn sent every hound plunging into the stream; but as it was some twenty yards across, and the pig's standpoint was under cover of the opposite bank, before a hound could reach her she dashed down the stream swiftly as a red deer, swimming the pools, and making the water fly from her heels as she scampered over the shallow bed. Never was heard a finer crack of music than opened in her rear; and so determinedly did the beast cleave to the river, in which she had already found such good shelter, that, press her as they would, the hounds fairly failed to make her

land and seek for refuge elsewhere. So for more than half-an-hour the chase became literally more like an otter than a boar-hunt. Twice, when brought temporarily to bay, did St. Prix bound into the stream, thinking to bury his *couteau* behind her shoulder-blade, and twice did the wary beast elude the blow, flying down stream like a water-ouzel, and plunging in and out of pools, as if water was her native element.

'Now this is what I call sport,' said Keryfan to me, just as the hounds had again brought the pig to bay. 'It reminds me, Frank, of that day when you and I joined Mr. Trelawny's pack on the Plym river, and had the good fortune to see them kill a fine dog-otter under Cann Quarries. Such a dashing, crashing, amphibious lot as they were I shall never forget.'

'True enough. That was the day when a hound called Wanderer made so many fine hits, and at last marked the otter in a holt that proved to be a wasp's nest—when, as they sallied forth to revenge the intrusion, old Limpetty, the huntsman, blew his horn like a mad-man, bolted off, and rode his horse Jack Sheppard head-foremost into a deep pool. But luckily the otter, as you remember, Keryfan, bolted too, or, backed as he was by such protection, we could never have touched him again.'

By crossing a narrow strip of open ground, guided by the peasants, we now managed to cut off a long bend of the river just in time to head the chase, as the pig, with her mouth wide open, and reduced to a trot, came struggling through the flood right up to us. The hounds were close on her; but as there was no friendly rock, nor even the roots of a tree, against which she could bring her back to bear and face the foe, she still struggled on towards the precipitous bank on which we all stood to witness the scene. She was too beaten, however, to gain even that point; for, in attempting to cross a run of shallow water, a couple of the leading hounds, old Cæsar being one of them, seized her by the hams, and in another instant, as all three rolled over together, at least five couple more had fixed their fangs in her fore and aft, holding fast on, and tugging at her as if her hide must be torn in one minute into 'a hundred tatters of brown.' But not a bit of it—not an inch of her hide was broken; and it is impossible to say how long the desperate fight might have lasted, if St. Prix, observing one hound badly crunched, had not sprung in amongst them, and with a quick blow brought the struggle to an end. Cæsar had more scars on his face, some of them of very recent date, than his imperial namesake, a warrior all his life, could boast of on his whole body; but I was delighted to find the brave old hound had not added another notch to the ugly score on the present occasion.

'Two good boars slain in fair fight, and not a shot fired!' exclaimed Kergoorlas, in a transport of delight. 'Rare work for one day, it must be owned.'

'But the day is not over yet,' said Shafto, whose appetite for hunting was positively insatiable; 'at least half a dozen pigs have

‘been harboured in the Castle rocks, on the Kilvern side; and, as it is but little after mid-day, we surely can’t quit the cover without giving them a brush.’

The peasants, especially those who had formed the deputation to Carhaix, with one voice entreated St. Prix to continue the *chasse*, denouncing the Kilvern pigs as destructive brigands, and asserting the impossibility of checking their ravages without his help. One of the speakers, called Tredwyn—a remarkably handsome specimen of the farmer class—became quite eloquent on the subject, and asked, with no little excitement, if the Government desired to see the peasants of that district extinguished by famine; or if the Louvetier, as their neighbour and countryman, would not do his utmost to rid them of the pests that had destroyed their crops, and well-nigh ruined the land. ‘Without hounds,’ added he, ‘we can neither follow them in these vast woodlands, nor dislodge them from that inaccessible pile of rocks, the stronghold in which so many take refuge.’

The appeal was irresistible; but St. Prix, in making the draft for storming those craggy heights, positively refused at first to allow any but his draghounds to encounter the danger; and alluded, in piteous terms, to the massacre inflicted on his pack by the big boar at Kœnig, on exactly similar rocky ground. However, as this was to be the last day given to boar-hunting on that side of the country, and consequently would be the last opportunity for compensating the peasants’ losses by a liberal supply of bacon, fattened, as they justly averred, on their own corn and chestnuts, St. Prix gave way, and, in deference to the wish of all, proceeded with his whole force, sixteen couple strong, straight for the rocks. In winding their way, not without many rude obstructions, up the tangled and declivitous path pointed out by Tredwyn, whose farm lay contiguous to the upper side of Kilvern, the Louvetier took especial pains to instruct the peasants on an important point affecting the safety of the hounds. He warned them not to head the chase before the boar and hounds were fairly clear of that stronghold, and that they must give the game ample room to break; or, if headed back, the fate of many a brave hound would inevitably be sealed. All this they promised to attend to; but St. Prix, not satisfied with this precaution, and knowing how little a Breton in the heat of chase was to be depended on, ordered Louis Trefarreg to couple up several of his fiercest hounds—Cæsar and Paladin being especially named—and reserve them as a *relais* in case of need.

‘You may think St. Prix a little too careful of his hounds in making these arrangements,’ said Keryfan, as he managed to ride alongside me, over a bit of level ground cleared by the charcoal-burners; ‘but, if you knew, Frank, how many a good hound he has lost, and how often his pack has been crippled for the season by encounters with boar, in these very rocks, too, you would not wonder at the precaution he takes on these occasions.’

‘A good general is always chary of the lives of his men,’ I replied; ‘and to judge from the carnage that occurred, both at Kœnig and

‘Gwernez, the tactics of the Louvetier appear to indicate a man lacking neither humane feelings nor sound judgment.’

‘Quite true, Frank; it would be a cruel and short-sighted policy on his part to allow his hounds to be slashed and ripped to pieces, if by any means he has the power to save them, and show sport at the same time; and this last, you will allow, he never fails to do.’

It was nearly two o'clock ere we fairly reached the outskirts of the Castle rocks, which, covering an area of several acres on the side of a precipitous hill, were approachable only in Indian file over the last half league of ground. Happily, the rugged granite slabs, although opposing our horses' progress with a slanting, and sometimes an almost perpendicular, frontage, afforded their feet a steady hold; and, after some experience, my cob managed to creep up and down over their rough surface, and follow Barbe-bleu as if he had been trained to the work all his life long. It is quite marvellous how readily a temperate, courageous horse will accommodate his action to the ground over which he is required to travel; shortening or lengthening his stride; jumping, creeping, and feeling his way at every step; or even slithering on his haunches, as circumstances may need such a mode of descent. How this last feat can be performed may be seen to great advantage when a good jack-hare is found near Thunder-Barrow or Telscombe Tye, on the Sussex Downs, the steep and glassy slopes of which the horses descend at a terrific pace, almost on their very haunches; the force of gravitation, and not so much their hind legs, acting as the propelling power. On Dartmoor, too, a stranger would hold his breath if he once saw Mr. Trelawny sitting back in his saddle, and coming down the steepest hill-side like an avalanche into the vale below, the greatest danger being a tendency, on the horse's part, if the pilot be a wavering one, to deviate from the straight line, and turn right or left on his downward course.

The wind from the rocks, as we now suddenly rounded a point of the valley, blew directly towards us; and the eager look of the hounds, as, with heads erect, they sniffed ‘the tainted gale,’ gave unmistakable proof of the presence of game in our immediate vicinity. The piqueurs had reported that no less than five full-grown boar had crossed the stream in this direction; and although they had not been fairly harboured, owing to the stony character of the ground, Louis Trefarreg was ready to stake his reputation that at least five, if not a larger number, were laid up in this craggy retreat. Already had the peasants disappeared; and every point on the river and north sides of the rocks, at which it was possible for the pigs to break, was guarded by parties of sharpshooters, thirsting for their blood. Some of them, however, as it turned out afterwards, were posted directly in front of one of the chief runs used by the pigs, in utter forgetfulness of St. Prix's orders; and the consequence, although not fatal, as great luck would have it, to more than one hound, proved well-nigh so to Barbe-bleu, who, but for his rare activity and sense of danger, must inevitably have come to grief in the narrow path on which he stood.

The hounds dashed into the cover like a set of dragons, and, in less

than two minutes, the roaring peal of their deep-mouthed tongues, the blast of horns, and the wild response of a thousand echoes, created so startling an uproar that every wild animal, from a marten-cat to the bristly boar, must have quaked for leagues away at the sound of that terrible din. Two lots of swine were on their legs in a twinkling—one consisting of four, and the other of three animals, all full-grown, and long and lanky as a set of greyhounds. The pricked ears, and the rapid helter-skelter fashion in which they bundled over the rocks, clearing wide chasms at a bound, and pitching from the head of giant boulders down on the slabs below, like chamois descending a mountain ridge, indicated a degree of terror they rarely show when so many pigs are found together. On such occasions the master boar, or the old sow, is usually the hindmost of the lot, either from being less active or with a view to covering the retreat of the flying herd; but the moment he is pressed by the pursuing hounds, he wheels round, and, backed up by the others, fiercely confronts the whole pack. Now, however, the assault on their stronghold had been so sudden, the cry of hounds, the blast of horns, and the echoes so bewildering, that leaders and all seemed equally panic-stricken, and only eager to make themselves scarce with all possible despatch.

Downwards and straight for the stream poured the seven pigs, as if kicked by so many demons; while ten couple of hounds, roaring in their rear, drove them in the wildest confusion on the very guns of the enemy. Instantly a terrible fire opened upon them, and four fell mortally wounded on the edge of the clitter, all of which were soon despatched by fresh hands joining in the fray; two ran the gauntlet, passing unscathed by a dozen peasants, and escaping at top speed into the woods below; while the seventh, apparently the biggest pig of the lot, and evidently a boar, not relishing the cannonade in front, turned short back in the very face of the hounds.

Keryfan and I were standing about ten yards below St. Prix; and hearing him mutter a deep imprecation on the peasants' heads, to whose over-eagerness this mischief was alone attributable, I looked up and saw his lips compressed, and every muscle of his face quivering with alarm. 'That's exactly what I feared would happen,' he exclaimed aloud; 'and now there'll be wild work among the hounds before that boar attempts to break again.'

When the boar faced about, he paused for a moment, as if uncertain what course next to pursue—whether to stand at bay, and meet all comers on that rugged battle-ground, or charge at once through the pack, now rapidly advancing, and seek refuge in the forest by a lateral track, the only egress now available, the front being hemmed in by a swarm of foes. That moment of hesitation, however, proved well nigh his last; for, as he stood out prominently on the ridge of a vast boulder, his figure defined and his head somewhat elevated, as if scanning the number and strength of the enemy, or the weak point at which he might best make his charge, a peasant, unable to resist the chance, recklessly drew his trigger; and while one heavy slug passed

through the boar's ear, causing it to lop at once over his right eye, but without doing further injury, another struck a noble hound, called Helicon, right in the shoulder, and killed him dead on the spot. Luckily Kergoorlas, the owner of the hound, was stationed on the opposite side of the cover, and was not aware till afterwards of the loss he had sustained ; but, had he witnessed the act, it is more than probable, from his feudal spirit and fiery nature, that the peasant would have rued that shot to the last day of his life. As it was, he made himself scarce and quitted the forest, without daring to face either Kergoorlas or St. Prix, and so forfeited all claim to a share of the meat when cut up and apportioned at the end of the day.

The report of the peasant's gun, and the smart cuff in his ear quickly settled the boar's doubts. Away he rushed, twitching his head violently, into the very thick of the hounds, striking several fiercely, and hoisting one fairly into the air, but still forging a-head fast as his legs could carry him, and in one minute, what with sheer force, wondrous activity, and a thorough knowledge of the ground, he succeeded in clearing the whole pack, and made straight for the sideland path on which St. Prix stood. Now there was no room on that narrow path even for two horses abreast, nor, from its ledge-like form, there being a wall on one side and a precipice on the other, was it possible, without advancing some distance, for St. Prix to wheel his horse round and avoid the imminent collision. The advance, too, would have been impracticable, as the boar even now was breaking cover directly in the Louvetier's face.

I held my breath as I saw the danger to which he was exposed, with no power on my part or Keryfan's to lend him a scrap of aid. He and I had voted our guns a bore on this occasion, and had sent them with our baggage to Carhaix ; but, as that huge, fierce boar, with the hounds hard after him, his ear dropped, and his face painted with blood and foam, lowered his head and prepared to charge Barbe-bleu and his rider, I would have given all I possessed, or ever hoped to possess, for my old smooth-bore at that moment. But, *mirabile dictu*, it so happened that neither the horse nor man required such help ; for, just as the boar dropped his nose, to give him greater power in the use of his tusks, and when within three feet of the horse's legs, Barbe-bleu made a sudden spring into the air, and, clearing the pig, alighted safely on the path beyond, without touching a bristle of the brute's back. Never could there have been a more timely jump, nor one displaying a clearer instinct of impending danger, and the need of instant action.

The boar passed on ; while St. Prix, unslinging his horn, rung out ' La Vue,' as coolly and cheerily as if he had viewed a fox away, and thought nothing of the danger he had so narrowly escaped. But he talked of it afterwards ; and, while he extolled the adroitness of Barbe-bleu, he never failed to characterise himself as a born idiot, for getting into that narrow, cramped path, and exposing himself and horse to such a risk.

However, 'all's well that ends well,' especially if the result be a

profitable experience. Not more than eight couple of hounds got away with the boar ; but they were ample for the work, and, in less than half an hour, brought him to bay in the rocky river, not far from the spot where we had killed our second pig. He was dead beat ; and a peasant, coming up before he had recovered his wind, and consequently before he could do much mischief, sent his *balle-mariée* right through his heart. He was a grand beast, with bristles enough, strong as wire, for all the *cordonniers* in Lower Brittany, and his weight could not have been much under 300 lbs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

'Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother :
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.'

Comedy of Errors.

'PRIZE-FIGHTING is dead, sir, dead ; the fact is undeniable, though the reason why is open to discussion. Whether its death was the result of suicide, police interference, or natural causes, I leave the professors of Social Science to decide ; but certainly there has been no affair of consequence since that between Sayers and Heenan in 1860, and what a sensation that created all over England !' said I. 'And elsewhere,' said my friend. 'Let me tell you what happened to me in Ireland. My name, as you know, is Syers. I have a brown and somewhat pugnacious-looking countenance, a muscular neck ; I am five feet eight, and my frame is such that, had my occupation been that of a blacksmith or a bricklayer, and covered it with muscle of proportionate development, would, in spite of my legs, have made me a formidable-looking fellow. You know, by-the-bye, that I have been taken for Count Walewski, and for a learned serjeant on the Home Circuit ; I have, indeed.

'It was in the autumn of the very year we have been speaking about that I had been making a long vacation tour in the south of Ireland, when, on my way from the Victoria Hotel, Killarney, by bus to the railway station, I received, at the post-office, some half dozen letters directed to me. The only other occupant of the conveyance was a little fellow, who seemed to be dividing an earnest attention between the addresses on my envelopes and my face and outward man. At length an exclamation of "Bedad, it's the man himself," and a slap on the thigh indicated a satisfactory conclusion of his scrutiny. "An' how are ye now ?" said he. "Pretty well, thank you," said I, rubbing my leg, and looking at him with some surprise. "Ye're a fine man," said he. Thinking this was a bit of chaff, and having had some experience of Irish humour, I had no desire to see it exercised at my expense, and being, moreover, interested in my letters, I adopted the modern English plan of getting

‘out of a squabble by paying, so I handed him a big cigar, and told him to smoke it and be quiet. This had the desired effect, and he let me alone. On arriving at the station, he seemed much interested in my luggage, which was labelled “Mr. Syers, passenger to Dublin.” “An’ it’s goin’ to Dublin, I see, ye are. Well, we’ll travel together as far as Mallow, anyhow. Sure, now, ye’re goin’ first class, I see; that bates me entirely. Never mind, we’ll meet again at the junction. Ye’re a lucky dog, but ye’re a brave fellow, too.” On reaching Mallow, where I had to wait the arrival of the train from Cork, my friend came up to me with— “Ye’ll be here two hours, Tom, but the boys will make ye right welcome; it’s a foine place, an’ ye’ll loike it, an’ the waiter at the hotel, if ye tell him ye’ve seen me, will fix ye a tumbler of punch made of the raal potheen, as good as any in all Ireland. Sorry I am to part wid ye, but glad I am this day. Tip us yer fisht, ould man. Sure, I’d rather feel the inside than the out. Now to think as them soft knuckles would hurt a man! Och, there’s great deception in natur. Good luck to ye, Tom.” “Tom!” said I, “my name is not Tom.” “Get along wid ye. It’s Tom safe enough; I know ye, ye divil,” and away he went. On arriving at the hotel I was ushered into the long room, ordered luncheon, and told the waiter I should in due time require a glass of the whisky punch for which he was so famous. I am bound to say I received every attention from that waiter. I always had a welcome in Ireland, but this man’s care and assiduity surpassed anything I had ever met with even there.

“Bedad, I’m glad to see ye,” said he. “Ye’re welcome.” A greeting which led me to believe that customers were scarce, and he was making the most of me as a favourable specimen. But then his “Arrah, now, a bit more pork? Sure, an’ that’s a maly one—crack his jacket for him; how d’ye like the punch?” indicated a meaning too deep to fathom. He stood, with his hands before him, gazing on me with a look of fondness and admiration. I really felt alarmed, for I began to think the man was mad, as he said, very quietly, “I know’d ye by yer picters.” “By my what?” said I. “By yer picters—yer phottygraphs.” “My photographs? Why, when did you see my photographs?” I inquired, and began to think I must have given one indiscreetly away somewhere. “Why, in the winders, to be sure—isn’t the winders full of ‘em?” “The windows full of ‘em!” said I; “ha, ha, ha! that’s very good.” I laughed aloud, for I guessed at once that he took me for Count Walewski. While I was revelling in this highly-flattering solution of the mystery, I was aroused by the sound of many feet, and a tremendous cheer in front of the hotel. “It’s the boys,” said the waiter, in answer to my inquiring look. “The boys!” said I, “what boys?” “Why, the boys, to be sure, what else? there’s only one boys here.” I started to the window, and there beheld a crowd of two hundred men and boys in a state of boisterous hilarity, and among them my little friend of the morning, haranguing

‘and gesticulating vehemently. “There’s the boys, Tom, come to
 ‘“welcome ye.” “Tom again,” said I; “my name’s not Tom,
 ‘“it’s B——.” I was not able to tell him my Christian name, for
 ‘my breath was that instant taken away by the most tremendous of
 ‘all cheers, and cries of “There he is—the man himself. Long
 ‘“live the great Tom Sayers. Good luck t’ ye, ‘Tom.” Could it
 ‘be possible? Yes, it was—it must be so; the similarity of the
 ‘name—my personal appearance—my travelling companion boasting
 ‘the discovery he had made—all told me that I was mistaken for the
 ‘hero of the day—the great Tom Sayers!!

‘However, I did not hesitate what to do; my keen sense of the
 ‘ludicrous decided me to humour the joke, play the part, and be the
 ‘champion for the nonce.

‘I opened the window, and, standing before the delighted throng,
 ‘bowed right and left. My short-cut hair favoured the deceit;
 ‘there was another deafening cheer, and then began a running com-
 ‘ment on my personal appearance. “He’s got a foightin’ mug of
 ‘“his own,” said one. “But he’s sadly shrunk in the shoulders,”
 ‘said another. “It’s a big neck he’s got, anyhow,” said a third.
 ‘“And a belly too,” said a fourth. “But it’s Tom sure enough.
 ‘“Och, it’s drinking the divil’s been after, an’ it’s brought him out
 ‘“o’ condition.” “I’d like to see him spa-ar. Tom, ye black-
 ‘guard, put yourself into for-rm. Show us how ye hot him.” To
 ‘keep the game alive, I put myself into a pugilistic attitude, hit out
 ‘with my left and parried with my right. My exhibition could not
 ‘have been a complete success, for, while many applauded, a critical
 ‘few declared me tight in the shoulders, and the horrid word
 ‘“cripple” grated on my ear. “Do it again, Tom, do it again.”
 ‘Again I went through the same performance, and with more
 ‘success, as the shouts of “That’s the way; he’s better now;”
 ‘“Och, it’s Tom sure enough,” testified. This was repeated again
 ‘and again; the crowd was delighted, and so was I, when in rushed
 ‘the waiter with “O’Shaughnessy’s below, an’ wants to see ye.”

‘“Who’s O’Shaughnessy?” said I.

‘“Did ye never hear tell of O’Shaughnessy?” said the waiter.
 ‘“Sure he’s head o’ the foightin’ boys o’ Mallow, an’ he’s come
 ‘“just to draw ye out a bit.” “To draw me out! what do you
 ‘“mean?” said I, thinking my adventure was taking a less humorous
 ‘turn. “Mean!” said the waiter, “why, to put the gloves on wid
 ‘“ye, to be sure, an’ he’s brought ‘em wid him just to give the boys
 ‘“a treat.” “Dear me,” said I, “it can’t be done. I—I—I
 ‘“haven’t time.” “Time!” said the waiter, “sure, ye’ll polish
 ‘“him off in ten minutes, and the ‘bus does not start for twenty.”

‘“Nonsense, waiter,” said I, “it can’t be done. Some other
 ‘time—say—in a fortnight I shall be here again, and then——”

‘“Tom, Tom,” said the waiter, “he’s been saying that if the
 ‘“champion has no better for-rm than ye showed at the winder
 ‘“he’ll make a fool of him in two twos. Tom, ye darlint, it will
 ‘“be the finest day Mallow ever saw if ye’ll take the concate out of

“him. He bate big Magrath in seven minutes, and broke
 “O'Rourke, the dealer's, jaw-bone the first blow he hot him,
 “an' he's the bully of the place, Tom; we want him bate, an' it's
 “but yerself can do it.”

“Really, waiter,” said I, “I can't do it to-day. I'll come again,
 “I will, indeed. Give him some punch—anything you like.”

“Ugh!” said the waiter, and left the room.

After an angry altercation outside, which sounded very near the
 door, in he bounced again with “O'Shaughnessy's in a foine
 “temper. He says ye're either above yer business or else ye're
 “not Tom Sayers at all, but a d—d imposther, an' he'll either put
 “the gloves on wid ye, or he'll fight ye for a long naggin.”

Feeling that matters were now serious, and the difficulty of my
 position striking me forcibly, I resolved to take high and unassail-
 able ground, and said, “Tell the landlord I am in his house, and
 “desire to be unmolested; I rely on his protection, and, if
 “necessary, he must send for the police.”

“The per-lice,” said the waiter, “the per-lice; and do I live to
 “hear the great Tom Sayers call for the perlice?”

“The fact is,” said I, “I cannot stop. What is to pay?”

“Faith, Tom, ye're soon sick o' Mallow,” said he. “Ye needn't
 “wait long—I'll bring yer bill; there's the 'bus comin' down the
 “street for ye, an' O'Shaughnessy himself waitin' to see ye off.”

I looked, and saw a broad-shouldered fellow, all power and
 activity; he was the centre of a knot of persons, among whom
 there seemed to be an animated discussion, the leader of the
 opposition being my friend from Killarney.

“Waiter,” said I, “the long and the short of it is, I've been
 “having my joke at the expense of the boys. I'm not Tom Sayers
 “at all.” “Not Tom Sayers at all?” he exclaimed. “Bedad, I
 “was thinkin' ye looked and acted but little like foightin'. It's
 “glad I am ye're not Tom Sayers, an' more so that Tom Sayers
 “isn't you, or he's not the man I take him to be. But, sir, ye're
 “a gentleman, I see, an' fond of yer joke. I'd be sorry if the
 “boys made it onpleasant t' ye goin' out, so ye'll keep it up. Yer
 “friends, the perlice, has come to look at the champion. Ye must
 “keep up appearances, an' nobody will touch ye.”

On reaching the hall door, I found a guard of the Irish con-
 stabulary, carbines and all. “Stand back, boys, stand back, and
 “don't crowd on the gentleman,” said the officers, as they made a
 lane through which I walked erect to my conveyance. “He's not
 “good on his pins,” said somebody, but I bowed gracefully, and
 stepped into the omnibus. The mob cheered as we drove away.
 The altercation was still going on, and I left O'Shaughnessy to
 settle the difference with my friend from Killarney.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

EACH successive year, the turf scribes delight to tell us, the Altcar coursing becomes more and more popular. And that this is true may be deduced from the fact of all the newspapers in town and country publishing the betting list as issued from Tattersall's upon that great event. Betting men are proverbially shy of investing their money on racehorses during the winter months, mindful how many favourites for the great racing events of the summer, notwithstanding their persistent 'bonneting' by the bookmakers, have cracked up and fallen to pieces before the eventful day of their trial. The Waterloo Cup therefore becomes, as a writer to a daily newspaper some time ago truthfully remarked, 'a great medium of 'speculation,' and the shuffling of the cards, in the shape of assertions that such and such greyhounds would represent different nominations, affords convenient opportunities for acting upon exclusive information with a view to profitable investment. Whether this state of things is advantageous to the interest of coursing as a gentlemanly sport, it is now quite idle to stop to consider. Betting on the Cup seems as necessary and essential as the very running itself. Many a coursing man condemns it in theory, but adopts it in practice, consoling himself under the philosophical and classical reflection,

'Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.'

Where there is coursing there must apparently be betting, and the peer and the peasant regard the plains of Altcar equally as a happy hunting, or rather coursing, ground. But the misfortune is that the latter class necessarily musters in more imposing and disgusting numbers than the former, and their appearance on the days gives the coursing a prodigiously coarse flavour, and tends considerably to dispel the illusion of its being a genuine sport.

Owing to accidents occurring, and dogs going amiss in several kennels, the betting on various well-known nominations fluctuated remarkably before the commencement of the new year, an event which was celebrated at Tattersall's by a single bet being made upon the nomination of Mr. Mould. Probably the bookmakers were mindful of their poorer brethren and former victims, for we know from proved experience, that if that class is *alieni appetens*, it is also ever and always *sui profusus*. Lord Lurgan was always formidable, but there was a sneaking affection for the redoubtable Peasant Boy, the game runner-up of last year, who Mr. Punchard wrote early to say would not run in his nomination, and that he had no sort of interest in the dog's chance. Inquiries as to whom the dog would represent failed to elucidate a satisfactory answer, and his performances since last year were kept a profound secret. When shall we have 'notes from training quarters' in coursing as well as in racing matters?

Mr. Hayward's Restless Peggy was reported to have gone to the bad, and his chance was therefore considered far from good, and Mr. Clark, having sold Amethyst to Mr. Salter a long time prior to the meeting, was, in consequence, thought to have something very extraordinary to select from. Dr. Richardson, too, notwithstanding his dog had suffered from an attack of jaundice, was thought dangerous, both from his possessing some of the King Death blood, and from being so good a judge of the powers requisite for success at Altcar. Lord Sefton himself was known to have a handsome team to select from, as were also Mr. Hyslop and Mr. Brocklebank, and there were some old greyhounds, whose owners were not nominators—Princess being among the number—considered well worth backing if it could be discovered for whom they would run.

Mr. Blackstock had early secured Central Fire, who divided with Lady Whitehead at Bridekirk, and Mr. Vans Agnew Royal Water, by Cauld Kail out of Rose Water, supposed to be one of the fleetest puppies of that popular greyhound sire. Mr. Salter, who, as I have said, purchased Amethyst from Mr. W. H. Clark, when that gentleman disposed of his draft at Aldridge's was thought to be highly dangerous, and Mr. Clark was considered to have made a great mistake in disposing of that good animal, though he obtained the high price of one hundred and thirty guineas for her at the sale in St. Martin's Lane. Matters continued in this state of uncertainty until the Altcar Club held its annual meeting in the second week of January, after which something like a line could be taken, and prophets and bookmakers commence their usual operations with a better chance of supplying the public with information, and of trading on its credulity. That event having come off, the prognostications took a more decided shape, but everybody still being afraid of the dreaded Peasant Boy, and Mr. Colman having lost Cacique—brother of the redoubtable Countryman so formidable a year or two ago—not much information that anybody could not help himself to was to be obtained through the infallible medium of prophecy. The Cashier and Chloe blood looked very terrible, and no prophet would have been eternally disgraced if he had given his inspiration that Mr. Lister was going to win the Cup. Then there was old Bed of Stone, running with all her accustomed fire, and negotiating the roughs to the admiration of all who witnessed her performance, and her defeat by Chameleon, and the final victory of Cræsus—not a bad name for a son of Cashier—in no wise affected her position on the betting list—that is to say, did not affect the position of Mr. Briggs's nomination. Chameleon looked like running through the Members' Cup until she was drawn, and as she was going off, it was considered she could not be got sufficiently fit by the Waterloo week. The victory of Cræsus brought Amethyst into increased favour, for it will be remembered that she defeated the King of Lydia at Newmarket. The Earl of Sefton's Scherzo was beaten by Blackburn, another of Mr. Briggs's greyhounds, a fact showing plainly enough how good is the form of that gentleman's kennel. Cremorne, too, who ran for

Mr. Cunningham, went down before the same fine animal. Mr. Blackstock continued at the head of the betting list notwithstanding these results, and this prominence of position was owing to the rumour that he had secured the services of Peasant Boy for his nomination. There were some curious instances of peculiar nomenclature as usual. George's Glory is peculiar, but being a son of Soapy Sam, the name may be excusable, but Got-the-Jumps, though a daughter of Restless Belle, is not only peculiar but also ridiculous. Mr. Briggs was much to be commiserated upon his ill-luck in having Bed of Stone defeated by an accident, and in the sad mishap that befell poor Blackburn.

We have grown accustomed of late years to some little unpleasantness in connection with the Waterloo Cup, which has not always been attributable to the weather. The conferring of the nomination of Sir Capel Molyneux—an Irish allotment—upon Mr. Dunn, an Englishman, aroused not unnaturally the wrath of the Irish coursers, and Lord Lurgan was not at all unnecessarily severe in expressing his dissatisfaction at this apparent slight upon the Irish division. Mr. Dunn had strong claims to any vacant nomination, but it was not plain how he could be adjudged any other than an English one, and at the meeting convened in Ireland for a consideration of the case, Colonel Goodlake hardly can be said to have succeeded in his laudable attempt to throw oil upon the troubled waters. It was wearing a very ugly aspect at first, beyond question, and the exemplification of the old proverb, 'England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity,' appeared about to be once again made manifest, and of a truth the opportunity of Ireland and the extremity of England (in extreme tenuity of reason for her line of conduct) were as palpable as on the occasion which gave rise to the trite proverb itself. This little unpleasantness was positively refreshing amid the dull monotony of the betting, and the fever of unrest to learn particulars concerning the redoubtable Peasant Boy.

The Lytham meeting held during the last week of January, was expected by its results to throw some additional light upon the chances of the cracks in the Great Waterloo Cup, and it must have been very unfortunate for sporting prophets that the weather should have prevented the celebration of the popular meeting of the Ridgway Club. Several Waterloo favourites were about to contend, and much keener speculation would have resulted in the case of their powers having been tested over that well-known ground. Mr. Assheton Smith, who is accredited with the ownership of Peasant Boy, and who, since Mr. Punchard's resignation of all and every interest in the dog's chances or proprietorship has been regarded as the real manager of his representation, caused some unpleasantness between Dr. Mouldy, Major Platt, and others. Mr. Assheton Smith might easily have secured a nomination in his own name, and there need not have been the slightest difficulty in the matter of knowing for whom Peasant Boy was to run, nor had Mr. Assheton Smith any need of professional or other assistance in the case; but

he has since stated that nobody could have been misled, as he had decided nothing about the dog. Mr. McHaffie, during the Ridgway week, assumed the pride of place from some wonderful accounts being put in circulation concerning the exploits of his representative, Wandering Willie; and it became known that Mr. Warwick had been appointed judge at the Waterloo meeting for the thirteenth time in succession, and that the severe shaking he had received by his awkward fall at Carnarvon would not prevent his fulfilling his usual engagement. Mr. Hedley was put forward and supported by the Scotch division, and James Kerss was elected slipper; but there is no doubt that dissatisfaction would have been caused, to some extent, had the choice of judge fallen on any other man than Mr. Warwick, for the peculiarity of the ground requires an experienced man to act in the judicial capacity.

Some correspondence passed between the Earl of Sefton and Lord Lurgan about Sir Capel Molyneux's nomination, and this has ended in the happiest possible manner; a circumstance not very wonderful, but rather natural, when two gentlemen are deputed to adjust differences in sporting matters. In future, the Earl of Sefton has promised the interest of the Irish courses shall be more carefully attended to, and the co-operation and continuance on the Committee being requested of Lord Lurgan, that nobleman has consented to discharge his accustomed duties, and to forget the past in the prospect of amendment for the future. It was not until the last week before the running that anything like a list of probable starters could be given, and this not without more than the customary amount of difficulty.

The draw took place, as usual, at the Adelphi, and not fewer than two hundred guests sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Mr. Ludlow, and presided over by the Earl of Haddington. Draw dinners for the Waterloo Cup are not remarkable for much aristocratic behaviour, and it may be observed, that this one does not present any new features to distinguish it from its predecessors in that particular. The loyal and complimentary toasts were given, and responded to, with all the customary enthusiasm; and the amount of betting when the card was read over was even greater than on any former occasion. The weather throughout the entire meeting was exceptionally fine, minus a slight fog in the morning. Punctuality and good order—thanks to the Earl of Sefton and the Field Stewards—may be said to have been generally characteristic of the meeting; and though many good things did not come off, the good temper of the crowd did not give way until late in the stake.

Bed of Stone disappointed her friends sadly, for she ran very weak even in her first course with Lifeboat, and her defeat was a thing assured; while the terrible Peasant Boy won all his courses and pleased his backers immensely. Amethyst, too, though not running for Mr. Salter, but performing under Mr. Deighton's nomination, did not disgrace the high character she had acquired. The number of undecideds made the first day's coursing an unusually long one, and

the tremendous gruelling undergone by Chameleon and Gone was most distressing to all beholders. Although many thought that Gone had won the second undecided, there cannot be much doubt that Chameleon was the most unfortunate animal in the stake, and it was quite clear that her defeat next morning was a certainty. Lord Lurgan, Mr. McHaffie, and Mr. Briggs—three hot favourites—were disposed of thus early, and the hopes of the Peasant Boy fraternity, and of the backers of Lord Sefton, were greatly raised in consequence. The decisions of Mr. Warwick did not always meet with approval; and on Thursday, in the course between Cymbal and the crack, it was pretty generally considered that the former did enough to gain the first; but it must be admitted that in the second trial there was no doubt that Peasant Boy won decisively. Chameleon, after her hard work on the previous day, though making a good fight of it, could not avert defeat by the fleet Muriel; and Cræsus, the much-fancied representative of Mr. T. T. C. Lister, and boasting the fashionable blood of Cashier and Chloe, was beaten by the same greyhound. Magenta led and well beat Satire, though the latter wound up the course with a meritorious kill.

In the fourth ties Madeleine, who ran for Mr. Reed, was unsighted from the slips, but Peasant Boy made an example of her when they got upon terms, and hardly allowed her to score a point. Muriel ran an undecided with Magenta, but it was the general opinion that the former won handsomely. On the second trial there was not much doubt about the matter, for Muriel took a decided leap, and had done all the work before Magenta had a chance of securing. This was the only undecided Muriel had in the stake, and her chance of ultimately winning might have been seriously jeopardised against the luck which attended Peasant Boy. Much dissatisfaction was created by the decision that the first trial of Muriel and Magenta was not well won by the former: for she had shown pace, wrenched two or three times, and finished up with a fine kill. What more was necessary to gain the decision of the judge it is difficult to perceive, and it is clear that very few persons who witnessed the course were able to understand why Mr. Warwick took off the cup. But 'all's well that ends well;' and nobody, after all, can doubt that the judgment was honest; and we must allow some latitude to a man who has to ride a course, if he differs in opinion from us who watch the performance comfortably from an embankment.

The reporters of the coursing meeting at Waterloo this year are right in saying that it has been about the most sensational ever seen upon the familiar plains of Altcar. The third win of Master McGrath will not be soon forgotten, and the excitement on that memorable occasion was thought to be as near perfection in that line as possible; but the deciding course between Muriel and Peasant Boy this year called forth an outburst of enthusiasm, or whatever other name may be given to the feverish ebullition of excited Liverpoolian betting men, which far surpasses anything of the kind ever seen before. To seize the bridle of the judge's horse, and to hold

him by the legs before learning his decision, is a proceeding hardly to be heard or read of at any other coursing meeting; but it is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that Peasant Boy had been made such a tremendous favourite among those gentlemen who back racehorses and greyhounds.

The winner, Muriel, by Fusilier out of Portia, is the property of that well-known sportsman, Mr. Robert Jardine, a gentleman who won the Derby with Pretender a year or two ago. That Muriel was the best animal in the stake there is not much reason to doubt, and that she should have started such an outsider must be a mystery to all but those who are admitted to the green-room of coursing theatricals. This greyhound divided the Castlemilk Stakes at the Corrie Meeting when she defeated Cockatoo, Redcoat, and Bookworm. At the meeting of the Altcar Club in January she defeated Mr. Lister's Cripple in the Members' Cup, but herself suffered defeat by Mr. Briggs's Blackburn after three undecideds; or, more correctly, Blackburn was allowed to go on, Mr. Warwick being unable to say which was the better.

Little now remains to be said concerning this most exciting of all Waterloo Cups, except to endeavour to describe the final course. Deciding courses at Waterloo are proverbially unsatisfactory. The crowd grow so excited and unruly as their last chance draws nigh that, frequently, judge, slipper, greyhounds, and hare are hustled and mobbed out of all semblance of fair play. It cannot be said that this year's finish formed a brilliant exception to the general rule, for it was a terrible scramble at the end when the mob broke in and drove the hare into a ditch; but it was better than some others that could be mentioned, for Muriel certainly had well won up to this 'phase.' She showed in front immediately on leaving the slips, and was well in advance after going about a hundred yards or so, when the hare bending towards him very favourably let in Peasant Boy, who however failed to retain his advantage, and Muriel raced past him on the outside. Then the hare being brought round to Peasant Boy—Muriel having meanwhile made two more points—the dog did some good work, though Muriel was ever the fleetest, and then the crowd broke in, and a fine Waterloo finish was the result, the hare getting into the ditch. This was one of the most 'sensational' of Waterloo Cups, but no doubt the best greyhound won, and Mr. Jardine well deserves success. Blackburn having broken his leg at the Altcar Meeting could not represent Mr. Briggs, but if he had it is far from impossible that Muriel might have been defeated.

SIRIUS.

THE DOG-BREAKER.

HE is out of date now, in these days of battues and grouse-driving; but in our younger days, when men were content to shoot for sport, not slaughter, and 'smell dogs' was as yet an unknown term of reproach, when men liked to see their pointers or setters quarter their ground, stand and back, down charge, and retrieve their game in workmanlike manner, when ordered to do so, the dog-breaker had a local habitation and a name in the land. Sportsmen then kept their dogs for work, not show, and really shot to them instead of sending them to run for sweepstakes, under the care of men who do not even know how to work dogs so as to give them the wind on entering a field, and under the eye of judges whose chief aim and object is to see how they carried their sterns, rather than the way in which their work was done. Then a dog was a man's companion and friend, whom he would no more have trusted to the tender mercies of the manager of a dog-show speculation, for two or three days at a time, than he would one of his own children. In those days flourished the original of the present sketch, a tall, finely-grown old man, though his hair was silvered, and threescore years or more had left their furrows on his face; yet he could stride away across fallow and turnips with his charges, and his long, wiry frame, all steel and whipcord, seemed to set age and fatigue at defiance. John V——, for such was his name, was a bit of a local celebrity, and if he never rivalled the fame or the emoluments of Old Potts, the Cheshire watchmaker, who broke dogs at ten pounds a piece, he certainly earned enough by his skill to keep the wolf from the door, and enable him to indulge in his ruling passion for dogs and sport. Jack was not only a dog-breaker, but a dog-breeder and dealer; and before professional men, and those who ought to rank as gentlemen, had taken to breeding, breaking and dealing, to such as he, men in want of a dog, who had not interest enough to get one from any of the crack kennels, were wont to resort. It is just a chance if they were not also better used at about a third of the expense than by the *gentlemen* dealers of the present day. It is universally allowed, that there is no such dangerous customer anywhere as your gentleman horse-dealer, and that you had better any day trust yourself soul, body, and purse in the hands of a regular professional. Then what must it be when they descend to dog-dealing? To return to our subject, however, Jack generally had a really well-bred, good-looking pointer or setter bitch about his place—often both—and was seldom without a brace or two of young dogs for sale. I never heard that he went to any great trouble or expense concerning sires, and it was shrewdly suspected that, when he had a better-bred dog than common put into his hands for tuition, he made little scruple about using him. Well, if he did, there was no great harm done; for, according to the old saying, 'What the eye does not see, the heart does not rue,' and the dogs

were in all probability never the worse, and their owners never the wiser. We have said that Jack was something of a celebrity in his own neighbourhood, and well he might be, for few had been through more adventures. He came of a regular sporting family—originally, I believe, woodmen (that is, of a class just a shade above labourers, who buy a few acres of copse-wood, and work it up for sale on their own account). One and all, however, of the family displayed a much greater aptitude for sport than hard work; some went into racing stables, where one at least rose to a place of trust, and finally retired to a comfortable country inn. But Jack's love was the gun, from a boy an old firelock was his bosom friend and companion; and with such tastes we need hardly state that John was soon in disgrace with the heads of his parish. In plain terms, he took to poaching. Not to the regular marauding blood and thunder style of business, going out in a gang armed with bludgeons, stripping whole preserves in a night, and beating or murdering indiscriminately all who should venture opposition. Jack's poaching was not of this class; it was done more through real love of sport than anything else, and if occasionally a few hares or pheasants found their way to the poulterers' shops, we must remember that John was a universal favourite with the fair sex; and such a position leads a man into sundry little expenses in the way of acquittals, for favours received, that the less honoured scarcely wot of.

A few of John's exploits and escapes, when in search of the *fruit défendu*, may not be uninteresting to our readers. As we have before remarked, he was a strong, vigorous, athletic fellow, and a notorious runner, so much so, that a keeper on a neighbouring manor, also celebrated for his speed of foot, became jealous of his reputation, and anxious to try conclusions with him. The opportunity was not long wanting; for, shortly after the wish was expressed, Jack was seen walking quietly with his gun over the manor, and blazing away as if the property was all his own. Velveten was on the watch, and quickly in pursuit; while Jack, with one eye over his shoulder, like a coursed hare, made play across country at a rare pace, notwithstanding that he was handicapped with his gun, and a hare in each of his coat pockets. Hedges, ditches, and rails were taken in his stride with an ease that would have astonished any one unacquainted with his powers. In vain the keeper put on a spurt and strained every nerve to come up with him, it was all no use; there was the chase still going ahead, never allowing the distance to decrease, and apparently making no extra exertion. At length he (the keeper) lost his temper at seeing himself fairly outrun in such an easy fashion, and giving up all hope of catching John himself, yet determined that he should not escape, set at him a large dog, which had so far kept to heel. This was too much; a pair of legs could not compete with four, and the victory seemed already in the grasp of the keeper, as the huge watchdog neared his prey, who never for one moment slackened speed.

What did the subject of our sketch do in this trying emergency? Stop and shoot the dog first, and the keeper afterwards, as ninety-

nine poachers in a hundred would have done? Not he, his heart was too big for any such cowardly trick as that, and secure in his knowledge of the animal and its habits, he suffered the dog nearly to reach him, and then taking off his hat, cheered him forward, as a huntsman caps his pack on a scent. The *ruse* succeeded, the dog, thinking that he also was on the side of the pursuers, rushed past him, and then stared wildly round, asking, as well as he was able, who was to be hunted next. In vain his master whistled him back, to set him once more on his flying foe. It was no use; and finally outrun, and out-generalled, he pulled up exhausted, and relinquished the chase, to endure such a dose of chaff that he was fain to throw up his situation and go into a strange country.

On another occasion, Jack was in the act of shooting over the land of a farmer, some few miles distant from his home, when who should appear, almost within hail, but the owner himself, mounted on his strong cob. No use to try the open now, for the cob would sooner or later have out-paced him, however well he might run, but he was equal to the occasion. A long line of coverts was near, stretching nearly to his home, and for these he at once made, where, putting down his head, he went through the high wood (which he had acquired the knack of doing from long practice) like a deer. This manœuvre completely disconcerted the cavalry, and the farmer, who had thought himself safe to swoop down on his prey, like a falcon on a pigeon, scoured the ridings and shooting racks in vain, till at last he bethought him of going straight to the earth at once, like a whip who knows his fox is making for a main head where the earth stopper has not been. But he had dallied too long, for such good use had Jack made of his time that he was not only home, but clean shaved and dressed in his best suit of clothes, to receive his visitor. Up came the farmer, hot foot to the door, and, dismounting, began his accusation at once. John patiently heard him to an end, and then asked if he was sure he was not mistaken? 'No, he was the man, and he could swear to him.' Was that the clothes he wore? This was a poser. Then Jack in the blandest manner assured him that he was wrong in his suspicions, for that he was just returned from the market town; here was the weekly paper, which he had bought, if Mr. — liked to step in and look at it. Baffled, but unconvinced, the farmer surlily declined this courteous offer, and went away vowing to have him next time. But the next time never came. Jack, however, was once taken unawares; when shooting in a covert, he looked round just after he had discharged his gun, and saw the proprietor at his elbow. 'You are my prisoner Jack.' 'I am, sir; here is my gun, and here are a brace of pheasants I have killed, search me if you like, there is nothing more.' Thus showing that he by no means lost his presence of mind even when caught *flagrante delicto*, and was determined to make the best of his situation. In fact, John could use his tongue as well as his legs, and had, perhaps, as sound a knowledge of men as he had of dogs; so that the affair ended by his captor, who, though a good sportsman, was by no means a rabid preserver, finally

handing back the gun and bidding him to go and sin no more. So much for the youthful exploits of our dog-breaker. But there were those who, having watched his career, felt that there were better things in him, if he only had the chance to bring them out, and a keeper's situation was procured for him in one of our wildest and most sporting countries. Here he remained for years, until the death of his master once more threw him on the world, and he returned to his native village, with a little money, and a most extensive stock of knowledge in all that appertains to the breeding, rearing, and breaking of shooting dogs. It was then that we knew him, and many a long day have we spent tramping over fallow and wheat, watching how he would make his liver-and-white pointers or black-and-tan setters quarter their ground, or stand, back, and drop. It was under his tuition that we learned to wait patiently when the covey rose, and, instead of sapping into the middle of them, pick out a bird and drop him. His first lecture on the subject was in this wise: 'Shut an eye be hanged! I'd open half a dozen 'more, if I had them. Single a bird, stare hard at him, and pull 'away, you're sure to kill. Never mind the gun, that will take care 'of itself—you look at the bird.' And we soon reduced his theory to pretty fair practice. Then how quietly and carefully he made his charge draw on the dead bird, and stand until he lifted it, close before its nose. Many is the dodge he has put us up to, as to getting a shot when birds were wild and would not lay, and many is the bird we have seen him drop, clean as a smelt, and dead as a door-nail, from his own heavy double, for at one time he had a certificate, and shot for some few small farmers who did not care to trust themselves with firearms. What an eye he had also for hare finding! One day, walking across a piece of down, he said, 'There's a hare in that clump of furze, there is her creep, see if you 'can kill her;' and the next instant giving the gorse, which was about a yard and a half square, a kick, out went puss like an arrow, and, to our satisfaction, rolled neatly over to the first barrel. Then how well he knew where to put his hand on a badger, if we wanted to try a new terrier, and what fun it was hunting them! By the way, he knew a terrier about as well as any man going, and many a good one has he given away, for he did not condescend to sell such small deer as terriers were in these days, before a little white toy, with a long black and tan head, was as valuable as a moderate hunter. But alas! Jack's sport is over, and no doubt ere this he knows whether in the 'happy hunting grounds' our faithful companions of this life, as the Indians and Clericus suppose, accompany us still.—'Peace to his manes.' It may be said that I have written this sketch of a rascal and a poacher. In a certain sense it is true; but, at the same time, a keener sportsman, or one who had a better knowledge of the habits of game, and the best way to get at them under difficulties, never lived. And, as regards dogs, if ever a man could speak *ex cathedra*, he was the man.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE TEDWORTH.

‘IN the Tedworth,’ said our friend, ‘I have to tell you of a country which, in all probability, save for the fact of its having been hunted by Mr. Assheton Smith, would never have been known to fame; indeed, until he took it in hand, although the greater part had been hunted at odd times and seasons by different packs, it was no settled country, as at present. The Craven, for instance, drew the Southgrove side, and the New Forest made occasional excursions into the Titherley and Clarendon districts, now hunted by Lord Radnor; and I believe (but am not certain on the point) that this part formerly belonged to them. Mr. Powlett Powlett also had in former days some of the Stockbridge side of the country; and Sir John Mill, during his brief career as an M.F.H., drew Speery Well and the adjoining coverts, all of which Mr. Assheton Smith afterwards hunted. When he first came to Penton Lodge, and got some odds and ends together from various kennels, of course his country was nothing so extensive as it afterwards became; and we may really date his Hampshire fame as a master of foxhounds from his father’s death, who, by-the-way, although a hunting man and fine rider, was one of his most bitter opponents when he first tried to establish the Tedworth country. This occurred in 1828, but it was not until 1830 that he removed to Tedworth, as the alterations and improvements were not complete until that time. In 1827 he bought a pack of hounds of Sir Richard Sutton, who at the same time sent him Rob Roy as a present, a good horse, but a tremendous puller. He built new kennels in the park at Tedworth, but had to remove them once at least on account of kennel lameness; and although they are very serviceable, useful kennels, they are not so complete as many of the more modern structures. His first servants were Dick Burton, David Edwards, and Morris Hills. Once settled at Tedworth, he soon began to make an alteration in the country, and the immense tracts of woodland, such as Collingbourne, Doles Wood, Doyly, and others, heard the woodman’s axe to some purpose, and were so intersected with good broad ridings that Mr. Smith had no difficulty in getting to his hounds, and teaching the foxes that they must fly. The same pains, however, were not taken with the coverts on the southern side of the country, which is deep and boggy, besides being fenced with rough blind banks and ditches. This part Mr. Smith never visited himself but once; and Carter, when he became huntsman, used to have a weary time of it here and in Wherwell Wood on Wednesdays and Saturdays with the young hounds, and a few of the old slow ones to keep them right; and the old man at last became so disgusted, that he said that not only had he passed time enough in Wherwell Wood to entitle him to a settlement in the

‘ parish, but that he would as soon visit Hades itself as go there.
‘ Yet the policy was a wise one, as, after the covert was given up
‘ and not hunted, I have heard that fifty brace of foxes have been
‘ killed in it during the year, of course greatly to the detriment of
‘ the surrounding country.

‘ There is no part of the Tedworth country that holds so good a scent
‘ as the Pewsey Vale, which is exceedingly heavy, and in places rather
‘ stiff; and Mr. Assheton Smith perhaps was more fond of South-
‘ grove than any meet in his hunt, which, although he called upon it
‘ most unreasonably, seldom failed to yield him a fox. He was,
‘ however, also fond of those short, sharp scurries across Salisbury
‘ Plain, where his dog hounds, which were very large, and looked
‘ more like lions than foxhounds, gave the fox very little chance;
‘ and I once remember seeing a fine old dog-fox fairly raced into
‘ and killed in five minutes. Sidbury Hill, just at the back of Ted-
‘ worth House, was a great nursery for foxes, but a horrid place
‘ to get away from. Carpenter’s osier-bed at Lake is another sure
‘ find, though but a small place, and is nearly certain to give you a
‘ gallop across the plain to Virgo. I have known two brace and
‘ a half found in it on the same day. I must not forget, either, Sir
‘ Edmund Antrobus’s place at Amesbury, where foxes and pheasants
‘ live most harmoniously together, and the drawing of which is, per-
‘ haps, as pretty a sight as can be seen. The principal coverts
‘ on the plain are the osier-beds in the valleys by which it is inter-
‘ sected, though of course there are some gorses and plantations;
‘ and for those who are fond of pace these scurries are jolly enough,
‘ for the old grass generally holds a scent, though the greater por-
‘ tion of the Tedworth country does not; and once when Mr. Smith
‘ said to a friend, who heard with astonishment of his intention
‘ to leave Leicestershire and settle in Hampshire, “I’ll turn it
‘ “into a fox-hunting country,” the answer was, “You may,
‘ “but you can’t turn it into a scenting one.” The condition of
‘ the country, when he first came to Tedworth, makes it almost
‘ incomprehensible how he could have remained in it six months,
‘ with his means and nerve to go in so much better a country. I
‘ am at a loss to conceive why he did not take one which ranks
‘ higher in sporting estimation; for in the Tedworth he had little
‘ opportunity of indulging in that bold style of riding, for which he
‘ was so famed in Leicestershire. The upper, or northern portion,
‘ is hilly, full of flints and woods; yet, nevertheless, he had some
‘ capital runs over it, and named one of his horses Ham Ashley,
‘ from having first ridden him in a fine run from that covert. This
‘ horse was given to Mr. John Rowden at his death. He was fond
‘ of Collingbourne Woods, and, after rattling them about for an
‘ hour or two, would often catch hold of his hounds, and swing
‘ them round the corner nearest Chute Lodge; for he said if there
‘ was a good fox there, he was nearly sure to break in that direc-
‘ tion; and by this means he obtained some capital runs. Besides
‘ the men I have before named, he had Tom Day and Charlton,

‘ who had been with Mr. Long’s harriers at Rood Ashton, under
‘ him. Carter came when he bought the Duke of Grafton’s
‘ hounds in 1842. And old Jem Treadwell used to say the finest
‘ thing he ever saw in hunting was when Carter divided his pack
‘ to draw both sides of the Amesbury Valley at once—not a
‘ hound would attempt to cross to the other party. Cowley was
‘ head whip; but Jack Fricker, who was a great favourite with
‘ the Squire, soon worked up from riding second horse to that
‘ situation; and Will Brice, who came from Danebury, played
‘ second to him. The Squire never had any hound in his own
‘ pack that was at all given to riot, nor ever took out any during
‘ their first season. Thus it is to be accounted for that they showed
‘ such good sport, as every hound in the field was able to do his proper
‘ share of the work. Briggs was his stud-groom during the early
‘ days at Tedworth, whose son is now with Mr. Heneage of Hainton
‘ in Lincolnshire. Joseph Lees, who succeeded him, held the
‘ place for twenty-six years, and died at Ludgershall in September,
‘ 1851. The Squire was not very even tempered with his men,
‘ and once took Lees by his coat-collar and kicked him half way
‘ round the stables, because he fomented a horse that was lame
‘ with warm water instead of cold, his partiality for which remedy
‘ is well known. On another occasion he struck a helper, when
‘ the latter returned the blow; so they went into the passage
‘ behind the boxes, and had a round or two; and the Squire, so far
‘ from being offended with the lad, applauded him for having the
‘ courage to turn on him, and gave him a sovereign. With his
‘ field he was very rough at times, and one day said to a boy, who
‘ was mounted on a thoroughbred a good deal above his weight,
‘ and altogether too much for him, so that he was in danger of
‘ passing the Squire going down a hill, “Hold hard, will you;
‘ “hold hard.” The boy said, “I can’t hold my horse, sir.”
‘ “Then, — your eyes, ride the other way,” rejoined the Squire.
‘ But perhaps his answer to an officious tenant was the best of all
‘ the many things told of him. He was going to covert on his
‘ hack, when a very hasty shower forced him to take shelter under
‘ a cart-shed in no amiable mood; the farmer, his own tenant, seeing
‘ him there, asked him if he would dismount and go indoors, and
‘ an emphatic “No!” was the answer. This would have been
‘ enough for most who knew the man; but the farmer, still trying
‘ to do the agreeable, took a survey of the weather, and sagely
‘ remarked, “It comes down now!” “Didn’t expect it to go up,
‘ “you fool, did you?” was the curt reply.

‘ Of his horses, Jack O’Lantern, the big grey, and Ayston, that
‘ he brought from Leicestershire, you will have heard of to satiety;
‘ but it is not generally known that, although he was invariably kind
‘ to animals, Ayston, his favourite and best horse, had such an
‘ inveterate dislike to him, that it took two men, and pretty good
‘ men too, to hold him while the Squire mounted, or he would have
‘ savaged him; and he would continue to come open-mouthed at the

' bars of his box if Mr. Smith stood near it ; at which harmless exhibition of temper the old gentleman used to laugh heartily. It is also, I think, not generally known that Screwdriver obtained his name through falling at a drop into a deep lane, and breaking both his knees. Ham Ashley, Netheravon, Paul Potter, and Blemish, were some of his latest horses ; and there were few better ones in the stable than Black Diamond, Raglan, or Grey Marlborough, who were kept for Jack Fricker's especial riding, as I have heard it said that the Squire's only trouble was that he could not buy horses quite good enough for Jack. Grey Marlborough, as magnificent a horse as man ever sat across, was perfection in a vale, or deep, cramped country, but would run away with any man breathing if he got on the hills or the plain. Jack told me he could never account for this except that he was frightened by the clatter of the other horses round him. One thing is certain, he was not troubled in that way in the deep country, for Jack never had much company there when hounds went.

' Carter had a different class of horse, though some of them cost a long figure, notably Brunette, for whom over 300*l.* was paid, and a right good mare she was. I remember once seeing the old man, when his nerve was not quite so good as it had been, get into a curious mess through trying to lead her over a fence. It was a high bank, very hairy, with a deep but not wide ditch on the landing side. Carter, who could trust Brunette anywhere, left her to her own resources, and poised himself on the bank for a spring across the ditch, when, just as he made his effort, his spur caught either in a root or strong bramble, which held it fast, and the consequence was he came with his head in the ditch, and there hung, heels uppermost, until he was released. He also rode a couple of queer-coloured horses, brothers, bought on Mr. Smith's Vaenol estate in Wales, that looked more like gracing Sanger's circus than a hunting-stable. They were, however, useful slaves, both of them remarkably fast trotters and desperate kickers. Old Jim Crow, the uglier of the two, worked on with Carter until he had not a leg to stand on, and could hardly raise a gallop ; but what became of Rainbow after Mr. Smith's death I never heard. Latterly his horses were all old and stale ; and the one weakness in his management (an amiable one, certainly) was his dislike to give up old favourites, so that horses were kept on after they were really almost worthless. Mr. Smith had as great a dislike to any one's going before him in Hampshire as he had in Leicestershire, and especially hated, when in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, that his hounds should be joined by men who came out for a half-guinea ride.

' One day four of them were present, and he heard them say that they would follow the Squire all day.. He looked out for a litchet, or deep, shelving drop, and reining in his steady old hunter, down he went, and trotted on ; but, looking back, he saw only three of the party down, when he exclaimed piteously, " Oh dear me ! only three down ! "

'Tedworth House was usually pretty full of visitors during the hunting season, when Mr. Assheton Smith, who was most particular in his attire, always dined in scarlet; and there was no one more welcome there than his old friend Sir Richard Sutton, and his son Henry, who married Mr. Smith's niece, Miss Heneage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sutton were capital riders. Almost the last time Sir Richard ever visited Tedworth, the horse he was riding hit some timber hard, and nearly threw him over his head, when great was the chaff he had to endure from his host and friend. Another frequent visitor was Lord George Bentinck, whose hunters were taken charge of at Stockbridge by the then young John Day; and great was the disgust of the latter, one day near Cholderton, who, from knowing the country, piloted him into a pasture as a short cut, to see him charge and clear a new single rail, nearly high enough for his horse to have walked under, which John, of course, was in honour bound to have also, and thanked his stars that he ever got over. His Lordship was riding Wintonian, only just out of training, and who had never seen a fence in his life before, and, some half an hour later, knocked down a panel or two of Wilbury Park palings, at which Lord George had a shy. The Duke of Wellington, also, was a frequent visitor at Tedworth, and a great admirer of Mr. Smith's sterling character. The Rev. Francis Dyson, rector of Tedworth, was always also a welcome guest.

'Of the resident gentlemen who hunted with these hounds (regular members there were none, seeing that Mr. Smith hunted the country in a most princely way, entirely at his own expense), I must first mention the Marquis of Ailesbury, who was a very good rider in his best day, and, some ten or twelve years ago, had an old chestnut horse who, though he threw his legs about in the most extraordinary manner, and went more like a rocking-horse than a hunter, could "go on" through dirt until he made everything lie down, and seemed to have no end to him. The Marquis was also well known on the turf, having years ago, when he trained with the Dillys at Littleton, and Dockeray at Epsom, in conjunction with Messrs. Payne and Greville, owned Knight of the Shire, who won the Cambridgeshire, and Bribery, who ought to have won the Oaks, and who laid the foundation of a first-class, though perhaps somewhat unsound family of racehorses, in her cross with Stockwell.

'The Hon. H. Pierrepont of Conholt Park, father of Lady Charles Wellesley, was always remarkable for the extreme neatness of his appointments. His son-in-law, Lord Charles, was very fond of hunting, and even when blind would ride to the meets, to do the coffee-house business, and then return home, led by a servant with a long rein, on another horse. The same old servant also acted as mentor to his sons as soon as they were old enough to ride; and one of our latest Tedworth recollections is watching the poor old fellow's perturbation when both of them had jumped a

' new-made wattle on a bank, with a rather deep drop on the land-
' ing side, and the hesitation where duty said follow them, and in-
' clination (he was a welter), go round. How it ended we know
' not, as as we left him something in the same state as Mahomet's
' coffin, quite undecided.

' Another good man and true was Sir John Pollen of Redenham—
' not a hard rider, but he always had a fox for them; and those who
' were fond of a bit of jumping delighted to get away across the
' pasture, fences, and timber of Appleshaw to Penton Lodge or
' Ramridge, which, though something under half a mile, gave the
' "customers" a chance of trying their nags at fences that a Mel-
' tonian need not have looked at with scorn. Sir John was always
' well mounted on pretty, showy horses. Then there was Sir
' Edward Poore, at one time living at Knighton Farm, near Dur-
' rington; and few finer sportsmen ever went into a field than the
' Rev. Wadham Knatchbull, of Cholderton—very neat in his dress,
' but always wearing the longest and stiffest of white chokers—who
' never missed a day, whether the hounds were in the deep country
' or the open. He rode an old white horse for nearly a lifetime,
' and of late years has come out on a very beautiful dark chestnut,
' handsome enough to win at a Yorkshire show; and had a bay who
' was almost the counterpart of him, but with a little less quality.
' His sons rode well, Wadham especially, who had a little chestnut
' stallion; the rest soon went into the army, and, save when on leave,
' left the Tedworth country, and Wadham is now in another hunt.

' Mr. John Astley of Manningford, a cousin of Sir Francis, was
' considered a very fine horseman, and rode on the flat as well as
' across country. Colonel Wroughton and his brother-in-law, Ad-
' miral James Montagu, both very good sportsmen, lived in the
' Pewsey Vale; Lords Frederick and William Paulett of Ampport;
' Sir Francis Astley of Everleigh; Hon. Sydney Herbert of Wilton,
' a staunch supporter of hunting; Mr. Frederick Raikes of Nether-
' avon, a good sportsman, who used to hunt a beautiful little pack
' of harriers, and his brother, Mr. Charles Raikes.

' Mr. George Everett of Clanville, who has now the good fortune
' to reside at Hothorp, near Market Harborough, in the finest part
' of the country, where his coverts are drawn almost once a week
' by the Pytchley, and Mr. Tailby, and have hitherto never failed to
' find them a fox. His old grey was going up to last season, and
' seemed to enjoy the big pastures as much as his master; as also
' does a very clever black that he brought out of Hampshire. Once
' a friend, seeing the latter stretch out over a ditch on the far side,
' remarked, "Ah! that's an old stager in the country"—much to
' Mr. Everett's amusement, who had just got him; but the black
' had not forgotten his Pewsey Vale experiences under Mr. H. Baily.
' Mr. Wm. Everett, his brother, who lived at Abbotswood, near
' Romsey, met them occasionally (W. Everett also once lived at
' Andover, and hunted from thence with the Tedworth, and also
' when staying with his father at Biddesden House).

‘ Mr. George Moore of Durrington, a good sportsman and rider, who for many years rode a fine blood-like bay horse, Mr. Ralph Etwall, M.P., of Andover, a great coursing man, who managed Lord Portsmouth’s racing stud when it was first removed from Danebury; and his brother, William Etwall of Longstock Down, a welter-weight, who liked to go the pace, and rode a famous old chestnut horse by Beagle, a son of Thistlewhipper, which he bred; and was to be seen still, on a Thursday, in the H.H. woodlands, on a chestnut of the same blood a year or two ago. He bred Andover, Anton, Antinous, and several other good horses at Longstock, by Bay Middleton out of his Defence mares, of which *Ægis* was perhaps the best in her racing days, and won him several good stakes. Mr. Sayers of Ramridge, who rode well, and Mr. R. A. Routh of Ampport. Mr. Frederick Fowle generally rode a blue-roan pony, was great fun, and afterwards hunted long distances on foot. His brother, the Rev. Henry Fowle of Chute Lodge, as kind and good-hearted a man as ever lived, a first-rate classical scholar, and so witty and amusing that he was the life and soul of the coffee shop, as well as one of the finest riders in the field; so that an old friend said, “It was a treat to ride home with him, he relates such amusing stories.” He was a capital sportsman, and great friend of Mr. Smith’s. Then there was the Baron de Langen, a Prussian, a very agreeable and gentlemanly man, who had married an English lady. He used to hunt in the Shires; but his only son was killed before his eyes by a fall from a pony; and he left that part of the country and took a house at Andover, where he lived some time, but finally went back to Prussia, and took his stud-groom, William Berks, with him; but the latter did not like the country, and soon returned to England, where he had the care of Mr. Bidgood’s horses for some years. The Baron, though fond of thoroughbreds, would not buy a horse that had been in a racing stable.

‘ That kind and good old sportsman, Sir Edmund Antrobus of Amesbury, was a great supporter of sport in all its branches, and, though not a greyhound man himself, liberally preserved hares for the Amesbury meetings; and after each, loads of them were sent up to the London hospitals. What a contrast was this real old English gentleman to some of the mushroom game dealers of the present day, some of whom, I have heard, actually chop their game for fish! His blue coat and brass buttons, and his happy, cheerful face, will long be remembered, in London and the country, by all who knew him. Had the “Hunt Servants’ Benefit Society” been founded in his lifetime, I feel sure he would have been a stout supporter of it, for he was the most kind-hearted, liberal man I ever knew. The hounds never drew his osier-bed blank. Then we had his son, the present Baronet, who, although a regular welter, went like a big bird, and once dropped into the deepest lane, near Dunbridge station, I ever saw negotiated, when several lighter men—and good men, too—refused to have anything to do with it. I never, in a long

‘ experience in that country, saw him at the meet, and, I believe, never in scarlet, and certainly never without a cigar in his mouth. His younger brother, Lindsay, was also a good man; and their brother-in-law, Mr. Gordon, was a pretty regular attendant; while no one with half-an-eye for beautiful faces can fail to remember Miss Gordon, who hunted from Amesbury one season, and rode a very clever and handsome bay pony.

‘ When the late Rev. Sir George Shiffner was rector of Ampport, his soldier sons rode well with the Tedworth when home on leave. Mr. Best, the elder, of Red Rice, has for many years done coffee-house, and trotted about with his fat servant, Joseph, at his bridle-ends, like a young lady. But Joseph has gone to other hunting-grounds. Mr. Best at one time had a pack of beagles, and owned two very fine chestnut horses, for one of which (Joseph’s mount) a large sum was offered on behalf of the Duke of Beaufort. Mr. Best was also a great farmer. He still hunts; but last time I saw him out, had come down to a stout cob and a mufti. Mr. Best’s son hunted at one time; but, unfortunately, he put his shoulder out, which gave him great trouble, and he has now subsided into shooting and fishing-boots. Mr. Coke, commonly called “Billy Coke,” of Leicestershire renown, lived for a time at Figheldean, near Amesbury, and rode very fine, well-bred horses. There was also an Andover Brigade; and perhaps the most noted was General Shubrick, then a very wealthy and fine old gentleman, who owned fourteen thoroughbred horses, and always had four out, all with martingales on, and only rode one of them, one groom on each side of him, and one behind; he would also gallop about the country in the same order of battle on non-hunting days. Once a fortnight he gave a grand dinner to fourteen or sixteen persons, having everything, of the most expensive character, sent from London; and then he sat solemnly at the head of the table, and scarcely said a word. A bottle of champagne, decanted, was placed between every two persons. Amongst the regular guests were Mr. Iremonger, Alderman Cubitt, Mr. Best, Mr. Henry Fowle, and Mr. Giles, who mostly acted as vice-chairman. General Shubrick—who was also fond of a bit of racing—owned the roarer Van Amburgh, and Brocardo, a favourite for the Derby in 1848. Unfortunately, the hospitable old General lost a great deal of money, which he had lent to his nephew who was in Calvert’s brewery. Then there was Colonel Lascelles of the Grenadier Guards, a very jolly, fat man, who had only one eye, and rejoiced in the name of “Bacchus,” whom those ladies who rode ponies selected as a leader, because he made the gaps nice and big for them to follow, and Colonel Bonamy, now living at Brighton, rode good horses, and went well, Sir Richard Duckworth King was also well-mounted, Johnny Bushe—who had just quitted Chipping Norton, after having had a turn in all the best countries in England and Ireland—hunted from Andover, and will long be remembered on the big grey Redan, which he bought of his friend Major-General Charles Windham,

‘ and his brown horse, Brush, which came from Painter, at Bicester ;
 ‘ and Sir William Ball, who rented Netheravon, one day tumbled off,
 ‘ thereby eliciting from Mr. Bushe the appropriate remark, “ Ah !
 ‘ “ Balls will roll.”

‘ Mr. Harrington, a civil Anglo-Indian, Messrs. G. F. Aston and
 ‘ James Fisher, for one season, who returned to Banbury, from
 ‘ whence they came, preferring the beautiful grass country round
 ‘ Ladbroke and Fenny Compton to forests and flints, Mr.
 ‘ Harry Grove, M.P., a very thin man, who rode very neat
 ‘ thoroughbreds, and went well in the deep country, a good sports-
 ‘ man. His brother, a parson, had an impediment in his speech,
 ‘ and—instead of using pebbles, as Demosthenes did, it is said—got
 ‘ his housekeeper to make him up little pellets, from his old shirts,
 ‘ to put in his mouth while preaching.

‘ Hon. Arthur Arundell, of Houghton Lodge, who had a great weak-
 ‘ ness for stallions, four of which he sold at a later date (when living
 ‘ at Winchester) to the King of Hanover, at a very high price,
 ‘ amongst them being The Paddy from Cork, a white-faced brown,
 ‘ who had won twenty steeplechases in Ireland, and King O’Toole.
 ‘ Mr. Arundell bought the celebrated mare Jenny Jones of Mr. John
 ‘ Darby, about the best, of her size, that ever was foaled ; and she
 ‘ could put any horse down. She was bred by General Gilbert, and
 ‘ of pure blood, though she did not look it, having quite the appear-
 ‘ ance of a little fourteen-three cart-horse.

‘ Mr. J. Hibberd Brewer of Garlogs, commonly called “ Master
 ‘ “ Brewer,” from his holding that office in the Court of Queen’s
 ‘ Bench, and not from his being an M.F.H., a regular welter-
 ‘ weight, the present secretary of the Hunt, Mr. T. Lamb of Andover,
 ‘ very neatly turned out, and a first-rate horseman, and his son who,
 ‘ at this time, rode a clever chestnut pony.

‘ Rev. T. Iremonger, son of Colonel Iremonger of Wherwell
 ‘ Priory, the rector of Clatford, who rode a big, hard-pulling,
 ‘ thoroughbred chestnut horse, which, as his master was deaf and
 ‘ nearly blind, sometimes made it a case of every one looking out for
 ‘ themselves. Mr. Iremonger was, notwithstanding, a bold rider.

‘ Mr. Mathew Marsh of Wilbury, for some time M.P. for
 ‘ Salisbury, who had passed many years in Australia. He afterwards
 ‘ bought Ramridge, and took good care of the foxes there. Mr.
 ‘ Marsh rode an old white, horse with a dark mane and tail, for many
 ‘ years, Mr. Mackrel Smith, who lived near Collingbourne, a good
 ‘ rider, as was his sister, Sir W. Humphry of Penton Lodge, and
 ‘ with him, generally, Mr. J. R. Bulwer, the martial Q.C. of the
 ‘ “ Devil’s Own,” Admiral Montagu, who lived with his brother,
 ‘ Colonel Wroughton, at Wilcote, in the Vale, Mr. A. H. Loscombe
 ‘ of Foxcote, near Andover, a very regular attendant, the Rev.
 ‘ L. Halton, who rode some first-class horses, many of them of
 ‘ his own breeding, and his son Major L. Halton, who, when in
 ‘ the 16th Lancers, went well. Lord Nelson of Trafalgar came
 ‘ out occasionally, but did not ride much ; and Lord Folkestone,

' now Lord Radnor, who went wonderfully on a fine chestnut horse, which it was reported was originally bought out of an Irish drove for 18*l.*, Sir Frederick Bathurst, who looked more at home at Lord's in flannels than the saddle, sometimes hunted, and was very pleasant and friendly. He had a first-rate tap of ale at Clarendon Park, where the rabbits had entirely cleared out the underwood from the coverts.

' At a later date, about 1856, we had Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker of Bossington, who had a very grand chestnut horse with a silver tail, that would never suffer a brush or rubber to be put on him after hunting until he had been fed. He also rode a beautiful grey, bought of Mr. Gully, when he lived at Marwell, Mr. Fulwar Fowle, grandson of the famous old sportsman, the Rev. Fulwar Fowle of Kintbury, a civil Anglo-Indian, hunted when on leave, and had a son who rode a little red-roan pony very well indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Nun, who lived at Wilbury for a short time, and both went right well, Mr. Bidgood of Wallop House, who owned Rattlesnake, Thistlewhipper, Gelert, Early Bird, and lots of good horses, and rode at Rugby, Cheltenham, and Windsor, often successfully; Mrs. Bidgood, who used to ride well on Merryman, by Gainsborough, one of the handsomest little greys ever seen.

' While speaking of lady riders we must put prominently forward the dashing performances of Mrs., now Lady, Humphry, who used to take her own line, and hop over the gates in grand style. Also Mrs. J. H. Brewer of Garlogs, on a fine old chestnut, with rather extravagant action, and her daughters, who one and all learnt the art on a wonderful little pony called Mouse. Neither must I forget Mrs. Turner, who rode splendidly when she was at Fosbury. There was also a Mrs. Vernon, who hunted on a pony, whose regular companion was Miss Fowle, now Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, who knows more about hunting than two-thirds of the men who go out for fashion, and only to ride. By-the-way I find I have forgotten Mr. Goodlake, a coursing man, who took Mr. Steel Tomkins's place at Broughton, and came out occasionally, as Mr. Tomkins had done before him. Another good man was Captain Robinson of Fisherton, who rode a rare old rat-tailed brown horse in a plain snaffle.

' No hunt was ever stronger in real good farmers than the Tedworth; men of wealth and standing, who ride valuable horses, and are sportsmen to the backbone; of these none was more respected by the old Squire than Mr. Rowden of Durrington, noted for the fineness of his hands, which often caused Mr. Smith to get him to ride a wild one for a time. He was (we hope still is) rather a heavy weight, and always had two or three first-class nags in his stable fit to carry him, and turned out in condition that Melton itself could not surpass. After Mr. Smith's death, for some time he was much looked up to for advice in the field with regard to regulating the where to draw, and so forth; but the last time we took a look at the Tedworth, the grand sixteen-hand hunter was

' exchanged for a stout cob, and we fear that the John Rowden of our early recollections is no more. By-the-way, thereto hangs a tale; not many years ago one of those wandering hunting commissioners, now so rife, chanced to visit the Tedworth, and remarked in his article, that "Mr. Rowden looked and went as well as ever." The old gentleman's attention was called to this in Salisbury Market, when he remarked, "The man must be a fool, if he can't see that I am got older; I can feel it." However, we hope after all he has not much cause to grumble at the universal enemy. Another name worthy of note is that of the late Edward Waters of Stratford-sub-Castle, and I may safely say that no better sportsman ever crossed a saddle. Standing considerably over six feet in height, and weighing eighteen stone some odd pounds, he was not to be beaten either in a burst across the plain, or in the strong enclosures of the Blackmore Vale, where he delighted to go as often as his business would permit. Quiet and unobtrusive in his bearing, and mild in manner, almost to meekness, he was one of the most resolute men ever seen, and no place, however strong, could stop him when hounds ran hard. He was aptly described to me by a neighbour as "one of nature's gentlemen," and well he deserved the title. No man was better mounted, and at one time he had four horses in his stable for which he had refused from a dealer 600*l.* in a lump—pretty well for a tenant farmer; but he often sold them at figures far beyond that when horses were not so dear as they have since become. Amongst them was a white-legged bay that had been backed to win a steeplechase, and trot sixteen miles within the hour in harness on the same day, but his opponent elected to pay forfeit; and it was the opinion of Mr. Joseph Anderson that he would have won both events had they come off. I think, but am not quite sure, that he refused 400*l.* for this very horse. There was a standing joke between him and Mr. Antrobus concerning a remarkably fine chestnut horse, who was known to be queer-tempered; Mr. Antrobus tried him, but finding him more troublesome than he liked, declined the purchase with the jocular remark, "Ah! it's your weight, Waters, that keeps him steady." There was just four pounds difference between the two! Mr. Waters was noted as a sheep breeder, and although he never professed to be a short-horn man, had such a good herd, that one day when a dealer was trying a horse, after galloping him round a large pasture, in which was a two-year heifer lying down, he pulled up with the remark, "I'll take the horse, Mr. Waters, and give you forty-five guineas for the heifer lying there." The latter offer was, however, declined; his homestead was the picture of neatness, and his house overflowing with hospitality. Before I remember him I have heard he went well on an old grey with very crooked fore-legs, a hard but steady puller.

' Mr. Marsh was another heavy-weight farmer who went well, nor must we forget Edmund Olding of Rattlin, who was always to the front on a somewhat coarse chestnut: he was a noted

‘ram-lamb breeder, and one of the heartiest fellows living. I have heard it said that Messrs. Antrobus, Edward Waters, Marsh, and Olding might safely have been backed against any four men in the hunt, although the lightest of them could have been but very little, if anything, under seventeen stone. I know that on the downs or in the vale, they were always to the fore in a good thing.

‘The Longs of Amesbury were neat men, well turned out when the hounds met near them; but, I fancy, inclined more to the leash than the covert-side, and had some first-class greyhounds in their time.

‘Mr. William Hawkins of Westcombe was a capital sportsman, and rode in a quiet, unobtrusive way. His daughter was generally with him, and went straight. They were always well mounted on horses neat enough for Rotten Row. He afterwards removed to Newbury, where he died.

‘John Hawkins of Appleshaw, his brother, was a very fine rider, and had a noted old chestnut horse that, I think, had carried him nineteen seasons without making a mistake. They were both very gentlemanly men, quite of the old school.

‘I have somewhat too long overlooked Mr. Walter Flower, for many years Master of the Netton Harriers, which have now passed into Lord Pembroke’s hands, though Mr. Flower still retains the horn. Whether at the head of his own little pack, out with the foxhounds, at a Yeomanry drill, or at a coursing meeting, he was always the same Walter Flower, the most enthusiastic of men and cheeriest of companions. Perhaps no man ever bred harriers better than he, though he was a little apt to hurry them in their work; and his friends would have been wise could they have abstracted the rowels from his spurs. But he is a real, downright, hearty good fellow, and a universal favourite with the ladies.

‘Mr. James Edwards of Appleshaw—recently dead—turned out well, and knew how to ride to hounds as well as any man. And few could beat the Bailys of that place, either for sport or good-fellowship. Whenever the hounds go through the village—which averages once a week—their house is literally besieged, and the strong beer on which they so pride themselves flows in quantities that would make the fortune of many a pretentious modern hotel; nor are the choicer beverages forgotten, and it appears as if they must keep a perpetual luncheon on the table, so as never to be caught unawares. They are both fine riders, especially on young or rough, unmade horses, and Thomas has the peculiar faculty of always being able to go the best pace with a slack rein without stopping them, so that one would think the old Squire must have given him a lesson in the art of how to gallop, which he declared to be the grand secret of riding to hounds. They are both as good with the gun as in the pig-skin, and real sportsmen.

‘Mr. Walter Potheary, formerly of Shipton, but now of Middle Wallop, still goes well, and generally has a nag of the right sort;

‘and his son, now in Cheshire, was very bad to beat in the Vale when on his old bay horse.

‘Mr. Child of Vernham was quite a yeoman of the old stamp, always hunted in a long, green coat, and had a horse of value under him, though not turned out quite first-rate as regards clipping and singeing. He kept a pack of harriers, which showed capital sport in his wild neighbourhood. His son Criswick goes well to hounds, and for many years was in a good place on a blood grey mare, which he rode in a plain snaffle.

‘Mr. Tanner of Buckle went well as a heavy weight up to his death. He once had the extraordinary misfortune to have three hundred ewes poisoned.

‘The Reeks of Thruxton are now very keen in the chase. One of them has been out in Canada, Newfoundland, and other miserable places, and left part of one foot behind him from frostbite. He is well known as a contributor to the “Zoologist.”

‘Stephen Allen, a tenant of Mr. Best’s, who came from Suffolk, is a good steady rider and sportsman.

‘Mr. Ringer, another of Mr. Best’s tenants, went boldly, and sold a chestnut horse, by a thoroughbred out of a Norfolk trotting mare, to Mr. Morrison of Fonthill for over 300*l.*—something for Hampshire! He has since returned to Norfolk.

‘Charles Pain of Westover was at one time a pretty regular attendant, and a neat rider. He kept a pack of harriers with which to fill up odd days when the foxhounds were not in reach, but has nearly given it up now.

‘I must not forget John Day of Danebury, who rode as hard and as well as any man in England when he could see, and even made a fair fight, hunting his own harriers after his eyesight was much impaired, and when he was somewhat heavier than when he won the Goodwood Cup so cleverly on The Hero in 1847. He seemed to have quite an understanding with the old grey he bought of Mr. Cave of Hartley Row, about taking him safely to his pack; and the old horse having done his best to kick him off at starting, always took the greatest care of him all day.

‘There was no greater treat than to see Alfred Day handle old Stonehenge in a good run, and pop him over gate after gate, or do a stile and foot-board quietly. Poor fellow, his nerve rather went with his health at last; and he cared little to come out after he found his old favourite, which he hunted as a three-year old, dead in his stall, from being cast, one morning. He rode Heptarchy to hounds, who was given him as a two-year old; and King Victor Emanuel, when in England, gave 400*l.* for him two years afterwards.

‘His brother Sam—who met a melancholy fate while hunting with the Hursley, from his horse rolling on him and killing him—was equally good; and no finer horseman ever crossed a country than William Sadler when he lived at Houghton Down.

‘H. Figes of the Three Swans, Salisbury, was quite first-rate in

‘ the hunting-field, and has had some extraordinary horses in his time, principally chestnuts.]

‘ And John and Robert Large, from the same place, were always neatly turned out, and well mounted, the latter on first-rate cattle for a light weight; but he did everything well, and was as particular in his tackle and carriages as a nobleman. He has retired now, and we occasionally catch sight of him at Brighton, or in the Islington Horse Show, but not latterly in the field. John died a few years ago.

‘ Mr. Cunningham, a dentist, who also hailed from Salisbury, was a regular bruiser, and on his white-faced chestnut would charge anyone or anything, for he became so excited that at times he scarcely discriminated whether anyone was in his road or not, and galloped and cracked his whip as if he had twenty whipper-in power concentrated in his frame.

‘ There is another person also whom I had nearly forgotten, that is, Mr. Smith, the greyhound trainer, who often showed out on his old white horse, and liked to see a fox found as well as anyone. He always rode in trousers with straps, and looked very much like an old curate in bad circumstances.

‘ Now I believe I have run through nearly all the characters of note in the Tedworth, and we may turn to the accommodation. Salisbury is at one end, and Andover pretty much at the other; but the latter has always been decidedly head-quarters. There the Star and Garter is the principal and best hotel, and in Wolfe’s time the stables were full of horses; but after General Shubrick left, the house lost a great deal of its character, and I think people, in a measure, transferred their patronage to the White Hart, where George Turner, late huntsman to B. V. H., and at one time with Lord Portsmouth, was both proprietor and landlord, but he has recently died; his widow, however, still carries on the business.

‘ At Salisbury the White Hart is the property of a limited company, but, by common consent, it is well done. It is frequented at Assize time by the members of the Western Circuit. It has good stabling attached.

‘ The Three Swans is still in the hands of Mr. H. Figes, who will make any hunting man comfortable, and tell him all about old times. He has some very good boxes for hunters also.

‘ From Marlborough you can also meet the Craven and Vale of White Horse.’

TOM HILLS.

THE death of old Tom Hills, at an age bordering on fourscore, reminds us of one who rose to his zenith from a humble start in life. His father was a workman in the quarries at Godstone, and as such, the progenitor of as fine a workman in other quarries (the Chase) as ever cheered a hound. Of pride he had but one scintilla,

and that was when with satisfaction he could thankfully boast that he ceased to be a burden upon his parents before he had reached his teens.

We may say, with the poet Falconer,

‘ But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame ?’

If manly modesty, unpretending, unconscious skill in an arduous walk of life, personal worth, a sound head and heart, sympathy for the wants of others, a frank, fearless, vigorous and energetic independence of action, backed by a resolute boldness in the saddle, do not entitle one to rank in life, then the line must be a fabrication which says—

‘ Act well your part—there all the honour lies.’

Tom lived to take a very high rank in the science of hunting; sagacious, never hurried or blustering, but patient to a degree; though, when it was necessary to go, no obstacle, single or double, was too big or broad. He was perfect in his kennel management, a painstaking, persevering huntsman, possessing great knowledge of the wily animal, very quick; a famous man to get on the line and there to keep his hounds, without seeming pressure. Good in the vale, though with sixteen children, his nursery must naturally have been among the Hills. He would account for his fox on the cold-scenting steepes of Surrey, and, though a welter-weight, would climb and gallop down them with a lightness of hand and heart which bore no inappropriate contrast to his walk in life. But he did not shine across country only, for he could kill nineteen out of twenty partridges with his old ten-bore ‘leadern ‘Dick;’ could outwit a highwayman, and, though peaceful in all his tendencies, could make an example of a man heavier and younger than himself, when a gross insult had to be resented. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, a truthful memory, was never coarse, had friendships firm and true, and for fifty years worked hard in what, to him, was certainly a pleasurable occupation, until the evening of his days set in; and the last remaining ten years were spent among the patrons and associates of his early life and their immediate descendants.

And now for one or two incidents of his life. He was, we believe, the youngest huntsman on record, and when seventeen—the year before he had his horn—Mr. Maberly, the then Master of the Old Surrey, in whose service he was as second horseman, sent him into Leicestershire to make six young horses, among them, Comet, afterwards of great notoriety. The Shireites laughed at our Cockney boy with his raw stud, and sneered at his presumption; but they soon began to learn lessons. Obstacles of all descriptions were negotiated with the ease of a Drumlanrig; and a reputation was earned by the fair-haired lad, which could have brought him promotion then and there. T’auld home, however, was his love, and it cared for him for sixty years, nursed him in the lap of liberty—Old England’s boast and

glory—and never turned her back upon him. In 1812—the year following the resignation of Jack Cole—Tom had become so much a part-and-parcel of the Old Surrey establishment, that Mr. Maberly gave him his horn, which he held with credit for half a century, except for a short period when Tom Webb hunted the old pack; and Tom Hills was installed mine host of the Plough, Bletchingly. A thriving trade was supposed to be driven, for the tunnel was in operation near the village; but the tide turned against our then licensed victualler, who remarked, quaintly, to a hunting man who chanced to look in that he'd 'far rather draw woods for his old customers 'than beer for his new.' He dropped five hundred pounds during his absence from the saddle, which was subscribed for by the members and friends of the hunt, who thereby put him on his legs and his horse again; and the 'rich, melodious voice,' spoken of by Lord Amherst, again proved a death-warrant to many of the vulpine race.

But we must hark back a few years to the Maberly reign. Tom was summoned to the master's private room one evening, and told to ride to Leadenhall Market to buy the finest fox he could find, and to be careful with him, as there were to be many swells out next day at a lawn meet handy, and sport must be a certainty. Tom didn't at all like the job, but he started from the kennels, then at Shirley, rode to London, met with the object of his inglorious pursuit, and, having strapped him gingerly so as to be free of harm, deposited him, legs upwards, in the capacious pocket of a large blouse which he used to move cubs in to any extremity of the country which was short. Cantering back in the dead of the night, a highwayman stopped him on Streatham Common, seizing his horse's head with the familiar greeting. 'My money! why I am only a servant. I haven't got any. And you wouldn't care to take 'my life surely.' A pistol being presented, the demand became somewhat more peremptory, with a 'Come, look sharp, young fellow.' Tom's nerve and presence of mind didn't forsake him; but he bethought himself of his companion, tied and bound, in the pocket of his sporting overcoat. So he said, 'Well, my man, we 'won't fall out. I want my life; so I suppose it must be money's 'worth. You'll find it in my pocket.' How soon cowardice took the place of mock bravado, and discretion proved itself the better part of valour, need not be told; the pistol was dropped, a yell of distress and cry of agony rent the air. Tom cantered on his way rejoicing, though he was often heard to say, 'With my great heavy 'hunting whip I could have broke his arm, and laid his head open 'there and then, if I hadn't let old Charley cut the work out, which 'I know they do love uncommon.'

And now for an event forty years ago—his turn-up with young Charles Deakins, the gamekeeper of Titsey Park, which showed pluck and determination worthy of a Sayers. There had long been some little lurking animosity and bickering, and the fine young man of twenty-six was heard to boast that if he did catch that fellow Hills,

he should make him remember the day. Oddly enough, he had the opportunity sooner than he bargained for. Tom was returning one Thursday night with the hounds after a gruelling day, having left off many miles beyond a distant meet, when he dismounted for a glass of beer. In this village public was the gallant knight of the velveteen standing at the bar, who, when Tom was served with the exhilarating beverage, quietly gulped the contents and threw the dregs in his face. Tom took a side glance at him, but, fancying he might be a trifle the worse for liquor, said, 'Come, young man, that 'mustn't be; don't you insult those who don't interfere with you. 'Fill this again, please.' The host did so. And again Mr. Deakins swilled the contents off with a gurgle, and, snapping his fingers, added, 'Take the change out of that.' Tom's reply was truly characteristic.

'I am tired. I've had a long day, and I want to get home; but 'at six o'clock sharp, to-morrow, Friday morning, I'll meet you at 'Botley Hill. You'll be more sober then than you are now—at least, 'hope so. Good-night; mind, six o'clock.' A few got an inkling of the coming struggle. Old Tom was attended by his schoolfellow and the playmate of his childhood, Tom Burbury. They rode together from the kennels five miles, and at the stroke of six dismounted. There stood the keeper, looking fit and fresh, the model of a gladiator, broader, taller, younger by ten years than Tom. A farmer who had heard of the coming struggle spoke a few words, and said, 'One of you young men will kill the other.' Tom answered, 'Will he say he's sorry for what he did last night?' No answer beyond the unpacificatory words from the stalwart trigger-man. 'I'll see you — first.' Upon which, in less time than it takes to record the facts, the combatants were in attitude at the bottom of a newly-made saw-pit by the side of the park. A witness has recorded that he could only compare the blows to horses kicking one another. Without a flinch round after round was fought, and in a few minutes short of half an hour Deakins was carried out of the pit, a sight miserable to behold, while his competitor left it with the agility of a three-year-old, hardly the worse for his engagement. They were 'ever the best of friends' afterwards. And no more tricks were played with Tom, 'nor with the foxes neither,' which was of the most importance, as our hero used quietly to remark, and which was the real cause of the difference between them; for Deakins used to catch the cubs, snip their brushes off, and so prove to demonstration that they had belonged to his domain.

And it is strange that Burbury, his oldest friend, should have taken to his bed and ended his career on earth on the very identical days on which his companion and early playmate, the subject of this notice, did, viz., in the month of February just past.

Incidents of Old Tom's career might be multiplied to almost any extent; the foregoing show a few important points in a somewhat exceptionally eventful life, which terminated in a peaceful, indeed happy death.

A DAY'S SHOOTING NEAR EPHEBUS.

ONE of the great advantages of a naval life is the facility it affords a man, whose means would not otherwise permit him, to enjoy the pleasures and sports of nearly every nation and climate under the sun. If he is an antiquarian, the Mediterranean throws open Italy and Greece to him ; if a sportsman, every place supplies victims for his gun ; while, for fishing, the rivers of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the lakes of North America, can show him sport before which that of Scotland, or even Norway, cannot hold a candle.

To some of my readers it may, perhaps, savour of desecration to shoot amongst the ' ruins of the fallen great ;' but, for myself, I must confess that, when stationed on the coast of Greece, I never joined an excursion to any of the celebrated places of ancient history without taking my gun with me, very much more with the hope of obtaining a little sport than with the idea that it might, perhaps, be necessary as a weapon of defence ; and I do not think that my love of sport in any way ever served to blunt my appreciation of the many beautiful and classical ruins I have visited.

Some years ago, when at Smyrna, a friend whose tastes quite agreed with my own proposed that we should pay a visit to Ephesus, gaze upon the ruins of the world-celebrated Temple of Diana, and, lastly, kill a few brace of partridges and quail upon the plain in which the ruins are situated. No proposal could have pleased me more ; so, having obtained the requisite leave from the skipper, and hired a Turk for a guide, and a Greek as cicerone and interpreter, we rode, well mounted and armed, at daybreak next morning, out of Smyrna.

There was but little variety in our ride. During the whole day it lay through a country decidedly fertile, but almost wholly uncultivated, and nearly uninhabited. Indeed, with the exception of here and there a small Turkish coffee-house, and occasionally the black tents of a few wandering Turkomans, with their scanty flocks and herds, we saw but little sign of the living ; but the number and vast size of the burying-grounds, with thousands of head-stones, shaded by cypress trees, are melancholy proofs that large towns must have not long ago existed in their immediate neighbourhood, and furnish fearful evidence of the decrease of the population.

For about three hours before reaching Ephesus, the road crossed a rich and beautiful plain, watered by the river Cayster, and lying between two mountains, affording splendid covert for partridges and quail, while frequent large patches of swampy ground held out grand hopes of plenty of snipe ; any quantity of storks, too, were marching quietly about, and our Greek cicerone informed us that wolves and jackals abounded, so that altogether we had every chance of a good bag being the result of our next day's sport. Late in the afternoon we reached the remains of the Turkish city or town of Aysalook, and put up for the night at a little house of entertainment,

or khan, situated beneath some magnificent old sycamore trees. After dining off some of the grub we had taken the precaution to bring with us, we put our guns in order for the next day; and, after divers pipes and horns of grog, wrapped ourselves in our rugs, and, stretched upon the floor of the common sleeping-room, endeavoured to get some rest. But, oh! the horrors of that night! Our room was shared with us by some half-a-dozen camel-drivers belonging to a caravan which arrived at nightfall; and whether we were indebted to them or not for the multitude of agile and hungry fleas, that nearly drove us mad, I know not. Fleas have fed upon me in all parts of the world, but never did I feel anything like what they were that night. The floor seemed to be alive with them; and after two hours of perfect misery we were obliged to ignominiously flee from them, and take refuge beneath the trees outside. The Turks and our Greek, though, appeared in no way troubled by them. Perhaps English blood being scarce; made them confine their unwelcome attention to us.

Shortly before daybreak we were roused by the departure of the caravan, and having with some difficulty procured water, we did a hasty tub, and, having breakfasted, arranged our plans for the day. The duration of our leave prevented our devoting more than one day to the object of our expedition—that is to say, view the ruins and beat the coverts—so, giving instructions to our Turk to meet us with the horses in the ruins of Ephesus in the afternoon, we and the Greek, with two half-starved boys we had picked up and engaged for beaters, started for our shooting, and making our way towards the river, quickly found ourselves in splendid ground for birds, and in a very few moments heard the whirr-r-r so delectable to the ears when partridge-shooting. Confining ourselves at first to the grass lands bordering the river, we beat them well for some two hours, with a result of only seven brace of birds. We had no dogs, and quite half of the birds hit escaped by the use of their legs. We had now approached a large extent of swampy ground, in which we found a fair quantity of snipe; but the walking was so extremely treacherous, that we were compelled to confine ourselves to almost the extreme edge. It was great fun watching our Greek, who was decidedly ill at ease, and awfully afraid of dirtying his toggery. He evidently put us down as little better than madmen, and turned up his nose at the first snipe killed, as if he thought it nothing better than wasting good powder and shot killing such insignificant game. We saw no duck, which I was rather surprised at, as we were told at Smyrna that they were plentiful. After beating as much of the morass as we could with comfort, we betook ourselves to the plain again, and worked our way towards the hill on which Ephesus once stood, and where its ruins still are. We found a great number of partridges, but very few quail; and I shot a bird something like a hoopoe, but not so handsomely plumed, but beautifully crested. My companion also killed a bittern.

As the afternoon drew on we began to feel decidedly peckish, so

directing our course for the ruined city, we found, on our arrival there, our Turk with our horses and provender. Now, I have no doubt the proper thing for us to have done would have been to explore the ruins first, and afterwards tiffin, but the truth compels me to say that is just what we *did not do*; for, seating ourselves upon a fallen column, we were quickly engaged in making a ruin of a cold pie. Our luncheon over, we first overhauled our bags, which turned out twenty-one and a half brace of red-legs, seven brace of quail, nine couple of snipe, the crested bird, and the bittern—not bad, but still not remarkably good for the quantity of the ground we had gone over. But we were fated to add to it; for as we were picking our way slowly along the lower part of the ruins, a wolf of the largest size suddenly made its appearance, about twenty yards from us. Much to our astonishment, instead of bolting from us, the brute seemed quite indignant at our presence, and, after glaring at us for a second or two, with its fangs exposed, and every hair upon its neck and back erect, seemed inclined to attack us. Our guns were loaded with No. 5 shot only, with the exception of my left barrel, in which I had all day kept a wire cartridge of No. 2, on the chance of meeting large game. Telling my friend to fire at the face of the animal, I fired at a little behind its fore-shoulder, and over it turned as dead as a door-post, or the next thing to it. On examining the body we found it to be that of a female, and, from the dugs, it was evident that she had young not far off. This accounted for her unusual amount of bravery in facing us. We searched for some little time for her lair, but were unable to discover it; and as the evening was closing in rapidly, we left the body where it fell, and mounting our steeds rode back to the khan at Aysalook.

The ruins of Ephesus have been so often and so well described, that I need not inflict my opinion of them upon my readers; but I must say I was terribly disappointed at finding that not an authentic trace remains of the Temple of the 'Great Goddess Diana.'

From Aysalook we rode to Scala Nova, where we dined and slept at the house of the English Consul. At four o'clock next morning we started on our return journey to Smyrna, and at eight stopped at an encampment of Turkomans, who supplied us with a breakfast of black bread and milk; after which we started again, and, having met with no adventures, found ourselves once more at Smyrna, and were very quickly indulging in a warm bath and a complete change of rigging, which I can assure my readers was *most requisite*.

Had we had dogs with us, I have not the slightest doubt we should have made a much better bag; as the partridges were not only plentiful, but, from not being shot at, they rose fairly on being disturbed, and did not trust, as the red leg generally does, to their legs for safety.

F. W. B.

A NIGHT'S FISHING BY THE BAY OF BISCAY.

EVEN as I write the above title I feel that I am imposing on the intelligent reader. I am conscious that to write an article on fishing, especially in such a magazine as this, one should at least be a fisher of some sort. I know that that class of the British public which penny-a-liners call 'the disciples of Izaak Walton' will rush to this article with that avidity which the pages of 'Baily' usually so fully warrant, in the full expectation of reading something profoundly Izaak-Waltonish and scientifically piscine. Let me then at once tear off the mask, and avow the sad fact that I am not *amateur de la pêche* at all. No; neither fly-fisher, nor angler, nor even humble bottom-fisher. Rods and reels, floats and flies, grubs and ground-bait, are all to me unexplained mysteries. Fly-fishing is as much above my capacity as trawling is below it; and an afternoon's good bottom-fishing in a punt would make me very nearly as ill as a few hours' mackarel-fishing in a fresh breeze off the coast. Therefore, if any 'disciple' insists upon a scientific discourse upon the 'gentle art' as practised in the South of France, let him close this paper with a sigh of disappointment; but if he or any other man wants a 'plain unvarnished tale' about one of the prettiest sights, to my mind, that can be seen on a fine night, let him read a few lines further.

Arcachon is a regular settlement in the backwoods, without any of the attendant inconveniences of a backwood settlement. In your little wooden hut, standing in its estate of forty yards square, 'cleared' out of the pine forest, you are as secluded, to all appearance, as a squatter in New Zealand. Around you you see nothing but the tall trunks of the great dark trees, and yet your neighbour, equally secluded, is actually only a hundred yards away from you. As long as you confine your walk to your own *propriété*, you are as solitary as Robinson Crusoe in his island; and yet you have only to walk half a mile to the top of one of the numerous wooded hills that surround you, and you can get a game of billiards, a dinner of a dozen courses, a seat at the concert, or a pretty partner for the next waltz.

From the top of the hill where the casino offers all these attractions you can look out upon the great inland lake on which the old fishing village of Arcachon is situated. The shallow waters of the broad mere stretch away for miles to the north, and on the west narrow in a little as they *débouche* over a series of sandbanks and bars into the turbulent Bay of Biscay. It is on this western side, where the water is a clearer blue, and the waves roll in more freely from the stormy bay, that the *pêche aux flambeaux* goes on in the favourable nights. It was in wandering along in this direction that I lighted on the ancient fisherman who introduced me to the sport. There he lived in his remote hut, hung round with nets on every side, like the old fisherman in De Fouqué's beautiful story—a tall, gaunt, wiry, weather-beaten old fellow, courteous in his tough way, as are the

people of the South, and honest as a clear blue eye can show a man to be.

‘What! you have never seen the *pêche aux flambeaux*? Come, then, to-night; we shall have a good evening.’ Then he showed me the two boats, with their odd-looking iron beaks projecting a yard or so in front of the bows, and supporting a rough grate, formed of a few bars of the same metal. The fuel was not far to seek. It was piled in a lot of heaps round the fisherman’s hut—logs of the fresh pine wood, hewn and chopped into proper lengths, and left to dry in the bright sun. The stock-in-trade was not extensive—a few hundred yards of fine-meshed net and the two boats with their accoutrements pretty well comprehended it all. They were small rowing-boats, more respectable for age than for any other qualification, and equipped with oars and appliances of the most primitive description. The sport was to begin as soon as it grew dark; and I promised to return without fail, to assist in the *pêche aux flambeaux*.

Behold us, then, after a dainty little dinner in the Pavillon Chinois (where, by the way, in the gaudy little *salle à manger*, one gets through one’s oysters and truffles and other little delicacies with a better appetite than in the best hotels of Bordeaux), safely packed up in one of those baby-carriages with which a kind Providence and a tasteful coachmaker has blessed the inhabitants of Arcachon. Off we roll along the soft, sandy road, *en route* for the seashore, madame enveloped in a multiplicity of shawls and rugs—for is it not still March?—and your humble servant in a great cloud of smoke—for is not the after-dinner cigar an affair *de rigueur* at Arcachon? The frail, light car glides along smoothly and almost noiselessly, over a soft, stoneless road, behind the fat, impudent-looking ponies; the night breeze comes soft but invigorating through the scented trees; and the blackness of the deep wood is augmented by contrast with the bright moonshine, that silvers over the tops of the pines, and now and then casts a gleam down through them on to the russet carpet of dry twigs.

By the time we arrive at the shore, the sport has already begun. We can see the strong glare of the torch-fires glowing brightly as the two boats glide about over the sea. As we come nearer I can distinguish the dark column of smoke which whirls away behind them, and make out the figure of the *pêcheur* standing upright between us and the flame. A hail soon brings the old fisherman ashore to meet us, and we are quickly ensconced in the steerage-seat of the rough craft. A sturdy urchin, whose duty it is to row the boat, shoves us off with his great rough-hewn oar, and then takes his seat and goes on at his work.

Lazily he plashes his heavy oars into the water, and dreamily we glide along, the tiny wavelets rippling with incessant murmur against the boat’s side. The breeze still fans our cheek with its soft, mild air; but its fragrance is drowned by that of the blazing wood-fire which burns so hotly within a dozen feet of us. The dry, warm

sound of the glowing wood rises now and then, as the breeze freshens, to quite an angry roar, and the embers glow with an intense brilliancy, while the sparks crackle like fireworks as they scatter far away down the wind. All round the fore part of the boat, and for some feet ahead, there is a flickering flood of light on the dark-looking water; and we can hear the hissing of the sparks as they shower down into the sea for yards to the leeward.

The two figures make a striking picture, set off by the background of blazing fire, and framed by the starlit sky and the thick clouds of fragrant smoke. The boy listlessly raising and dropping the oar-handles with a swing of his stumpy body, and behind him the tall, gaunt fisherman, standing erect, with arm upraised and long lance-headed trident, ready to dart upon his prey. His keen eye glitters as he scans the water on each side of the boat, and his whole attitude betokens the intense excitement which the people of the South know how to show in every gesture.

He makes his first spring before we are at all aware of the cause of it. As we glance into the sea where the weapon entered, we can just see some little streaks of green, wriggling like snakes along the top of the dark water and making off past us to the aft of the boat. At the same moment the trident (I hope I may be allowed to call it so, though it had at least four prongs) is reared aloft, and on its end appears a little slender fish, wriggling even more violently than the surviving comrades he has left behind him in the sea. There is a 'well' to the boat, and against the side of this the murderer, with a grim smile, scrapes off his victim from the trident, and resumes immediately his attitude of silent watchfulness. So we drift along. A little practice enables one to see the little green flakes coming along up to the boat as soon as they enter upon that fatal circle the torch-lit carpet that surrounds the bows. I was tempted to have a try at the sport, and stood for a long time waiting with arm upraised and excitement almost equal to that of my ancient instructor in the art. At last I had my chance. I *felt* the approach of the fish long before I saw them in the instinctive and contagious excitement of the old man. A second more, and they were passing close under the gunwale. I made my plunge with a half-blind fury that carried me right off my balance. The boat rolled; the urchin grinned; Madame shrieked; and I should have added a cold bath to my evening's amusement had not the end of the trident struck full against the hard sand of the bottom and brought me up short, giving the old fisherman time to catch me by the arm. However when I had recovered my balance and pulled out my trident, there was the victim safely impaled on its end, and driven right up to the hilt of the prong by the violence of the stroke. So successful a hit was evidently not to be spoilt by a subsequent failure, and I wisely returned again to the rudder-strings, or rather the place where those appliances might have been.

Not, however, without taking with me the captured prize, to investigate his personal appearance and conjecture as to his probable

character, pisciculturally and gastronomically. The fish caught in the *pêche aux flambeaux* at Arcachon is called *aiguille* (not *anguille*) in French. I have been quite unable to find out the English name (if there is one) for it. It is a small delicate-looking fish, of about a foot to fourteen inches in length, very slender, whence its name of 'needle,' and of an eel-like conformation. Its chief peculiarity, however, is its mouth, or rather, its beak, which is of the sword-fish order, projecting in a sharp spike of an inch in length. This spike is double, that is to say, composed of an upper and a lower 'mandible' projecting in a line with the lower jaw. The upper jaw slants downwards towards the base of the beak, so as to give the mouth a shovel-like expression, very strange and rather comical, but not so ugly as one might imagine. The teeth are sharp and numerous, the eyes bright, and the body clear and active-looking. Although in the glare of the torch-light the fish has a transparent greenish appearance, it is almost as dark as a pike when taken out of the water. In short, the fish is not unlike what we could imagine would be produced by a cross between a pike and an extra-active river eel. The old man told me the fish was excellent eating, and I could very well believe it; but I have never seen it served at table, nor were we wise enough to take any of the fish back with us to experiment upon.

We had an hour more of this work, the old man standing motionless and silent between the intervals of his dashes at the prey. He very seldom missed—hardly ever, in fact—and sometimes made two or even three shots in quick succession without stopping to scrape off the first victim, but carrying him, in his impaled condition, to the attack of his late comrade. Now and then he paused to heap a fresh supply of fuel on the fire in the grate, which roared and leaped up gaily upon its prey. I verily believe if the *pêche* had continued we should have stayed all night floating about in the cool, fragrant air. There was a dreamy quietude about the whole scene intensely soothing and enjoyable. In the distance we could see other lights, far across the mere, gliding like glow-worms backwards and forwards. As our boat turned to and fro, the sparks rushed past us on the right and left, or streamed away far ahead of us like a brilliant pennon into the black night; but their strong, fragrant smell always found its way to where we sat. Even the heavy odour of the resin was tranquillizing in its influence; and, without actually falling asleep, one enjoyed a feeling of repose and refreshment which must be felt to be appreciated. But it was not a very good night for the sport. There was a little too much wind; the surface was rather ruffled, and the fish too shy; so the catch was not a great one, and the 'professor' elected to knock off work betimes. We returned, therefore, carrying with us at least an agreeable *souvenir* of Arcachon, its *pêche*, and its *pêcheurs*, and before midnight were safe in one of the fantastically-decorated *chambres à coucher* of the *bizarre* little Pavillon Chinois.

E. B. M.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Fancies.

THAT provoking Father Winter, who always will insist on bringing the artists of the illustrated papers to grief, by coming out with violets and cauliflowers to an unlimited extent at Christmas, when we know that the correct line of conduct for the old man would be to cause

'Hodge, the shepherd, to blow his nail ;'

also

'Icicles to clink in the milkmaid's pail,'

together with other enjoyments of a similar nature, surprised us all, Londoners especially, very much on that Sunday morning in the beginning of the past month, when we awoke to the fact that the long-wished for and ardently-expected was amongst us at last. For we really had made such a fuss about the old gentleman—had so insisted that, if he did not come and pay us a visit, things would go wrong—his Grace the Primate leading the van of our complaints, and taking Divine Providence to task in a very orthodox and gentlemanly manner, his example followed by every old woman of either sex at their several places of meeting, club corners or thievish corners, as the case might be—controversies in the newspaper as to what was bad weather, and what was not—flat rebellion in the ranks of the clergy against the directions of the commander-in-chief aforesaid, some reverend gentlemen sharing evidently in the opinion of that Scotch kirk minister immortalised, if we remember rightly, by the late Dean Ramsey, who, in praying for rain, intimated his views to the Almighty as to what that rain should be in very plain and perspicuous terms—everybody, in short, having his or her say on the evil effects of a green yule, and the desirability of what is termed 'bracing weather.' And at last our prayers and wishes were granted. The morning 'tub'—about the most correct thermometer we know—registered on that Sunday quite, for us, a sufficient degree of frost, public devotions were sadly interfered with, and our gay metropolis, always so lively and pleasant on that particular day, assumed, clad in white raiment, a yet livelier appearance—omnibuses ceased to ply, and cabmen, as a matter of favour, took diners out, from Belgravia to Bayswater, for a sovereign. It was really delightful, and, when a cold thaw set in, we enjoyed ourselves very much, particularly as the coal-merchants, religiously-minded men, sent 'best Wallsend' up to fifty shillings a ton, a rise in the market which Mr. Scrip Bullion, with several weeks' consumption in his cellar, characterized as 'very sad for the poorer classes,' and which the poorer classes, as represented by struggling clerks, with large families and small coal-cellars, bore with what philosophy they might. So, altogether, Father Winter was pronounced to have deserved well of the country, and the Archbishop, the clergy, the farmers, the old women, the London tradesmen, the club-loungers, Mr. Scrip Bullion and Co., were mightily pleased, and Divine Providence was, so to speak, taken into favour again. To be sure, the invalids and the poor were not quite so much consulted on the subject as they could have wished, and failed, sadly enough, to appreciate the east wind and the fifty-shillings' Wallsend; but, then, really one ought not to be ill or poor in this world, or, at least, those so afflicted should have the consideration to keep quiet

under the infliction, and die with decency and due thankfulness for the 'seasonable weather.'

That melancholy time of inaction, dating from the hour on which Mr. Merry's winding-up handicap brings down the racing curtain, with more or less applause, at Warwick, to that on which Mr. Sheldon wakes the echoes at Sutton Coldfield has been passed, we presume, in the usual way. The journals devoted peculiarly to the Turf have had about the usual hard time of it, and if the sufferings of the writers were great, something may be pleaded on behalf of the readers. There have been the usual billiard handicaps and matches at divers 'clubs' and different 'halls,' and, we presume, with the usual gratifying results. The Drama has been largely patronised—chiefly those temples where burlesque holds sway—and Music Halls, we know, have always been a special attraction to the racing mind. By-the-way, the fashion of the Music Hall changes not, we perceive, and a study of the programmes shows an unfailing crop of great and talented persons who, like Banquo's line, stretch onward to the crack of doom. 'The great and unapproachable' No. 1 is succeeded by another equally unattainable being; and 'the charming serio-comic,' who, in a short and rather cloudy satin tunic and pink boots, has fretted her brief hour at the Royal Cosmopolitan, gives way to another young person equally charming and short of skirt, and equally guiltless of voice or ear. The Bounding Bricks of Bokhara yield to the Fascinating Fakirs of Frangestan, and one 'terrific flight 'across the arena' is followed by something equally appalling. In fact, the chief object of a Music Hall seems to be to give one fright and fascination in equal quantities, and in alternate measures. The serio-comic sings and dances the gent into admiring bewilderment, and the Bounding Bricks harrow his feelings. The irrepressible niggers, and the gentleman who thumps the table with his umbrella, partially restore him, to be again unhinged by those terrific flights, which require a good deal of comic singing to get over. And the comic songs! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Does anyone of this stiff-necked and bumptious young generation (we are not speaking of the gents now) fancy they know what comic singing is? Do they think—do they *really* think—that the idiotic effusions of a Music Hall funny man is a comic song? Can they laugh at the 'great' Jawkins (in female attire), and do they find humour in the effusions of the 'jolly' Pawkins? Happy young men, if they do! There was a time when Cyder Cellars flourished, and Evans's was Evans's indeed; in which the voice of a Bruton was heard towards the small hours, and, when it ceased, a Sloman took up the wondrous tale. Real wit and humour—not always, perhaps, refined; sometimes a little—what shall we say?—well, just a little improper, perhaps—and we know Colonel Newcome (dear old man!) objected to it, and took his nephew away with him; but, at all events, these were only blots on what was otherwise something very amusing. A gentleman walking in the Zoo, and meeting a young lady with a gingham umbrella, never extending his rambles beyond Temple Bar, and having for the object of his adoration a dark girl dressed in blue—topics which have been in these days the admiration of countless thousands—would not have been tolerated twenty years ago. We believe Colonel Newcome would have, sad to think, hissed the 'great' Jawkins—a thing, we confess, we have felt very much inclined to do, when it has been our misfortune to listen to that talented individual. No, comic songs went out when turned-down collars came in, and the present generation must really believe the old fogies who tell them so. They—the comic singers—may flourish, perhaps, here and there in private circles—and we know one or two good amateurs—but the public comic singer is as dead as Queen Anne.

But we are wandering from our subject. Well, the dull season, then, we will suppose, is past and gone; and with the topics of thought and study, which Admiral Rous and Mr. Topham have provided for us, we should be ungrateful indeed if we complained of want of occupation. The Liverpool and the Spring Handicaps have set the pens of analysts a-going, and there has been some stir at Tattersall's and the Victoria, though comparatively but little business has been done on the flat races. The Grand National year by year absorbs all the speculation of the early spring, and year by year every one takes more interest in it, we fancy. The handicap, on this occasion, has been universally voted an excellent one, and, despite some *quasi* favourites, who have already been spotted by the talent, it is not at all clear that they have yet got hold of the winner. It looks, on paper, a very open race; undoubtedly well in, as Ryshworth, Footman, Redivivus, Reugny, &c., &c., are. We have mentioned Lord Aylesford's horses because, with the exception of Ryshworth, they seem to have a chance second to none. As we look at Redivivus (11 st. 8 lb.) and Reugny (10 st. 13 lb.), nobody can say that the handicapper has visited them unfairly, but yet nobody, at the present writing, has backed them—at least, no one in earnest—and Cinderella, who was a hunter at West Drayton and other Metropolitan Meetings, two years ago, is the coming animal. Of course we must bow to the judgment of the stable who, last year, brought her to 100 to 15 for this event, her trial for which was said to be a very high one. The commission in the market now appears to be a genuine one, too, which is in her favour; while there is great uncertainty as to whether either 'stables' or owners have backed anything else. Footman has gone over the Croydon course with honour, and it is to be presumed that the people who back him for the Liverpool think that a good performance, and even such a good judge as Weever estimates highly his chance, so it is said. We confess that, seeing Lord Aylesford's horses are not backed, we think most of Ryshworth, as, we presume, any one who knows anything about racing naturally would. True, the horse jumped badly last year, and did not fly his fences as a Grand National winner should; and, though he went well for some distance over Aintree, he fell at Beecher's Brook, or a little beyond it, the second time round. But in Mr. Chaplin's hands, and with the tuition with hounds which, we believe, he has received, he must be very formidable; and, if we could see either Redivivus or Reugny backed in earnest, we would take Lord Aylesford's chosen one, with Ryshworth and Cassé Tête (the latter for the simple reason that she has got over the country), and think we were on the winner, with one exception. At a place called Punchestown, which 'Baily' readers may have heard of, we saw Héraut d'Armes win the Conyngham Cup, last year, very easily indeed. A grand horse, a splendid fencer, he will scarcely be recognised on Aintree by those who saw him last, perhaps, at Newmarket; and we certainly regard him as the most dangerous horse among the outsiders. He belongs to a very good judge and good sportsman, and, as he is gradually creeping up in the betting, we cannot recommend, at the price, a better investment. Of the long list of quoted ones, headed, say, by Congress, and the rear whipped in by Hunter, we can hardly believe that the winner is among them. We once thought Sarchedon a promising horse, and it is just on the cards that Mr. Powell may make him one yet; but as for Rufus, Referee, Curragh Ranger, Young Fenton (we well remember being solemnly assured, last year, that to back him was to win), Glenfalloch, *et hoc genus omne*, why they may win the Liverpool, of course, but some of them are very

unlikely birds. We prefer public form as a rule, and will stand by our selection, though there may be very important changes in the market before the day. As we said before, it is a wonderful handicap, and there may be something lying *perdu*, known only to a select few (by the way, we have quite forgotten Mr. Studd, whose 'lot' will be backed for the Liverpool to the end of time), that will see 5 to 1 on the day, and win in a canter. If asked to name the coming one, we should plump for Heraut d'Armes.

About the other handicaps we would prefer to say very little, for the oracles are dumb. Beyond the strongest of fancies for Cremorne, for the City and Suburban, and a private opinion that Mr. Topham has presented the Chester Cup to Lord Aylesford, we know nothing, nor do we seek to know. Sufficient for the day is the favourite thereof, is getting to be a maxim much honoured in the observance, not altogether to the advantage of book-makers, but that is a misfortune we must put up with. The accounts from the 'clubs,' about the business done on these and kindred events, is enough to stir Mr. Davis in his grave, and the strike in South Wales is only equalled in gravity by that among backers. There seems a prospect of terms being arrived at in the mining districts; but there is such a divergence of opinion in Wellington Street and at Albert Gate as to prices, that, though personally we are much opposed to 'unions,' we think that oppressed backers will have to come into some such co-operative movement shortly. The Two Thousand and Derby are occasionally touched upon, and Flageolet, for the former, has been the rage. Mat Dawson and the whole of Newmarket we believe to be eaten up with Paladin, and everybody who has seen him tells us we shall behold a great horse when he comes to the post this spring. As to whether he will run for the Guineas, nobody but his owner yet knows, and if he does, doubtless he will take his part; but there is a horse called Somerset that, fit and well, we shall expect, as he did before, to beat him. Somerset does not seem to please the touts, nor some distinguished analysts, who have lately interviewed him, and there was some rumour lately about his being afflicted with diabetes; but we have reason to believe that he pleases his owner, trainer, and master of the horse, and that, we take it, is of more importance (with due deference be it said) than the opinion of the touts and the analysts. As for the Derby—why, this is March, and not May, so bother the Derby!

By the way, while speaking of the dull season just now, we quite forgot that 'great slander case,' which caused, towards the middle of the month, such a run on the evening papers, and such excitement at the various clubs. It was a perfect godsend to gossips and *quidnuncs* of various degrees, who had been tantalized by having it dangled before their eyes for some considerable time. On several occasions the avenues to the Queen's Bench were besieged by them at early morn, when, after waiting for some little time, the information that Clayton v. Jones would not come on that day dispersed them to meet again on some subsequent day, with like results. But, on the 10th ult., their pains and patience were rewarded,

'And McFuze and Tregooze,
And also Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,'

together with a great many other swells of more or less importance—big swells in 'Ulsters' and lesser swells in wigs and gowns, members of some half dozen clubs, among whom the Raleigh, as chiefly interested, were conspicuous—all crowded into the Bench to hear the *cause célèbre*, which had been for such a

length of time talked about in certain circles. 'Card-sharping,' on the dusty cushion of a Great Western Railway carriage, on the way to Warwick Races; that was the accusation on the part of Jones v. Clayton, and the denial of the same, with consequent action on the part of Clayton v. Jones. We once came up from Egham Races (it is some few years ago, and we have never been to Egham since) with a washed-out-looking young man, partly intoxicated, and three of the greatest ruffians that ever disgraced humanity, or were seen even at a Metropolitan Meeting. One of them had a wonderfully thick stick, and sat next the door, and, whenever the train stopped, leaned out of the carriage, with the evident purpose of preventing anyone else getting in. We passed a very bad forty-five minutes on that occasion, seeing the washed-out young man robbed of his money, while a forcible reminder from the gentleman with the thick stick (in reply to a remonstrance), to attend to our own business, showed the thieves were not to be trifled with. That was *our* brief experience of sharping; but we have never had the good luck to see it practised in 'fashion-able society,' as the defendant in the above action steadfastly maintained it had been. There was about the usual keen encounter of wits, which is always, on these occasions, the salt to the banquet—the polished satire of the Chief Justice mixed in this case with judicial severity—the playful *double entendres* of the facetious Mr. Hawkins—here, a *sotto voce* aside, there, a jest sown broadcast—the calm and happy ignorance exhibited by Serjeant Ballantine as to chicken hazard and other games—the rather ponderous allusion to Waterloo and Inkerman, on the part of Mr. Henry James—and, lastly, the introduction into the case of the irrepressible Mr. John Coney. We have been trying to remember how many so-called 'sporting' cases there have been in which that name, either as representing an individual or an institution, has figured. 'Do you know Coney's?' 'How long is it since you made the acquaintance of Mr. Coney?' and so as on this occasion, 'Coney's establishment for young gentlemen,' seem familiar phrases in some *causes célèbres*. There is always a good deal of 'fun' got out of 'Coney's,' and counsel either evince an intimate acquaintance with that once celebrated night-house, or an entire ignorance of its existence, as they may have a playful or a serious jury to deal with. The presence of a well-known bookmaker on the Clayton and Jones 'special' seemed to give a tone of gaiety to that body, and so Mr. Hawkins was more lively than usual, and his joke, as to the Coney burrow being disfranchised, is likely to become historic. Of course there were a few moral reflections lugged in, for the benefit of the serious jurymen, if one there was; but, taken altogether, the Court and the audience had a good time, and enjoyed themselves very much. Whether the plaintiff and the defendant entered into the humour of the affair we can hardly tell. It was a very serious thing for one, if not for both; and the termination of the trial, by the discharge of the jury without a verdict, has not mended the matter. By-the-way, Mr. Henry James is an admirable lawyer, no doubt, and knows his Coke upon Littleton, but he doesn't know his Congreve. It is not 'Cousin Hoyden' and 'Cousin Prudence' who make ill-natured remarks to each other about the lost garter, in 'Love for Love,' but Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight who taunt each other, —the one as to where the latter lost her bodkin; the latter, as to where the former found it. We much fear Mr. James has got hold of an emasculated edition of the witty dramatist.

Of course hunting was in a great measure stopped for the first week in February, and though there was the usual grumbling among the fixtures to the soil, the men who at a moment's notice can't break away from their household

gods, and rush up to town for a ten-days' run of the theatres, yet we think that many must have been glad of a little rest for their stables. They take a deal of beating in Leicestershire, though Mr. Tailby considers lying by a week sufficient for any man or beast, for he had his hounds out on the 6th, when drifts were plentiful and ditches deep. However, riding was out of the question, though, we believe, they found a fox, and the hounds had all the fun to themselves. By-the-way, there was an exhibition of sporting pluck and endurance, at the close of January, with the Surrey Union, which, though it may be an old story, deserves to be recorded in the 'Van.' The Hon. Francis Scott (the recording angels of Burke and Debrett say he was born in 1806) saw one of his hounds break through the ice on a pond and disappear, after some vain struggles, beneath it; when the gallant gentleman immediately jumped off his horse, waded into the half-frozen water, nearly up to his shoulders, and had the satisfaction of rescuing his good dog from a miserable death. Need we add a word of comment to this, except to wonder if there were any young men present, and what they thought of it? We have heard, *apropos* of this, a story of a Scotch M.F.H., who, after a stormy and wet afternoon, put up for the night, with the hounds, at a friend's house, intending to hunt the next day. The first whip was sent home to look after the kennel, and the second ditto went out earth-stopping, while the hounds were put in a coach-house for the night. The Master was a very big fellow, his host a very little man, and a loan of clothes from the latter was a very useless proffer. But a kilt (the Master was—nay, is—a Highlander) covers a multitude of sins; and so attired, with a flannel dressing-gown over his shoulders, and a pair of worsted socks only on his feet (no shoes being big enough), he proceeded to feed the hounds. But, remembering that he might have to dine in his wet socks, he carefully took them off, and, *bare-footed*, fed his favourites, and walked them out in a drizzling rain! This is a true story; and if that worthy gentleman and Mr. Scott do not deserve three cheers, who does? Mr. Scott, we need scarcely remind 'Baily' readers, is the treasurer of the Hunt Servants' Society; and if everybody who has heard of his exploit would send him a guinea for that institution, we take upon ourselves to say he would be much pleased. He would also, we know, be very glad if all those who have promised donations would pay them. In former days steeplechases were got up by private subscription, and a swell once said to John Elmore, who was collecting, 'Elmore, put my name down,' to which John replied, 'D——n your name, put down your money!' John was a rude man, and expressed himself bluntly, perhaps, but there is no doubt he took a correct and business-like view of the matter. The honourable Master of the Surrey Union does not express himself so bluntly, but, no doubt, he thinks like Mr. Elmore.

Our Hampshire friends always manage to enjoy themselves somehow, and can generally show a good bill of fare, what with the H.H. and the Hambledon, the little Hursley's and the little Dear's. On the 28th of January the H.H. met at the Anchor Inn at Ropley, the frost having set in about four or five that morning, and it was freezing in the shade all day. There was a large field, and many from a distance. Miss Florence Coker (we think it must have been almost her last appearance in that rôle, in which she has won so many hearts and gained so many friends) was driving Mrs. Deacon in a pretty phaeton, with a pair of very neat cobs, and Mr. Myers was out on a dark chestnut. The hounds drew Sutton Wood, in which the riding was indeed a caution, and where they found two or three foxes, but they would not go away beyond a field or so, and nothing came thereof. They next drew the Gullet

blank, and then repaired to Old Down, whence a fox went away over a capital line of country to Old Park, ultimately subsiding into Cheriton Wood, where half an hour was spent clattering up and down the rides. The run, owing to the coldness of the scent, was the slowest thing imaginable; sometimes they cantered, sometimes trotted, frequently walked, and occasionally stood quite still. Had the scent been good, and the riding better, it would have been a very enjoyable thing; as it was, it can only be classed among the 'might have beens.' On the 13th they met at London Lodge, Stratton Park, and had a very good hunting run of four hours and a half, without a kill, however. Mr. Deacon has, we are very glad to hear, withdrawn his intention of resigning the Mastership. Where could so good a Master be found for so indifferent a country, and what would Mr. Deacon do without hounds to hunt? His occupation would be gone. The Little Hurley were at Standon Gate on the 10th, and had a good run, which hardly any one save the Master and the officials saw, as the field was awaiting the extinction of the hunted fox dead beat, when the hounds got away with another, and killed. On the 12th a grand bye-day of this pack was called at Crawley village—such a cold morning, with a wind like penknives. Crawley Warren and various fields and plantations were drawn blank, then one or two gorses ditto, when up jumped a fox, in a hedgerow near Hill Farm, and ran very fast to Crawley Plantations. There, as usual, a long check ensued, and a brace of foxes were decidedly on foot; the hunted one being headed by a man in a low hat, afterwards succeeding in making his point to Norwood, where he went to ground, and we rejoice to say that no pickaxe or shovel was resorted to. Then they proceeded to Dumper, on whom they vainly called, for not a fox could be found; and afterwards they went on to Winter Down, but did not do much.

On the 27th Mr. Dear's harriers met on the Race Course, and, despite a sharp frost, they had a run to Crawley Warren *via* Wortley Gorse, where, as usual, they spent some time, till they found again near Mr. Courtenay's farm, crossed the Race Course, and ran for about a mile and a half over the large fields in the Wonstow direction—pace very good. The scent here began to grow cold, and such a lot of hares jumped up that the hunted one was lost; the scent at last utterly failing, and nothing for it but to go home. On the 10th of February they were at Sutton Down Farm, but there was very little done—again a case of too many hares and too little scent. On the 14th they had better luck at Weston Farm, where they drew to the north, and soon found; but a sheep-dog spoiled the first run, by joining energetically in the pursuit and coursing poor puss. Then with another hare they had a very pretty run for about two miles and a half—very straight, and a good pace. Unfortunately they lost her in a long plantation near Freecock Wood, and though there were some halloas back afterwards, and they ran a little way towards the station, the hare was not accounted for. The horses had done a good deal of galloping, and the day was getting on, so a retreat was beaten by all but those who lived on the Micheldever side. A pleasant day for hunting—grey and still.

The South Devon had a good run the last week in January, and have had some fair sport since that time. On the day alluded to they met near Lindridge, found immediately in King's Wood, going straight to Well Wood, through it, and away by Sands for Haldon Heath. This was a flying fifteen minutes, of which Mr. T. Hole had the best. The fox was now headed by a body of footers, and made his way back through King's Wood, without dwelling; on into Whitelands Covert, and away to Durly, Woolsgrove, and

Ashwell, again trying to make his point to Haldon, and again being headed and turned by a noisy crowd. The pace had been incessant to this point, without a check; and, although running his foil from Wellwood, the hounds carried it on merrily. The scent now became catching and uncertain, and they were brought to their noses. Taking his line over Lindridge Park, he returned to Wellwood, through it without dwelling, and, crossing the Exeter Road at Arch, made his way for Ugbrook Park. He was beaten, and, failing to jump the wall, skirted it for some distance, until he found an entrance; then, going by the stables, through the park in front of the house, he crossed the lake, and up the opposite hill, where he was again stopped by the north park wall. Creeping out at a gate, he pointed for the stronghold of Chudleigh Rock, which he was unable to reach, and turned into the Bellamarsh coverts, still keeping gallantly on, like a true Dartmoor fox, but, with every hound at him, he was forced from the coverts, and racing him, in view, over the broad meadows by the Teign, they rolled him over in the Chudleigh Road—time, two hours and twenty-five minutes. A gallant fox, and these of the old forest of Dartmoor require a deal of killing. The hounds were never cast from first to last. When the scent changed at Lindridge, from being breast high to a catching and moderate one, they stooped right well and patiently, mending every minute, until they got again upon the best of terms to the finish. A great improvement has been made in these hounds by the lot that came from the Bramshill sale, many of them being of the Poltimore blood. They now run level—not only to the eye, but in strength and power—that enables them to carry a killing head. The field, notwithstanding the many turns in their favour, were much beaten; but at the finish, in the Chudleigh Road, Mr. Westlake, Dr. Pycroft, Miss Pycroft, Miss Whidborne, and Mr. T. Hole were well up. Mr. Westlake, the Master, came to the meet swathed in flannel, with gaiters, from an attack of the gout, merely as a form, to throw his hounds into covert; but the find and burst were so grand, that away he went, gout and all, kept a good place throughout, had a rattling fall, yet was up again, and handled his fox. There is a deal of devil in these Dartmoor men.

A sporting paper, generally well informed, in speaking of a notorious vulpecide of auld lang syne, in the Telcott and Broadbury country, North Devon, describes him as '*a well-known sportsman, who, though a large game preserver, never, under any pretext, allows a fox to be destroyed.*' There is joy in Broadbury over the one sinner that repenteth. *Credat Judeus.*

The South Berks have had some very good sport lately, and killed their foxes in grand style. They managed to only lose four days' sport during the frost—the 30th and 31st of January, and the 3rd and 4th of February—though the snow stayed with them a long time, and up towards the end of the month was still to be found in the narrow lanes and ditches. Roake had been out with them four or five times, and he was sanguine, when last we heard of him, that he would be at work very shortly. Mr. Hargreaves, too, we were glad to know, was also going on favourably, and by this time both he and Roake are at the head of affairs again, we hope.

The Cambridgeshire, too, despite the frost, have had a capital time, and on the 18th they had the best scent and about the best run of the season, killing their fox after two hours and fifty minutes, the first hour as hard as they could go, and the whole of it over plough. This was a day that tried horses and hounds severely.

The Duke of Grafton's country has had its share, and more than share, of

snow, and the ditches being full of it, many have been the falls. The first whip, John Smith, got a nasty one on the 13th, and it was at first thought he had broken his collar-bone, but it turned out that his shoulder only was badly bruised. They had a good run that day without a kill, owing to changing their fox, and a tremendous lot of falls. In fact, lucky was the man who did not get one.

We hear from Northamptonshire that the tenants of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Spencer) have returned home enchanted with their trip. The party arrived in Dublin on Tuesday, January 27th, and were at once ordered to the Castle, to see his Excellency and make arrangements for the Wednesday's hunting, and see a levée which was held at the Castle that day—700 presented, our party numbering seven, namely :

Mr. Elliott and Mr. W. Wykes, from Brington, Northamptonshire ;
Mr. Henry Saunders of Brampton Hill ;
Mr. F. Fabling of Wormleighton, from Leighton, Warwickshire ;
Mr. Everett of North Creek, Fakenham, Norfolk ;
Mr. Jonathan Cox of near St. Albans, Herts ;
Mr. George Gee, junior, of Elkington Lodge, Welford.

The meet was at Dunboyne, about twelve miles from Dublin. They started from the Castle at twelve o'clock, on a four-in-hand drag driven by Mr. Hartopp, and accompanied by Lords Spencer and Shannon ; the Countess Spencer, with the Countess Shannon, Lady Victoria Spencer, and the Marquis of Headfort driving to the meet in an open carriage, drawn by four dark-brown horses, with outriders. The deer was enlarged immediately they got to the meet, and they had to settle down to work at once. The pace was terrific, and falls too numerous to mention ; but certainly Mr. Elliott, who was riding Lancer, was nearly the best man. Mr. Fabling rode Cupid, and would have been well up, had he not had the ill luck to find himself at the bottom of a deep ditch, which delayed him some minutes, but, with the wreckers' assistance, got out all right. Mr. Saunders was not quite so much at home as he expected on a horse Lord Spencer took over from England, named Moss Trooper, well known in Northamptonshire, who has the character of refusing, but, after persevering with him, managed to see the finish. Mr. Everett rode a clever chestnut mare that had been in the hunt stables two or three seasons, and rode very well. Mr. Wykes rode Plover's Egga, and was well up. Mr. Cox, who rides sixteen stone, rode Jack, a horse that was purchased for him from Major Stirling ; and Mr. Gee rode a favourite horse of his Excellency's, named Kildare, who was the grandest fencer he ever crossed. They drove home, dined, and had the honour of witnessing a Drawing Room, when 1100 presented—quite enough for one day. On Saturday they drove as before from the Castle, Captain Moreton handling the ribanda. The meet was at Balla-tree Gate, near Priestown ; and certainly it was a grand sight to see how Mr. Elliott rode Oberon. Mr. Henry Saunders was in his best form on a horse of Mr. Hartopp, seventeen hands high, purely white, and was most conspicuous in the front rank. Mr. Cox was quite at home on another of Mr. Hartopp's horses ; and Mr. Fabling taught Moss Trooper that his refusing tricks would not do for him. Mr. Gee rode Kildare as before, and we were all well up. We need not say how thoroughly they all enjoyed themselves, treated in the most hospitable manner ; and the visit to Ireland shows them that the same confidence and good feeling exist between them which has been marked for generations.

In Gloucestershire Lord Fitzhardinge has been doing very fairly on the whole, though the middle part of the country is very short of foxes, and, when such coverts as Knowle Park are continually drawn blank, it makes people sigh for the gallant old Colonel who used to live there, and always had a fox to show them. As things are at present, they would all prefer the absence of the hare and the presence of the fox. Eastwood is also a closed book to them until near the end of the season—the more's the pity—and every one hopes that another season Sir George Jenkinson may relax the stern mandates which close his park gates while those of his neighbours are open to the hounds. The pack has killed about fifty-five brace, and among the best days this year were: the 6th of January—first fox from the New Passage to Berwick, and a very fine run with their second all over the same country, which brought to grief nearly every one who rode to hounds. January 18th—a good run from the Withey Bed at Rockhampton, through Church Wood and Hills Wood, over the open to Parham Brake, by the Pill, to Tintoch, Purton, and Redwood, where, unfortunately, they changed their fox. On the 17th of February they had a good afternoon gallop from Berwick through Compton, and, on the 18th, a very hard day in the Frocester country; 40 minutes with their first fox, killing him in a wood-stack, and 1 hour and 40 minutes over a good country in the evening, losing their fox at the top of Longdown Hill. The pace this day was at times very good. Lord Fitzhardinge, Captain Sumner, and Lord Aylesford all went well, the latter on his first visit to Berkeley Vale. No pack of hounds can possibly look or work better than these do at present; in fact, they appear fit for a show rather than at the conclusion of a long and trying season. Will Backhouse is very popular both with the field and the farmers.

While in these diggings, we must refer to the good accounts we hear from more than one reliable quarter of the new Steeplechase Course near Bristol, on which the Grand National Handicap will be run this month. A hunting friend, and a very good judge, writes us word, 'I have been over it twice, and can safely say it is the best I ever saw. Every fence visible from the splendid stand, with a run-in as wide as Ascot, and three-quarters of a mile long. It has been inspected by numbers of owners of horses, who are unanimous in their commendation, and I predict a grand success for the coming meeting.' We are very glad to hear that Messrs. Frail have made such a good find, and, as there seems every prospect of our friend's prediction coming true (for the entries are capital, and there is a rumour that the Prince of Wales will be a guest at Berkeley Castle at the time), we heartily congratulate them on the new venture.

The Wiltshire pack are looking very well, and the horses ditto, considering the heavy work they have had this season. They have had some very good things, and they have killed foxes, but, as a rule, complain that in their best runs blood has been wanting. On the 21st they met at the Black Bog Woods, found in them, and also in those of Lord Bathurst's coverts, but each time, after running very fast for a little bit, the fox vanished. There was a curious sort of flashy scent, hounds running like fire for a time, and then suddenly it was all up.

In Suffolk, we hear that Sir Edward Kerrison has been keeping the ball rolling in fine style, and during the past month has had some wonderful sport—the ground having at last got a little less like a snipe bog—a fine show of foxes round his own estate, and, thanks to that good sportsman Sir G. R. Middleton, of Shrublands, an equally fine one in that locality. One run on the

14th, with a fox found on a tree—a veritable clinker—thirty-five miles, without a check, to Gosbeck; another from the same worthy gentleman's coverts on the 27th inst., a fine hunting run of an hour and ten minutes, ending with blood. Sir Edward does everything in quite first-rate form, with R. Fridlington to put them to him—such a fine pack of hounds!—and a treat to witness the quiet workmanlike manner in which he hunts them. All honour, long life, and happiness to the Lord of Oakley Park. Essex and Suffolk, with Mr. Dove at the helm, have been doing fairly well, though terribly short of foxes in the Essex country; but thanks to Mr. Bawtree, of Bramford Park, Mr. Whyard of Middle Wood, and Colonel Anstruther of Hintlesham Park, well off for the animal in that part of Suffolk. They do say, though, that a subscription is about being set on foot to present Ben Morgan, the huntsman, with a new pair of Latchfords, or, at any rate, fresh rowels to the old ones, as the general opinion is that it might be conducive to sport, as, to judge by the way he jogs when a fox is halloaed away, the old ones must have quite lost persuasive power. The Suffolk, with Mr. E. W. Green, and that first-rate helpmate, Tom Enever, have, during the last month, had quite their share of good sport, but rather short of foxes in some parts, but when found, have generally been accounted for handsomely. Mr. C. B. Chaston has also just started a pack of staghounds, and had some wonderful long stretchers; so altogether, hunting may be said to be proceeding under pretty fair auspices in the East.

Sport in Yorkshire, since the frost broke up, has not been wonderful. Lord Middleton had a good day on the 12th, the hounds slipping away from Horeham Wood—the fields in front of every one—crossed the Leppington Beck, and through Leppington Wood, without hanging a moment, and then to ground at Hanging Grimston—distance, 6 miles; time, 30 min. The few who were within hail of them at the start lost ground while fording Leppington Beck, and could never regain it again. Sir Harcourt Johnstone had two capital runs on the 18th from Howe Bridge, found a fox at Harding's Whin, and had a very quick ring of about thirty minutes to the river, which he crossed, and the field had to go round by Kirby-Misperton Bridge, where they found the hounds hunting their fox, but soon lost him. Mr. Hill then took the hounds back to the Marishes, where they found a grand fox in Major Stapylton's gorse, who took them at a cracking pace across the Tyme and up to Pickering, where they lost him, time about forty-five minutes. One Scarborough gentleman had a bath in the aforesaid Tyme, and another, from the same locality, came to grief, and was seen nursing the shattered remains of his chimney-pot.

An amusing incident is reported from the Holderness. A dealer having in vain tried to sell his horse at Beverley Fair for 70*l.*, took it out to see the hounds at Beverley Grand Stand. Here, as he could not hold his horse, he got soundly rebuked for overriding the hounds; but luck befriended him, for a bridge having broken down, he had the satisfaction of pounding the whole Holderness field at a big drain. After this there was a regular stampede to get first run at the seventy-pounder—the lot falling to an East Riding baronet,

who became its possessor for, it is said, 200 guineas, and the dealer went home with his saddle and bridle, a happier and a richer man.

An adjourned meeting was held at the Talbot Hotel, Melton, on the 22nd, Lord Wenlock in the chair, to hear the report of the committee, consisting of Lord Wenlock, Messrs. Bower, Riris, H. H. Forster, H. Darley, J. H. Legard, and Colonel Haworth Booth, to whom had been entrusted the selection of an artist to paint the presentation portrait of Lord Middleton. After visiting several studios, the choice of the committee fell on Mr. Wells, R.A., and that gentleman will shortly come down to Yorkshire and stay with Lord Middleton for a few days, in order to become acquainted with the country and select a background for his picture. The subscription already promised amounts to nearly 1,900*l*.

Two hunting-men down Northamptonshire way were chatting on their road to covert the other day, and, amongst other matters, speaking of a certain well-known bruising gentleman, who goes furiously in an awkward fashion, but fancies himself with hounds very much, and one asked the other what he thought of So-and-so's riding. 'Well, I think him a very impartial rider,' was the reply; and seeing a look of inquiry on his friend's face, added, 'He is sometimes on his horse's head and sometimes on his tail.'

Some strange stories have reached us respecting the run with Baron Rothschild's staghounds, on January 23rd, of which a short notice appeared in our last 'Van.' Seven loose horses were seen running together in one field, like a drove at a fair. A countryman, having secured a fine bay horse, brought it to a noble sportsman, who was struggling through the deep ground in his top boots. The latter, without examining too critically whether it was his own or his neighbour's horse, mounted at once and followed the chase. What mattered it whether it belonged to a baron or to a viscount?

There has been considerable discussion lately as to the feeding of hounds. The following extract from a private letter, which we have been allowed to publish, seems to us to give the kernel of the question in a few words. 'I see 'Portsmouth and Geo. Fox have both been writing about the feeding of hounds. I think the following are the main requisites:

- 'Great cleanliness in the boiling-house and feeding-yard.
- 'No lead pipes, or lead about the boilers.
- 'Moderately soft water.
- 'Meal made from old oats, and six months in bin before used.
- 'Sound horseflesh, and a man who studies and knows the constitution of each hound, and feeds him accordingly.
- 'I think 10 A.M., as a rule, the best hour for feeding.'

In reference to the point raised by Sylvanus, in his fourth 'Letter to Tyro,' in this Magazine for February, as to hounds being stopped from drawing certain coverts until shooting them is done, a correspondent reminds us that such coverts are virtually useless for finding in, as, when pheasant-shooting is finished, the keepers go in for rabbiting, and the woodmen begin cutting, so that the coverts are never quiet. We fear that his remarks are too true.

Travelling towards the South coast not a week ago, several well-dressed

men were arguing politics, much to the annoyance of a would-be swell in the corner, whose button-hole bore lilies of the valley and sweet-scented cyclamen, with a moss-rose bud, all at so much the leaf. 'Well,' said our friend, 'my opinion is, there's a lot of very queer fellows in the House of Commons. I know several intimately who hav'n't got a *hatch* in their *balphabets*;' and yet he did not seem to understand why everybody suddenly coughed and sneezed. 'How true is the old adage, 'Where ignorance is bliss,' etc.

At a village in South Hants the Government examiner recently made his appearance, and being assured by the rector that the lads were exceedingly forward, proceeded to ask, 'Griggs, head-boy, what part of speech is the word Egg?' 'Please, sir, a noun, sir.' 'Right, my little man; and its gender?' 'Gender, sir?' 'Yes; gender. You know what I mean; is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?' 'Please, sir (scratching his head); please, sir, I can't say till he's hatched, sir.' The school was, of course, well reported upon.

A page or two back we mentioned an instance of pluck and gameness on the part of a gentleman who, though we hope he has many years for the enjoyment of his favourite sport yet to come, must be looked upon as one of our Nestors, and now we will show that there is no chance of degeneracy in the young stock that is coming on. Lord Queensberry, every one knows, is a thorough sportsman, and, next to following hounds, he dearly loves a mount in a steeplechase. He was riding Prince of Wales (a brute of a horse to have such a name) at Bromley the other day, and came down a tremendous purler about half a mile from home. Knocked out of time, his Lordship was insensible for some ten minutes, and had received such a blow on the head that, when he came to, he remembered nothing that had occurred. But, in about an hour afterwards, his number and name went up, to the surprise of most people, for the Bickley Steeplechase, in which he not only rode his mare Irritation, but moreover won, and received a thorough ovation on his returning to scale. The crowd cheered him, as an English crowd always does an exhibition of pluck, and they always cheer a little louder when the exhibitor is a gentleman—a sad thing for Dilke and Odger to think of, but so it is, and they must make the best of it. One of the latest editions of 'the doughty 'Douglas' is evidently up to the mark of his ancestors.

We are glad to hear that Captain Cotton has proposed a plan to the authorities at the Horse Guards, of a Government Stud Farm, or dépôt for horses to be used in all branches of our military service; and we hope that this useful proposition will be adopted, as we are informed, on the best authority, that it is extremely difficult, under the present system, to provide the requisite number of horses. The regulation price is now 40*l.*, and this sum is often given for three-year olds of a very moderate description. The chief cause of the alleged scarcity of horses at present, is the unlimited sale of mares for export to foreign countries; and, unless this export is prohibited for a certain time (say five or seven years), it is maintained that we shall not have sufficient horses for our own consumption. Captain Cotton's plan is to have two or three dépôts in different parts of the United Kingdom where horses can be collected, and then sent

out, as required, to the different regiments. With regard to the horses required for the Autumn Manœuvres, the difficulties are still greater than for cavalry remounts, as they have to be purchased in a hurried manner, and most of them are quite unfit for the hard work required of them. The natural consequence is, that they either knock up altogether, or are left in such a miserable state, when the 'campaign' is over, that they scarcely sell for half their original cost; whereas, by having dépôts to send them to, they would either be kept for future service, or be so much improved in condition, as to be sold at little or no loss to the Government. Captain Cotton has made all matters connected with horses the study of his life, and we feel confident that his present plan is well worthy of consideration.

Lord Roseberry's motion, for a Royal Commission to inquire into our horse supply, and its capabilities under any sudden demand, has been, of course, a very interesting topic, not alone to the sportsman, but to every one who, among the other institutions of his country of which, Briton-like, he is justly proud, has been proud of its horses. For such an one to be told that they have not only degenerated, but are fast disappearing; that our grand carriage-horses, our unrivalled hunters, our park hacks, &c., are getting scarcer and scarcer, while weedy thoroughbreds are on the increase, is somewhat alarming. That they are dearer every one knows—so dear, indeed, especially hunters, as to be almost proscribed luxuries, except to the rich. That they are scarce, we take leave to think has not yet been proven. Lord Roseberry, in his able speech, quoted some high opinions in support of that assertion of scarcity—opinions which must carry great weight—but we have not yet the figures before us that can guide to facts. We are all—both those who think with Lord Roseberry, and those who share the optimist views of Lord Granville and Admiral Rous—somewhat in the dark and can only generalise. Exportation has been going on for some years in an increasing *ratio*, we know, and it may be that we have stripped ourselves, especially in the class of brood mares, of what we ought to have kept, but it has not been made sufficiently clear to us that the Admiral, when he says that 'There is a greater number of horses, of every description, in England than ever was known,' has much exceeded the truth. There is some exaggeration in it, perhaps, but then our gallant Dictator has flung himself into the controversy with his accustomed zeal, which has so often outrun discretion. His remedy for the evils, supposed or real, is almost ludicrous. To equalise the duty on all horses is his panacea, and whereas most people suppose we have a superabundance of worthless animals in training, Admiral Rous would increase them threefold! There, in our humble opinion, has been the mistake. We have overbred racing stock, and our passion for short spins and handicaps has deluged the Turf with the worthless animals we see upon it. Probably our good horses have not degenerated, and are as good now as ever they were, but how many do we see in a year of really good ones? Admiral Rous, indeed, contradicts himself in his letter to Lord Roseberry, for he owns in one paragraph that our stock have suffered owing to the numerous breeding establishments, and then concludes his letter by offering a premium on them—namely, putting the same tax on racehorses as on

others. The strongest, or one of the strongest, points in Lord Roseberry's statement was, that Government, when they wanted, last year, 2000 horses for the Autumn Manœuvres, went to the Continent for more than half the number; but was it scarcity, or was it price and the latter that drove our present economical rulers to the French market? That is one of the facts that we hope the Select Committee of the Lords will be able to investigate. It may turn out—we hope it will—that we have mistaken high prices for scarcity, and are surprised that we cannot, with mutton at a shilling a pound, buy horses as we used to ten or twelve years ago. We are writing under correction; and though Lord Roseberry, as we have before said, quoted some high authorities in support of his assertion, such as Lord Portsmouth, Lord Ossington, Mr. Chaplin, &c., we still feel—indeed Lord Roseberry himself admitted—that the question is wholly one of testimony, and figures have not yet been obtained. If we understand the functions and duties of a Select Committee, it is to that we must look for facts; and, without pledging ourselves to the very optimistic views of the Foreign Secretary, we trust it will be found that Lord Roseberry and his friends have exaggerated the evil.

The Committee having been nominated, will commence its sittings immediately after Easter.

'Our Van' is almost packed, but there is room for a few words more. It is no secret that the *haute école* are sometimes given to other sports than those of the field, and the 'sounds of revelry by night,' at well-known haunts, too often bear witness to the fact.

One of those *soirées dansantes* came off at the Cannon Street Hotel on Tuesday night, and we need only mention that the house mustered in full force on this occasion. Many distinguished names might be given, but we are not in a spiteful mood, and have a far pleasanter duty to fill in recording the presence of such guests as Miss H. Hodson, Miss Loseby, Miss Kate Bishop, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Litton, Mrs. Stirling, Miss E. Farren, Miss Nellie Bromley, and a host of others noted for their personal attractions no less than the versatility of their talents. In fact, it was a perfect imitation of a 'Babil and Bijou' scene as the gay and festive throng swept through the mazy measures of the newest waltzes, to the voluptuous strains of faultless music. Here, with those piquant faces beaming with delight, as they only know how to beam, on 'friends' and admirers, it was hard to think there was another and darker side to the picture, that we poor erring mortals are too often made the sport and—but, hold! enough, or we shall be accused of pointing a moral to adorn a tale. The supper was simply superb (every delicacy of the season being provided), and all went 'merrily as a marriage bell,' till chancicleer proclaimed his notes on high and sent the revellers on their homeward way.





1. *Aglyptus*

Aglyptus

Wm. W. W.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LIEUT.-COLONEL EVERETT.

IN the year 1869, when the death of Captain Wyndham left the South Wilts country without a Master, there was some fear among all good sportsmen that the hounds would have to be given up; and it was only after one or two meetings, and a general resolution on the part of every one to put their shoulders to the wheel, that the country was divided, a new pack, under the title of the West Wilts, was started, with the subject of our present sketch as its Master, while Mr. John Codrington kept on the old country. The West Wilts portion—formed out of a bit here from the Duke of Beaufort, and a bit there from the Blackmore Vale, together with the country round Warminster, Westbury, Frome, and Trowbridge—was well presided over by Colonel Everett until, in 1871, Mr. Codrington's resignation united South and West, and under that title, and under Colonel Everett's Mastership, do they still remain.

Born in 1834, and educated at Winchester, Colonel Everett entered the army in 1853, and served with that gallant corps—the 13th Light Infantry—through the latter part of the Crimean war, and in India during the mutiny. At the close of the year 1859 he was promoted to a company in the 25th regiment, continuing with them until his quitting the service, on the death of his father in 1865, when he went to reside at his present home, Greenhill, near Warminster, and without quite turning his sword into a ploughshare, for he took the command of a battalion of Wiltshire Volunteers, and commenced the life of a country gentleman. Always ardently attached to field sports, it was not long after this, as we have seen, that he assumed the labours and responsibilities—not always light or pleasant ones—of an M.F.H., and he has brought to the post every qualification for their fulfilment.

Colonel Everett, besides riding straight to hounds, is most affable and courteous in the field, and never interferes with his huntsman, an example which many M.F.H.'s would do well to follow. He is also fond of shooting and cricket, and of every country pursuit.

He married, in 1863, Mary Florence, the second daughter of the Rev. Henry Fowler of Chester Lodge, in the county of Wilts.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE SOUTH WILTS.

‘PROBABLY,’ said our friend, ‘you are not aware that foxhounds were kept in Wiltshire earlier than in any other country; for while the Brocklesby annals stop short at 1713, it is known that Lord Arundell of Wardour Castle kept a pack of hounds exclusively to hunt the fox, between the years 1690 and 1700, and hunted the country between there and Breamore, near Fordingbridge in the New Forest, his other residence. These hounds were retained in the family until about the year 1745, when the sixth Lord Arundell died, and they were then kept by his nephew, the Earl of Castlehaven, until the death of the last Earl of that name in 1782; and it is an interesting fact that they were then sold to the great Hugo Meynell, and taken to Quorndon Hall, thus showing that Mr. Meynell was *not* the father of the chase, as is generally supposed, as well as that he took care to secure the oldest blood obtainable for his kennel.

‘There is a tradition that about a hundred years ago hounds were kept at Groveley by a celebrated man, who frequently rode to London one day and back the next, about 86 miles each way.

‘The first master, however, of whom there is any definite knowledge, was Mr. William Wyndham of Dinton, whose son was master in 1836. He kept hounds and hunted the country up to 1806, and then sold his pack to Mr. Farquharson; at this period it is almost needless to say it was one of the most primitive in England, and had no definite boundaries, as was the custom at that period.

‘From this time a long interval occurred before the country was again regularly hunted; but Mr. Farquharson brought his hounds occasionally for a week or two during the season to Mr. Benett’s, at Pyt House, which kept alive the sport. With them came also many a Dorsetshire squire—Chafyn, Bingham, Major Dolphin and others, not forgetting the renowned Billy Butler, the life and soul of every party, well known and beloved by all, both rich and poor.

‘It was not until the year 1824 that the South Wilts was first constituted as a separate and independent country. Mr. Codrington, a very Nestor of hunting, in that year married the eldest daughter of Mr. Wyndham of Dinton, and was induced to give up his previous country in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, which extended from the Beech Woods above Thame and Tetsworth, to Tadpole Brooke in the V. W. H. country, which he had hunted for eleven seasons, to try his fortunes in the humbler but better-preserved woodlands of Wilts, and with him came Jim Treadwell, so well known as Mr. Farquharson’s huntsman for twenty years.

‘He had kennels at Sutton Veny, near Warminster, where the

‘ present South and West Wilts stand ; he hunted a bit of the New Forest, also up to Devizes, then came round by Warminster nearly to Shaftesbury ; he also drew the Southleigh and Eastleigh Woods.

‘ Groveley and Great Ridge are two very large coverts, the former is six miles long by two broad, and hounds have been actually known to get foxes out of them. The one is 2500 acres, and the other 3000, and they are only separated by about three miles of open country. There are also fine old historical woods at Font-hill.

‘ Mr. Codrington hunted his hounds himself, and no man knew more of the science, but he was too heavy to ride. His hounds, however, fully sustained their reputation (coming as they did from a good into a bad scenting country), as many a hardly-earned brush over the chimney-pieces of their supporters sufficiently testified. He was assisted by Jim Treadwell—than whom no keener or better man ever went into a field—as his first whip, and Tom Snooks ; when Treadwell left Humphrey Pearce the kennel huntsman took the horn occasionally—George Whitmore was first whip, and David Edwards second.

‘ There are now but very few remaining who can remember the red-letter days, when the good old Squire in Groveley and Great Ridge (where he made his young hounds), listening to the cry of his pack, and wholly absorbed in their proceedings, almost in the words of the Cheshire bard—

“ Continued unconsciously blessing his horse
Whilst they merrily ran.”

‘ One of these red-letter days occurred in January 1827, one morning just after Christmas, and at the commencement of a six-weeks’ frost, when they had one of the cleanest and best runs ever seen. The meet was Horse-Shoe Bridge ; they found directly, and broke at once away for the downs, the fox running the north side of the hill, skirting the Wardour coverts to White Street Hill, where he sunk the Vale, leaving Ferne on the right to Dengrove, where they ran into him on a main earth ; distance from point to point a good nine miles, and done just over the hour. Only two were near them all the way, for the riding was awful. Another good run was from Knoyle Ridge, some years after, when they found in Hodways he tried the earths in Knoyle Ridge, broke at once right across the Summerlease to King-settles, on through Brickles Cliff nearly to Dunccliffe, where he turned to Allens ; finding no shelter there, he crossed the Shaftesbury and Blandford Road for Fallow Wood, in Cranbourne Chase ; but, fairly run down, he succumbed to his staunch pursuers in Melbury Parish, after as fine a run as ever was witnessed, and over a most difficult country. What would they give to have such a run in the present day ? and how many—or rather, how few—would live to the end ?

‘ Another capital run was from the extreme western end of Great Ridge, soon after Christmas, and just at the breaking-up of a frost.

' They took him straight from one end to the other of that large woodland, through Stockton Wood over Teffont, down to the Beeches, on through Groveley Wood, and for a wonder never changed, though once they had two scents going; broke again at the east end over Haddon Hill to Wishford, where he crossed the water meadows and the River Wile, across the Salisbury and Bath road at South Newton, and ran into him pointing for the 'Druid's Head on Salisbury Plain, having fairly worn him down after as fine a hunting run as can be imagined.

' Amongst the chief supporters at this time were, Mr. Wyndham of Dinton, Mr. Wm. Wyndham, until he took the Craven country, Mr. Benett of Pyt House, Mr. Penruddock of Compton, Mr. T. Grove of Ferne, uncle of the late Mr. Harry Grove, Mr. Powell of Hurdcott, and the late Mr. J. H. Jacob of the Close, Salisbury. Amongst the yeomen of Wilts may be mentioned, Messrs. Morgan, J. Blandford, John Rebbeck, Ambrose Patient of Corton, Thomas Alford of Sherrington, Benett of Codford, and C. H. and John Ingram. There was also old Harry Biggs of Stockton, and his son H. G. Biggs, the present proprietor, who used often to appear at the covert-side mounted on Little Red Rover, who was a good second to Emilius for the Derby in 1823, and as neat a little horse as ever was seen; but as he was entire, and rather dangerous to the field, some were not sorry when the old Squire sold him to Lord Dorchester, who bred from him, and the dam of the celebrated Cruiser (Rarey's) was one of his get. Also old John Davis of Bapton, who rode hunting till he was eighty, mounted on his neat little brown mare by Robin Adair, a son of old Walton, and as good and stout blood as any in the Calendar. In these parts they were notorious for many a day, but almost all had a spice of temper.

' But all good things must come to an end; and it was one day quite at the latter part of March, or the beginning of April 1836, that he astonished his field by informing them that he had sold his hounds, and that was the last day they would see them out. It was only too true! he had sold them the day before to Mr. Hall of Holbrook House, near Wincanton, to hunt the Blackmore Vale country, and Treadwell went with them as huntsman, and from thence, after two seasons, to Mr. Farquharson.

' The country was then left vacant, and no one coming forward to take it, it was arranged that Mr. William Wyndham, who at that time hunted the New Forest, should bring his hounds to Dinton for cub-hunting at the beginning of November, and leave twenty couple of hounds under the management of his brother, Mr. Frank Wyndham, to hunt the country twice a week, which was accordingly done; and the coverts being well stocked with good, old, wild foxes, some excellent runs took place. It was in those days no uncommon thing to leave off far down in Cranbourne Chase, by West Lodge, Rushmoor, or Tollard Green, from Blandford's Gorse, or the Wardour Woods. And on one occasion, during a dark and

‘ dreary ride home on a December night, one who is now alive to
‘ record the tale, remembers putting in for a few minutes at the
‘ Glove (Donhead), to give the nags some gruel, and the riders a crust
‘ of bread and cheese ; a sporting linendraper from the good old city
‘ of Sarum gave the ostler a sovereign instead of a shilling, which, to
‘ the man’s credit be it recorded, he honestly returned the next day,
‘ saying, “he was sure the gemmen had made a mistake.”

‘ This arrangement lasted two seasons, when Mr. Wyndham
‘ resigned the New Forest, and came to reside permanently at Dinton,
‘ and hunted the country almost entirely at his own expense for ten
‘ seasons, handling the horn himself ; he was an excellent woodland
‘ huntsman, and had Harry Gillett as his first whip, who, on leaving
‘ here, became huntsman to Captain Shedden in the New Forest.
‘ He died in Mr. Pain’s service Jack of all work, and before that
‘ was supported by one and another. In his best day he was a smart
‘ fellow and knew everything.

‘ Though no man had greater knowledge of hounds and hunting
‘ than Mr. Wyndham, and he spared neither trouble nor expense, it
‘ can hardly be said that his efforts were crowned with success—
‘ neither hounds nor system were suited to the country, the one
‘ being very large (many of the dog-hounds standing twenty-five and
‘ even twenty-six inches), and bred originally from old John Warde’s
‘ sort, the other decidedly too slow for a cold-scenting country such
‘ as the South Wilts most certainly is.

‘ However, in many respects they were a fine pack of hounds,
‘ beautifully steady, and excellent line-hunters (perhaps a little too
‘ much so), and when they did get a good day, and a good fox before
‘ them, which must happen sometimes even in the worst of countries,
‘ it was a real pleasure to see them work. They were brought to the
‘ hammer at ‘The Corner,’ under Messrs. Tattersall, in the summer
‘ of 1848, but realized only a small sum—something under 400*l*. A
‘ cheaper lot of hounds perhaps was never sold. It was said of them,
‘ “And, Wyndham-like, they never speak but when they’re doubly
‘ “ sure.”

‘ It was late in the summer of 1848 that Mr. Frank Wyndham, at
‘ the request of several of the resident gentry and owners of coverts,
‘ succeeded his brother. He got together a few drafts, and afterwards
‘ increasing them had, at the end of his second season, a very re-
‘ spectable two-days-a-week pack, entirely different from their
‘ predecessors ; being light, active, and wiry, they proved too much
‘ for many a wild fox ; and when, in the spring of 1858, he resigned
‘ and sold his pack to Lord Curzon to hunt the Atherstone country,
‘ their departure was witnessed with general regret.

‘ Two very noted runs occurred during the mastership of
‘ Mr. Wyndham, one from Flitmore Bog, the property of Lord
‘ Arundell of Wardour, in the parish of Donhead St. Andrew. The
‘ fox at once took a line through Barkers Hill to Knoyle, tried the
‘ earths at Skitmarsh, but, finding them shut, at once crossed the Ridge
‘ and faced the Keesley Down, as if meaning Great Ridge, which

' terrible stronghold, however, he skirted, pointing for Southleigh, ' near Warminster, within a field of which town he jumped up in ' view, and was rolled over after a most capital run of at least ' fourteen or fifteen miles, and it is believed that they never changed. ' Another run worth recording took place from a withy bed at ' Fisherton Delamere, the property of that good old sportsman, ' Mr. John Davis. The fox, after trying the earth, broke at once ' over the Salisbury and Warminster Road to Chitterne Gorse, ' through that to Wadman Coppice, on to Erle Stoke through the ' coverts there and the Park, sinking the Vale to Great Cheverel, ' where he waited, and the hounds, getting on good terms with him, ' never checked till they killed him at Marston in Potterne Parish, ' about three miles from Devizes, a good fifteen from where they ' found, and twenty from the kennel.

' Then again the South Wilts country became vacant, and the ' same difficulty was experienced in finding a master. A meeting was ' therefore held at the White Hart Hotel, Salisbury, when a committee, ' consisting of the Hon. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert ' of Lea, the present Lord Radnor, Mr. Alfred Morrison, and ' Mr. Jarrett, was formed to hunt the country, and Mr. T. Pain ' was elected Honorary Secretary, who shortly afterwards pur- ' chased the pack of Sir Robert Vaughan, lately deceased. These ' hounds brought with them the character of being wonderful line- ' hunters, which they certainly were; and good old-fashioned hounds, ' accustomed to be left entirely alone in the fastnesses of North ' Wales, could scarcely be expected to scurry over the Wiltshire ' Hills, consequently they did but little during the first season. At ' the end of that the committee, as is usual in such cases, for sundry ' reasons either declining or ceasing to act, the mastership devolved ' entirely on Mr. Pain, and now, after the lapse of many years, ' Wiltshire recalls with pleasure his cheery smile and genial presence, ' his zeal for the sport, and willingness always to oblige; his reign of ' mastership will not soon be forgotten.

' Under his care and that of Orbell the pack soon assumed quite a ' different aspect by his sending to first-rate sires of all the best packs, ' and sparing neither trouble nor expense, so that when he sold his ' pack to Captain Jarrett in the spring of 1865, they were as level a ' lot as the eye of a sportsman could wish to rest on, and at the same ' time steady and good in their work.

' Mr. Pain was master for seven seasons, gave half a guinea for a ' find, and never had a blank day. The quiet manner in which his ' hounds were handled was very striking. He allowed them to use ' their own intelligence and hunt their fox themselves, only helping ' them when necessary. His first huntsman was Harry Nason, who ' came from the H. H. and went to the Cheshire, when Lord ' Grosvenor was Master; then came Treadwell from the Grove, who ' now keeps a public house, and Jack Woodley turned them to him, ' continuing one season with Joseph Orbell, also from the H. H., ' an excellent servant, who went to Lord Fitzwilliam in 1868.

‘ Woodley went to the East Dorset, and then came Jim Maiden, who went to Lord Middleton as first whip, and his place was supplied by W. Locke, who was there until Mr. Pain gave up, and then went to the Ludlow.

‘ Mr. Pain’s best friend during his career was the Hon. Sidney Herbert, of whom, in every sense, it is impossible to say enough. His son, Lord Pembroke, now keeps and hunts the harriers formerly called the Netton. On the opening day of the South Wilts under Mr. Pain, a fox was found at Hurdcott, and, after a splendid chase, was run to earth at Wardour Castle: the Hon. Sidney Herbert, who was riding very forward, saw a black-and-tan hound leading the rest, and asked Mr. Pain the name of the hound, which he said was Minister, “and a Prime Minister,” said Mr. Herbert.

‘ Hunting now with these hounds, and for some time past, was the late Harry Biggs of Stockton, who was noted as being a great supporter of fox-hunting, racing, and coursing, as well as for his stud of tall maidservants. It is said he would not have a manservant in his house, and when Lord Stradbroke asked him where he got them from, he said he bred them himself.

‘ Harry Jacob, the brother-in-law of the late Speaker, Lord Ossington, as a young man was one of the firmest supporters of hunting in South Wilts. He was a very fine, handsome man, most courteous, and a steady rider, very great down a hill, always going straight down and as hard as he could lick. Mr. John Tregonwell of Cranbourne, who was Master of the Hursley for three years, a very light weight, who could ride as straight as anybody, and, no matter how dirty the weather, never had a speck on his breeches; John Edward Starkey of Spye Park, who married Miss Charlotte Wyndham; Mr. Jarrett of Bathampton, who now lives at Winchester, well known on a fast old grey horse, though he never rode much; Mr. Tugwell of Devizes, who kept harriers, also hunted with the South Wilts; John and Christopher Ingram, the former was Mr. Pain’s *Fidus Achates*; he knew every man, every fox, and every earth in the country, took great interest in the kennel department, and managed every difficult person; but that was small trouble in a country like the South Wilts, as the coverts were well preserved by the gentlemen, the farmers took great care of the gorses, and foxes were often found in the large turnip fields. Stafford Lane of Bridmore, a neat and good sportsman, who used to ride flat and hurdle races, and was a favourite with everybody. Harry Grove of Odstock was a good old sportsman, and very neat at the covert side—he knew the stud-book by heart, and was a charming man in general society, his light weight enabled him to ride very straight and keep a good place up and down the steep hills. He kept his hunters longer than any man ever known, several he rode from fifteen to twenty years; they were always of the same stamp, beautifully bred with great bone. Alec Powell of Hurdcott House was a great ally of Mr. Codrington and

the Dinton Squire, and one of the best sportsmen of the day, a wonderful man to hounds, keeping his eye on the leading ones, and having a great hatred of seeing them lifted, and he knew the run of every fox; also a great shot and fisherman. He was fond of a small and neat hound, and no one knew more about them than the Hurdcott Squire. He is still a young man in every sense, though he resigned the chase at the end of Mr. Pain's reign in South Wilts. Will Turner of Tisbury is a celebrated character, who is mad on hunting. He was once so charmed with an Irish Master of Hounds, that he said he would go over to Ireland and whip in to him for nothing. Old Jem Treadwell left him his breeches, boots, and cap. Campbell Wyndham, better known in the South Wilts as "John Henry," had a good stud at one time at Salisbury, which place he represented for some years after the death of his uncle, Wadham Wyndham. General Wyndham was a great man, notwithstanding his size, with the South Wilts and neighbouring packs: he was a great favourite with all men. His son Tom rode well in early days, but dropped off afterwards. Tom King of Alvediston, the owner of Alvediston, who lived where Bill Day does, was a firm friend and good for a breakfast. Lord Arundell of Wardour Castle is a fine supporter of hunting, has as many foxes as pheasants, and his coverts are a very favourite home for them, the sandy soil and the beautiful lying in Wardour Woods, with plenty of water, is sure to keep everything right as long as Lord Arundell lives, and Adams is his keeper. Fred King of Chilmark, a good preserver outside of Great Ridge; Mr. Fraser Grove, present M.P. for South Wilts, is a staunch preserver, and very good man across country, but likes the vale better than the hills; Lord H. Thynne came out occasionally, so did Lord R. Grosvenor. Alfred Morrison of Fonthill has been a most liberal supporter of the South Wilts for the last fifteen years. He has always a splendid stud of hunters, and used to hunt a great deal from Chippenham, and at one time had his horses at Leicester; but his time is now principally given to art. Fonthill is a gigantic curiosity shop of all that is costly and curious. Mr. Eyre Coote of West Park, since deceased, was a supporter; Mr. John Davis, junior, son of Mr. Davis of Fisherton De-la-mere, a great ally of Lord Stradbroke, lived in the very heart of the coursing country, and was a great supporter of it. The neat form of the old man on the little grey will be ever remembered by every South Wilts man. Messrs. Danby and Alfred Seymour hunted occasionally from Knoyle; and Charley Gordon of Wincombe, a good man and true; Tim Goodman, a lawyer of Warminster, was a great sportsman and a jolly good fellow; John Rebbeck of Ebbesborne, who used to play cricket and keep wicket, a wealthy man, was fond of the sport and rode for many years. He has some capital gorses, which are always a sure find. The Parhams, from the old man to the youngest, were good and true men; Henry Marsh of Sutton Mandeville was a tremendous

‘man down hill; Ruddle of Whitsbury was good to hounds, and his coverts always held a fox; Henry Pinegar of Coombe rode a great, big grey, the fastest horse in the hunt; the two young Melsomes of Norton Bavant, John Chisman of Codford, the ‘Waynes—Tom, John, and Henry; Edmund Mills of Orcheston, ‘John Marsh of Stratford, occasionally; E. Waters, of whom I ‘told you when discussing the Tedworth. Charles Harvey of ‘Chase Farm was a great preserver at Vernditch, who used to ‘say, “I can tell you what sort of a hunting-day it will be when ‘“I wakes up; for, if I stammers when talking to my missus, ‘“it’s a bad ‘un.” He was a very extraordinary man, and could say ‘more rough things to big folks than any one. Many anecdotes are ‘told of him. If the hounds were going to Vernditch, he would ‘go with his sons to stop the earth, and if there was no fox, he was ‘a miserable man all day. The late Lord Herbert, his landlord, was ‘very fond of a chat with old Harvey, and there was always a ‘welcome for him at Wilton House. Lord Portman, and other old ‘sportsmen of that class, could tell many amusing stories of the ‘tenant of Chase Farm. One day, a well-known poacher had ‘caught a fox; old Harvey’s rage was intense, and a certain noble ‘magistrate was also very much annoyed. About a month after- ‘wards, meeting Harvey, his Lordship said to him, “I had that ‘“poacher before me last week; we gave him a month, and I put ‘“on an extra fortnight for the fox.” Harvey said the fellow ought ‘to be hanged, but did not think it quite justice.

‘In the early days of the South Wilts, before Mr. F. Wyndham ‘had them, there were two very good men on the Fordingbridge ‘side, the brothers Rawlence, neat little men who could go as ‘straight as birds. Fred Sidford, a funny fellow, was another sticker ‘to the South Wilts, and is going most likely on the same horse; ‘Christopher Ingram of Upton Lovell, Herbert Ingram, Master of ‘Harriers, of Ashton, Raxworthy of Upton Lovell, John Rowden, ‘of Tedworth notoriety. Though last, not least to be named, ‘was the agricultural king of South Wilts, Stephen Mills of Elston, ‘who in the old Squire of Dinton’s reign was always neatly turned ‘out upon first-rate horses. Stephen was much looked up to by the ‘farmers of Wiltshire. He was a very clever, agreeable man, ‘farming his own 3000 to 4000 acres upon Salisbury Plain. His ‘only son succeeded him; but he, too, died early in life, a good ‘sportsman and agreeable fellow.

‘The South Wilts is not a country for young horses, so there were ‘never many hard-riding farmers in its boundaries.

‘In 1865 Captain Jarrett, late of the Guards, son of Mr. Herbert ‘Jarrett, who lived at Bathampton, bought the hounds of Mr. Pain ‘for 1000 guineas, and was Master for two seasons. He was a good ‘horseman, and very smart in all his appointments, but, I have ‘heard, went in for riding rather than hunting. Joe Orbell was his ‘huntsman, and Babbage, who went to Mr. Parry’s, and Alfred ‘Mandeville, from Lord Dacre, at present with the Hambledon,

' whips. The hounds and horses were sold April 17th, 1867, at the Dinton kennels, and fetched very high prices.

' In 1867 Captain A. Wadham Wyndham (a great patron of coursing) took the country, and hunted them himself until his death, in 1869, assisted by his nephew, Mr. John Codrington, the present Master of the Cattistock Hounds. Travers, his whip, left on account of an accident, and was succeeded by Judd, who was then Mr. Wyndham's coachman. Mr. John Codrington then succeeded, and held the country for two seasons, until a change was made in the name and boundaries. Lord and Lady Arundell of Wardour Castle, Mr. Fraser Grove, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Fane Benett Stanford of Pyt House, Mr. J. Tregonwell of Cranbourne, Mr. W. Wyndham of Dinton, Mr. J. Codrington of Dinton, Mr. G. Honey of Baverstock, Mr. J. Ingram of Wily, were all hunting at this time, as well as Lady Theodora Grosvenor, whose stables are quite a sight.'

' Were not the South and West Wiltshire countries joined about this time ?'

' Yes ; in 1871 they were amalgamated, under the management of Colonel John Everett, of Greenhill House, Sutton Veny, near Warminster. As a Master, he is kind, affable, obliging, and most anxious to show sport.

' The South and West Wilts, as it now stands under his management, comprises nearly the whole of the South Wiltshire, and a part of Somersetshire, to the north, where it is joined by the Duke of Beaufort. In fact, part of it is lent from year to year, such as Bradford Wood, a pretty covert of eighty acres, lying close to the town of Bradford, and surrounded by a beautiful vale. The Rood Ashton coverts, near Westbury, are both in the Duke's hunt. The north of the country is a fine vale, but with few coverts in it, and those very large. The Rood Ashton coverts, belonging to Mr. Long, and Heywood, belonging to Mr. Ludlow, are 900 acres. Eastwards are the Erle Stoke coverts, belonging to Mr. Watson Taylor, most of which lie on the edge of the downs overhanging the vale. Next comes Potterne Wood, close to Devizes ; and further to the south the Erchfont coverts and those of Market Lavington, belonging to Mr. Bouverie, Lord Radnor's brother, who is the best supporter of the chase in those parts. A mile or two from Erchfont the country is bounded by the Tedworth, the road from Salisbury to Devizes, which cuts Salisbury Plain in two, dividing them. The plain country is bounded to the north by the Devizes Vale, and to the south by the River Wiley ; and most of this flat country is well adapted for going racing pace over, as the hills are not steep. Its extent is some sixteen miles in length from east to west, its breadth twelve miles to the east, and dwindling gradually to six on the west side. There are a few gorse coverts and copses which hold foxes, and from which capital sport is obtained early in the season.

' To the east and south the country is bounded by Lord Radnor's,

‘ the Hare Warren above Wilton being in the South and West Wilts ;
‘ also the stiff gorses extending to the south along the ridge of hills
‘ which ends at Ferne House, the seat of Mr. Grove, M.P., which
‘ formerly was in the South Wilts Hunt, but is now lent to the East
‘ Dorset. The meets along this ridge are the Warren, belonging to
‘ Lord Pembroke, Fovant Hut, close to which are some very strong
‘ gorses, and Crockerton Firs, where there are more. The last of
‘ these belong to Lord Arundell of Wardour ; and a Mr. Rebbeck and
‘ Mr. Marsh are also true friends of the sport in these parts. Foxes
‘ are plentiful ; but the stiffness and frequency of the gorses render
‘ much good sport a difficulty. Beneath these hills to the north-west
‘ lies the Vale, commencing with a range of woodlands, with the
‘ strong coverts of Wardour Castle on the north-west, then those of
‘ Sutton Mandeville Fovant, Compton and Hurdcott stretching in a
‘ north-westerly direction, with the Dinton coverts between Grovely
‘ and Compton. It forms a long tract of hanging woodlands, with
‘ water-meadows on the west side, the extent of which is not less
‘ than eight miles. Though there are foxes in all these coverts, and
‘ Lord Arundell and Mr. Wyndham are good supporters, this extent
‘ of covert, and the difficulty of stopping, points out this district as
‘ one of the worst for showing sport in the country.

‘ Still more to the westward lies Mr. Morrison’s Park at Fonthill,
‘ and the town of Tisbury to the south of it. Here, still facing the
‘ west, a good vale country is opened ; on the extreme south lies a
‘ hilly country, bounded by the East Dorset, of which some of the
‘ best coverts are Coombe Wood, Donhead, and Windcomb Park,
‘ from which many good runs have been seen ; and Mr. Chapman
‘ of Donhead Hall and Mr. Gordon of Wincombe are true lovers of
‘ the noble science.

‘ To the north of Pyt House is Fonthill Abbey, the property of
‘ Lady Westminster, where Sir Michael Shaw Stewart lately
‘ resided. The abbey woods afford beautiful lying for foxes, and
‘ are seldom, if ever, drawn blank. This part of the vale is bounded
‘ on the north by Ridge Wood, terminating in Knoyle village on the
‘ west and by Kingsettle, a covert overhanging Motcombe House,
‘ the seat of Lady Westminster. Further westward, as far as Mere,
‘ it is joined by the Blackmore Vale, and to the south by Gillingham,
‘ close to which is one of the best meets of the East Dorset. The
‘ country, called generally the Vale of Knoyle, and immediately
‘ joining the Blackmore Vale, consists of an enclosed grass country,
‘ extending nearly six miles, and foxes being bred there, generally
‘ take to it from whatever point they are found. Thanks to the
‘ good preservation of Lady Westminster and Lady Theodora Gros-
‘ venor, many good runs have here had their origin. No words can
‘ express the gratitude of the Hunt towards these ladies, who do
‘ everything in their power to promote sport.

‘ At Mere, the Blackmore Vale bounds the hunt, and in the Vale
‘ on the other side of the Great Western Railway (Weymouth
‘ branch) is a very good grass country, in which Postlebury Wood,

' Barrow, and Upper and Lower Bitcombe and Batcombe are often
' drawn with success. This part of the country not having been
' hunted for years until the establishment of the West Wilts Hunt,
' three years since, was not overstocked with foxes; but during the
' last season, owing to the efforts of Lord Harry Thynne, M.P., of
' Bradley House, and Lord Cork of Marston, has generally proved a
' sure find, and therefore many good runs have been seen from
' both the woodlands and outlying coverts round Witham Station.

' The kennels of the hunt are at Greenhill, the seat of the Master,
' and situated at Sutton Veny, within a short distance of Warminster.
' It is nearly in the centre of the country; and close to the kennels
' is a large woodland called Southleigh, a sure find, but a very bad
' scenting covert. There is also Longleat Park, in which Warminster
' Plain, the Aucomb Hill, and the Lower Woods are the surest finds;
' and the Marquis of Bath, though not a foxhunter himself, has given
' a hint to his keeper which has been attended to.

' The Black Dog and Berkeley Woods are covers of some eight
' hundred acres, with on all sides a good hunting country, principally
' grass, and well enclosed, and no cover of importance within three
' or four miles; Longleat to the south, Orchardleigh to the west,
' and Heywood and Rood Ashton to the north-east. This covert,
' well stocked with foxes, would afford good sport once a fortnight;
' also those of Heywood and Rood Ashton, before mentioned. These
' coverts are all owned by friends of the chase: Mr. Phipps, M.P.
' for Westbury, Mr. Long of Rood Ashton, and Mr. Ludlow of
' Heywood. Below Frome lies the stronghold of Asham Wood, a
' rocky, woody ravine of considerable size, never destitute of a fox,
' but killing for horses, all the rides being stony, slippery, and many
' very steep.

' Orchardleigh Park is the seat of Mr. Duckworth, who has
' always two or three foxes in his coverts; and at Wolverton are
' some small copses; and further, towards Westbury, Trowbridge,
' and Bradford, are Pomery Wood and the Farleigh coverts. Most
' of this wide extent of country, from Frome to Trowbridge and
' Bradford, is as fine a hunting country as they could desire; fine
' firm grass, with flying fences, with coverts not too large. It is
' nearly eight miles square, partly a little hilly; but, until three years
' since, no hounds had hunted it for a quarter of a century; and foxes
' in this district may be numbered by one to every four square miles.
' Nevertheless, if they are allowed to increase, there is no country
' better adapted for sport; but the farmers in this district, with very
' few exceptions, are not of the right sort, and their delight seems to
' be destroying the animal whenever they can put their finger on him.
' An uphill country for any pack.

' Amongst those which compose the field preference must be
' given to the ladies; and in the Knoyle country Lady Theodora
' Grosvenor, superbly mounted, generally graces the meets; Mrs.
' Troyte Bullock of Sedgemoor, and Mrs. Everett, wife of the
' Master; also I may name Sir Michael Shaw Stewart and Lady

‘ Stewart, Mr. Grove and his son from Ferne, Mr. Chapman of Donhead Hall, Mr. Gordon from Wincombe, Mr. Benett from Pyt House, Lord and Lady Arundell of Wardour Castle, Mr. Troyte Bullock of Sedgemoor House, Lord Heytesbury and his sons; also many from the Blackmore Vale and East Dorset, and a strong muster from all sides of the country congregate at a favourite meet in the vale. Amongst the hardest riders I may mention Mr. Notley, Mr. Chisman from Codford, Mr. Lampard and Mr. Parry from Heytesbury, Mr. Stratton and Messrs. Jefferies, Mr. Harding from the neighbourhood of Maiden Bradley. When the meets are in the Frome district, I have noticed Captain Wickham from Frome, a fine old sportsman, and Mr. Shaw, formerly for many years a Master of Harriers. Nearer Warminster, and in the Westbury country, Messrs. Barton of Corsley House, and Messrs. Phipps of Chalcot and Leighton, and Mr. Bayly from Warminster also. Amongst the farmers are Mr. Pope of Corsley, and two Mr. Parhams from the neighbourhood of Sutton; and on the Bath side of the country the hunt is occasionally patronized by many strangers from Bath and Trowbridge. At the Yarnbrook Gate meet for Mr. Long’s covers at Rood Ashton, I have noticed the influential owner of the property, Mr. Long, and a very promising son of his, Mr. Walter Long by name. Further to the north of the country south of Devizes, Mr. Bouverie, M.P., goes as well, or better, than most of his age, and his son follows his example. Also Mr. George Watson Taylor and Mr. Stancomb, both of that district, promise well. Of the farmocracy, the late Mr. Collins of Outmarsh, near Melksham, has proved himself a good friend to West Wilts country, and also Mr. Cooper, Erle Stoke.

‘ Of the gentlemen, I must not forget Captain Cochrane, Baynton Lodge. In the down country adjoining the Tedworth many men frequently join this Hunt. I may name Mr. Mills and Dr. Nicholls, Mr. Melsome of Maddington, and also another gentleman farmer, a true lover of the chase, Mr. Frank Browne late of Stoke. Nor must I forget one gentleman, who, I have reason to believe, is the Master’s right hand, and a thorough sportsman. His name is Mr. Robert Elling of Sutton.

‘ My advice to gentlemen hunting in the country is this: Should they like a stiff vale to go to, such meets as Semley Station, Sedgemoor House, East Knoyle and West Knoyle, and Donhead in the Knoyle Vale, in the Witham country, never to omit Wiltrain Station, for Postlebury and the Bitcombes. On the Westbury side, to choose the Black Dog Woods and the Yarnbrook Gate as a meet; for, although both large coverts, there is a good vale around to get over. On the north of the country, in the neighbourhood of Devizes, Market Lavington would be the best choice. On the down country Maddington, Tilshead, Heytesbury, Fisherton, Codford, and Warminster Down are to be preferred. Of the others it is hard to choose, many of them being near large woodlands, from which, however, sport is often shown.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XIX.

THAT last was a grand day at Kilvern, and brought, both by the sport and its result, unqualified satisfaction to the peasants of the district; but it was a long and a heavy one, and we did not reach Carhaix before ten o'clock that night—a late hour, considering the work done by the hounds and the brief rest enjoyed by the chasseurs, by night and day, during the whole of the past week.

'I feel as if I could sleep for a fortnight,' said Keryfan, rising from a table that, by its *débris* of bones and bottles, bore witness to a vast demolition of cutlets and La Rose claret; and seizing his candle, he begged hard that the usual *le réveil* might not be sounded on the morrow morn, at least within the walls of the Hôtel d'Auvergne.

'What! own yourself beaten, Keryfan?' said Shafto, always ready and fresh either for sport or badinage: 'well, I little thought to have heard such a confession from a man whom I have hitherto regarded as the Paladin of Breton chasseurs.'

'Can't help it,' said Kerifan, yawning; 'I've worked hard and fed well, and feel, just now, more like a python than a man, so must have my whack of sleep, and then to work again.'

Hereupon interposed Marseillier, the ever-obliging host, who promised to do his best to keep the house quiet, but reminded Keryfan that, the following day being Sunday, all Carhaix would be astir, and that every man possessing a horn would not fail to summon his neighbour and every dog in the town to the chase, long before a streak of light appeared in the sky.

'And you mean to join them, of course?' said Keryfan, growing half savage at the prospect of not being allowed to indulge in a long spell of sleep after so much fatigue.

'Of course,' rejoined Marseillier, with an air of unfeigned astonishment on his good-natured face that such a question could be asked him: 'to be sure I do; why, it's the only day out of the seven on which business will permit a poor bourgeois to enjoy his life and give rest to his brain.'

The disregard of the sabbath as a day of rest being the popular and general practice of that country, Keryfan had no notion, on moral grounds, of interfering with his neighbours' amusements on that sacred day; its desecration was too habitual among all classes of the community to arouse within him the faintest scruple of conscience on the subject, for he had never been taught in childhood what every village schoolboy learns, as his first lesson, in this more favoured land—those words of 'Poor Richard,' that,

'A Sunday well spent brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sunday profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is the certain forerunner of sorrow.'

That the cup of sorrow has been drained, over and over again to its bitterest dregs, by that people who, of all others on earth, do most dishonour the sabbath-day, cannot be denied ; though, whether it be or be not for this very sin that the nation has been so heavily visited by God's wrath, it is not for man to decide.

Marseillier's renewed assurance that neither *le point du jour* nor *le réveil* should be sounded on his premises, if he could possibly prevent it (for he had a most voluminous and discordant horn of his own, and was very fond of blowing it whenever he joined the town-chasse), seemed to satisfy Keryfan, who was well aware of his host's weakness on this point ; and having so far gained his object, he withdrew for the night.

The gap in our little circle, occasioned by the absence of the Comte de Kergoorlas, was the subject of great disappointment to all ; but, encompassed as he was with so many troubles at Gourin, the result of which might probably involve him in serious difficulty hereafter, he felt it was imperative on him, both as a matter of duty and self-interest, to repair thither without delay after the sport at Kilvern ; and to this necessity we were compelled reluctantly to bow.

But now, to return to the forest. The obsequies over that last boar were soon ended ; nor was his carcase honoured with the fanfare of horns that usually proclaimed the final triumph over the bristly foe. No less than seven boar, suspended by the heels in various forest trees, awaited dissection, ere St. Prix could venture to quit the ground and take his hounds home to their Carhaix kennel. The day was waning fast ; and as this work was the especial duty of Louis Trefarreg and his piqueurs, under the direction of the Louvetier himself, it was done, as may be supposed, in a rough and ready fashion, and with a despatch rendered necessary by the gloom of night that even now darkened the glen. It was marvellous, however, considering the tools used—two or three *chasse-couteaux* and one small battle-axe, which Louis Trefarreg bore in his belt—how adroitly the head and quarters were severed, and the chins divided with a precision worthy of a Paris *charcutier*. The distribution of all this meat, roughly estimated at fourteen hundred-weight, was quickly effected, and, as heretofore, appeared to give the peasants unqualified satisfaction ; but, if the tales about their crops were true, that amount of compensation could scarcely have been considered an equivalent for the damage they had sustained by the plundering habits of so many pigs. The sport was doubtless the first object ; for, to judge by the wild delight evinced on every occasion by the drag, the chase, or the kill, it was impossible to resist the conclusion that, after all, the sport alone would have gone a long way in satisfying the wrongs endured by these manly fellows.

When Kergoorlas turned his back on this wild woodland scene, of all that noble pack, eighteen couple strong, that he had brought with him but a few days before from Upper Brittany, seven hounds only remained to follow him home from the field. The others,

either rendered *hors-de-combat* by death or wounds, or straying, after that fatal day at Conveau, over the trackless wastes of the Black Mountains, made up a list of casualties long enough and vexatious enough to break the heart of a man less sanguine and elastic than that of Kergoorlas. He was not one, however, to yield complacently to adverse circumstances, and cry out for help from Jupiter before he had put his own shoulder to the wheel; but, on the contrary, the loss of his hounds, which he felt grievously, seemed to rouse his spirit and at once to add fresh fuel to his natural energy; and, as he turned in his saddle to survey the scanty lot that, in answer to their names, instantly separated from the pack and, with sterns erect, gathered in closely to his horse's heels, his last words were, 'Helicon, Mareschal, and Niobe are, I grieve to say, past recovery, and many of my leading hounds are badly wounded; but, for the rest, if uneaten by wolves, I'll draw every hamlet and forest in Lower Brittany till I find them; so we may meet again.'

He then bid us adieu, and set his horse's head direct for Gourin. On arriving in that town, his first business was to repair to the hospital—on which, indeed, even in the fervour of the chase, his thoughts had been intent throughout the day; for, though the morning report was favourable, he was fully aware that the lives of both the men, the *braconnier* and piqueur, must still be in the utmost jeopardy. 'The painful suspense I endured' (he wrote to St. Prix on the following day) 'ere I reached the Gendarmerie, can never be effaced from my memory. With hasty strides I approached the building, and the nearer I drew to it, the stronger grew my pre-sentiment that evil tidings awaited me within its walls. My nerves are not easily disturbed, as you well know; but you might have knocked me down with a marabout feather, when, in crossing the threshold, the medical officer blurted out, "It's all over: in five minutes after you left, your piqueur Gastel had a fit, from which he never rallied; and he died at noon."

'And the *braconnier*?' I inquired, gasping with expectation of hearing still worse news.

"Is doing well," he replied, with confidence; "and with care and rest, will probably be none the worse for the concussion in a week or two."

'You can easily imagine,' continued Kergoorlas in his letter, what comfort this information brought me; for the complication would have been indeed a serious one for me, had the *braconnier* died from a blow inflicted by my servant, and, as the world would believe, on my account. Then, there was the man's wife: it would have changed some of your scruples, St. Prix, had you witnessed, as I did, the unwearied, gentle tenderness and devotion with which she watched, and nursed, and soothed him in his agony. It was a picture I should like to paint—that homely, but handsome peasant-girl, for she could scarcely have seen twenty summers, transformed by love into a ministering angel. Such a proof of what a woman can feel and do, as a helpmeet, for the man she loves, would

‘compel you, as it did me, to think better of the sex for the rest of your life.’

The remainder of the letter described, in glad terms, the unexpected return of six couple of the lost hounds, which, to the great surprise of all, found their way back to their recent quarters at Gourin—and this too, as was supposed, of their own accord. But it turned out afterwards that, luckily, a half-bred hound belonging to the *braconnier* had followed his master and the *sabottiers* to the forest of Conveau, and, having joined the pack when the wolf was roused, had held on with the chase; and this hound, well acquainted with the country, had doubtless acted as pioneer, and brought the rest back to his own home.

Not only hounds, but horses, buffalo, deer, and, in fact, all gregarious animals, when beset by danger or difficulties, are wont, as a rule, to adopt a leader and to trust implicitly to him for safety and deliverance. And it is no less marvellous than true that, in the selection of that leader, unerring instinct prompts them to distinguish the right animal for the right place, and to choose the one of all others the most capable and best qualified, either by courage, strength, local knowledge, or superior sagacity, to bring them in safety out of their trouble. Who that has read the passage can forget Lord Byron’s description of the ‘trampling troop’ of wild horses, and their mighty leader, in that story of *Mazeppa*? While the steed, to which he was so fast bound, fell at length and, with glazing eyes and reeking limbs, lay immovable—

‘A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o’er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on.

On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.’

The remaining couple of hounds, still missing, were not heard of until ten days afterwards, when St. Prix received information from the gendarmes at Guingamp that a party of chasseurs, woodcock-shooting in the vale of the Frieux, in a forest formerly belonging to the Ducs de Penthièvre, had met with an old dog-wolf, so beaten and distressed by long travel that, with a charge or two of small shot, they toppled him over and brought his course to an end without any difficulty. This had scarcely been accomplished, when

the tongue of hounds was heard at no great distance; and as the cry approached nearer and nearer, the chasseurs perceived a couple only of strange hounds, toil-stricken and leg-weary, but still struggling on and clinging to the line of scent, as if determined at all cost to gain their blood. On coming up to their prey, now powerless and gasping for life, they could do little more than fall upon the carcase and there lie; apparently well-satisfied with the result, but utterly unable from exhaustion to worry the dying brute or throw out a single note in token of victory. The chasseurs found no difficulty in securing the hounds, which, after discovering from the Louvetier to whom they belonged, were forwarded to M. Kergoorlas's kennels on the Loire, none the worse for their long and adventurous chase.

It may here be remarked that the practice of rounding the ears and branding the sides of hounds is, so far as I know, never followed in Lower Brittany; but, although it would be a great pity to mutilate the long silky, pendulous ear of the native hound and damage the appearance of his grand head, it must be owned he would find great advantage from the process in the unceasing cover-work to which he is subjected. As to the use of the side-brand, in no country would the plan be more useful; for an old dog-wolf, as just recorded, will often break country and go straight away to a far distant forest, making light of twelve and even fifteen leagues with the view of shaking off his pursuers—a strategic manœuvre in which he is too often successful—on such occasions, from the frequency of deep valleys, roadless forests, and impracticable fences, which are like Devonshire banks, but far bigger; the most determined horseman soon finds himself nowhere, the piqueurs are left miles behind, and the hounds eventually throw up in a strange country without the power, if they have the instinct, to return to their own kennel. If, therefore, the plan of branding hounds with the initial letter of the owner's surname be found so useful in England, *a fortiori* would it be so in Lower Brittany.

Some five-and-twenty years ago I was riding to cover in company with Mr. J. Russell and sixteen couple of the N. D. H., when looking over a young hound, recently sent to him from a distant kennel, he discovered him to be unbranded. 'This won't do,' said he; 'we hunt to-day in a wild, woodland country, and if we lose that hound, we shall never see him again.' Then instantly dismounting and handing his horse's rein to me, he drew a small scissors from his pocket-book, took the hound between his knees, and in a twinkling cut out a great R in the hair on the animal's ribs. 'There, Frank, no matter where he turns up now; he'll be sent back to my kennel for fifty miles round.' So spake Russell, of all living houndsmen certainly one of the most experienced and most practical.

During our absence at Gourin, an Englishman had arrived at Carhaix and taken up his quarters at an old-fashioned house, exactly opposite the Hotel La Tour d'Auvergne; and, as our garrulous and good-natured host, Marseillier, made a point of ferreting out the

business of every stranger who sojourned for a night or two at his own or a neighbour's house, he was not long in informing us that the gentleman was called 'Johnson,' that his object was the chasse, and that, with M. de St. Prix's permission, he hoped to be allowed to join the wolf-hounds while they hunted in that part of the country. Now, ubiquitous as Englishmen are said to be, they but rarely find their way to the uncommercial and remote little town of Carhaix; and when they do, the hotel, with its ready restaurant and appliances, is usually preferred to the pennyworth-of-pepper style of housekeeping entailed by private lodgings. The intention of making Carhaix his residence for a lengthened period was at once inferred by Marseillier as the ground for Mr. Johnson's exceptional choice; and as, in that case, in all probability he would still become a daily *demi-pensionnaire* at the hotel, and a *compagnon de chasse* for himself, the wily host lost no time in persuading St. Prix to send him a polite invitation to join the wolf-hunt fixed for Locrist on the following Tuesday.

Some hours elapsed ere an answer was returned by Johnson; but at length it came, written fluently in Jersey-French, and expressing his gratitude in terms so deferential, that St. Prix could not forbear shrugging his shoulders as he read it; as if there was something beyond his comprehension, something very unlike the independent manner of an English gentleman in the whole style of the note. A suspicion, like an electric spark, then flashed across the Louvetier's mind that it was not all above-board with this new comer, and that he himself had acted somewhat incautiously in adopting the course recommended by Marseillier; however, the thing was done, and if the stranger, thus invited, had proved to be a convict escaped from the galleys, St. Prix would not have revoked his invitation for that day's hunt.

'Whoever he may be,' said Keryfan, perusing the note with the shrewdness of an expert; 'if there is anything wrong about the man, he is already half-trapped by entering that house. Masson, the proprietor, is well known to be a government spy; and, depend upon it, from mere habit, every movement of his guest, nay, every letter he writes or receives, will be subjected to the closest surveillance.'

'Then, I think,' said St. Prix, 'if he is in such good hands, we need not trouble ourselves with what, after all, may be nothing more than a groundless suspicion.'

The subject then dropped, nor was anything seen of the mysterious stranger until the Tuesday morning; when, just as we were finishing an early breakfast, the hounds having gone on to Locrist an hour before, Marseillier rushed into our *salle-à-manger*, and, with an ill-suppressed grin on his countenance, announced M. Johnson as being in attendance at the hotel door, *vêtu à la cavalière*, and purposing to ride on with us to the cover-side. 'But,' said Marseillier, bursting into a fit of the wildest merriment, 'he is mounted on butcher Kenwyn's Lunatique, a horse that no

'man in Carhaix could ever sit beyond the first cross-road outside the town. See him in the butcher's *charrette*, and you'd consider him perfection; but he'll plunge and kick his hind shoes off rather than carry a saddle one kilometre.'

'Then, I fear,' said Keryfan, 'we shall not have the pleasure of his company so far as Locrist; but how on earth could Kenwyn venture to lend such a horse to a stranger?'

'For three francs he'd lend him his wife,' replied the host; 'Kenwyn is not particular, when money stares him in the face; besides, he says that horse has shown him more sport by kicking off his riders, than he ever saw at a *Feux du Cirque*.'

I did not half relish this last remark, and began to feel somewhat indignant at the prospect of seeing my compatriot thus turned into a laughing-stock, and probably maltreated, simply to satisfy the greed and humour of this Breton butcher; so I determined to rise at once from the table, and give Mr. Johnson a timely hint as to the vicious character of the horse he had hired for the day. But, before I could effect my purpose, the conversation continued; and Keryfan remarked that, 'it would be a sorry joke for the butcher, if the rider's neck should be broken by his notoriously wicked horse.'

'Not a bit of it,' said Marseillier, evidently bent himself on the fun; Kenwyn has fully informed M. Johnston of the horse's tricks; and the only answer he made was, "I should like to see him try them on with me, that's all." So now, if his neck is broken, it will be clearly his business, not Kenwyn's.'

At that instant St. Prix's drag rattled up to the doors of the hotel, and, a general move taking place, we were quickly brought face to face with Mr. Johnson, who, for the last five minutes, had become the subject of some curiosity to all of us. There was the man, then, seated low in his saddle, apparently as unconcerned and as much at home as if he had been mounted on one of old Tilbury's park hacks, instead of a brute whose eye was as wicked as Waterton's cayman. His hunting attire, however, was simply awful; top-boots and yellowish cord breeches, a green coat with basket buttons, a red waistcoat and a bright blue bird's-eye throat-lash, with a black velvet cap above all, encased his body in a medley of colours, strangely inharmonious; nevertheless, with that love of parti-coloured paraphernalia which, in their hunting costume, is not unfrequently exhibited by our neighbours, 'his get-up' appeared to attract unbounded admiration among the crowd of Bretons, now gathering around him on every side.

'Where on earth does the fellow come from; and what can he be?' inquired Shafto, half indignant that so questionable a specimen of his countrymen should be described as an English gentleman. 'He looks as if he had escaped from Portland or some other convict establishment.'

The man's countenance, however, had more of the knave than the ruffian in it; with something about the glint of his eye, expressive at once of broad humour and intense cunning. I was

so attracted at first by his extraordinary costume that, for some moments, I did not observe his face ; but when, at length, I looked up and caught his eye, and then heard him address St. Prix in that broad *franc-patois*, peculiar to Jersey, I immediately recognised the individual as a livery-stable keeper, with whom I had had occasional dealings during my sojourn in that island. He, too, recognised me, and lost no time in making the fact known by asking how a bay horse had turned out that he had sold me the last time I had visited his stables. 'I have come to this country,' he said, 'to attend some horse fairs at Rostrenan, Chateaulin, and Morlaix ; and, with a bit of luck, I hope to pick up a string of useful cobs that will sell well at Southampton ; for that's my market now, not St. Helier's, where a lot of fellows have congregated who can't afford to pay for a pint of shrimps.'

During this short conversation he was busily employed in rolling a huge horse-rug together and fastening it across the pommel of the saddle and in front of his knees, by way of a stay ; the butcher standing at the horse's head, holding the bridle tightly with one hand and smoothing down his nose with the other, to keep the brute quiet, if possible, during the operation.

'Your friend seems to know what he's about,' said Shafto ; 'that rug-roll, strapped in front, is the very dodge adopted in Australia, when a young "bucker" is hampered and mounted for the first time ; and I begin to think Lunatique has found his master in that rider.'

St. Prix's drag was now under weigh ; and the clatter of hoofs and the crack of the whip seemed to electrify Lunatique in one instant ; he reared twice on end, but Johnson dropped his bridle-hand, and, throwing his weight on the brute's neck, frustrated the back-fall that appeared to be imminent ; he then made a succession of plunges, bucking on all fours into the air and coming down with his nose to the ground ; but, with all these frantic efforts, there sat the undisturbed Johnson, fast and firm, as if he had been glued to his saddle. A sharp, stinging cut with his heavy jockey-whip, then another and another over the off-flank, brought the brute at once into progressive action ; and, in five minutes afterwards, he was cantering along, in the wake of our drag, as smoothly and submissively as a lady's pet palfrey.

This victory, so rapidly achieved and so decisive, brought Johnson into immediate favour with our Breton chasseurs, whose praise of him as a 'bon cavalier' was unbounded ; but the further adventures of this hero, as well as the sport at Locrist, must be told in the next chapter.

A MAN FROM THE NEXT COUNTRY.

MANY were the inquiries when it became known that a man from the next country would put in an appearance.

Tom Spavin, the rough-rider, had brought the intelligence.

It was not often that the Chilington Hunt were favoured by the presence of a stranger from a distance.

The fact was, the Chilington Hunt was not a popular one. The country was cold, the men the same, and the ladies veritable icicles.

Many had suggested that the high moral hounds would have been a far better name than that of the Chilington hounds, so highly proper and decorous was the behaviour of all its members: even the dogs themselves were solemn, sedate-looking animals, who seldom indulged in 'gambol' or 'riot.'

It was the meet of the season. Every one attended the lawn one at Chilingham Hall, the country seat of the master of the hounds, Sir Chilingham Frosty.

The breakfast was at its height: men were endeavouring, by sundry attentions to quaint-looking bottles, to impart some warmth into their chilly bodies. The breakfast was cold; the tea and coffee lukewarm; and even the very fire itself burnt dull and gave out but little heat.

'Lady Frosty and gentlemen,' said Sir Chilingham, looking at his better half, who was doling out measures in tiny cups from the richly-chased silver vessels before her, 'I have some news for you: a man 'from the next country is going to favour us with his presence to-day; and I rather think,' he added, hesitatingly, still looking at his wife, 'that he is bringing a lady with him.'

'But, Sir Chilingham,' interposed the lady, the tip of her already red nose getting a shade deeper; 'surely no one would dare to—to—you know what I mean.'

'Good gracious, my dear Lady Chilingham!' ejaculated Mrs. Sneakington; 'if we should have some horrid creature that nobody knows, or even heard of—in fact, not proper.'

Mrs. Sneakington was the daughter of a small country attorney, and had married an old squire in his second childhood, for the sake of position, fortune, and his acres. It was whispered that she had not been so particular in her younger days; but now as she was toady-in-chief to the Chilingham establishment, her conduct was regulated accordingly.

'But how do you know, Sir Chilingham,' gasped an old gentleman, purple with over-eating, 'that the man from the next country is bringing a lady with him?'

'I know it,' said Sir Chilingham, solemnly, 'from the fact that his horses have arrived; two for himself, and another with a side-saddle on with three pommels to it.'

'Ah, then,' interposed young Careless, the hardest rider of the hunt, and who had just emptied a very small dish of cherry-brandies

into his tumbler; 'three pommels, Sir Chilingham, then she must 'be a goer.'

The lady at the head of the table frowned awfully on the profane youth.

'I doubt very much,' put in another mottled-face gentleman, 'if any lady will get across our country with our fair friend here,' looking towards Mrs. Sneakington; 'she will find it devil—I mean 'doosid hard work to keep near her girths.'

'I do not think,' lisped Mrs. Sneakington, playing with a bit of cold muffin, on her cold plate, 'that I need fear any one. Soloman 'always carries me to the front, that is,' she added, 'when I can 'get well away,' (which, in truth, she very often did).

'But who is the man from the next country?' asked Captain Funkey; 'what is his name? does any one know him? we will 'manage to upset his apple-cart.'

Lady Frosty again frowned, and looked unutterable things.

The gallant Captain, who was about to achieve the feat of upsetting the stranger's apple-cart, generally managed to upset his own, for both he and his horses seldom negotiated any fence, and when the attempt was made, it generally ended in their parting company. A move is at length made for the scene of action. Some are calling for their spurs, others looking for their whips or hats, and young Careless, having taken advantage of the break-up of the breakfast-room, is quietly filling his pocket-pistol from one of the quaint-looking bottles.

Gloves having been drawn on, and cigars lighted, a general move was made to the lawn.

Mrs. Sneakington was hoisted into her saddle by young Careless, who squeezes her foot in doing so, and who got playfully tapped on his head with a silver-mounted whip, and told that he is incorrigible.

The yeomen who had been discussing cold beef and pickles in the second hall, washed down by draughts of doubtful ale, touched their hats as the Master made his appearance amongst them.

'Is time up?' asked Sir Chilingham of his old huntsman, who looks, with his small white whiskers, white tie, buckskins, and mounted on his flea-bitten grey, like some near relation of old Father Christmas or his twin brother 'Time.'

'Five minutes more, Sir Chilingham,' said the old man, 'returning his formidable-looking silver watch to his fob, 'and ten minutes' 'grace will give us a quarter of an hour. Lord Broadacres has not 'yet arrived, though his horses have.'

Now Lord Broadacres was the mainstay of the hunt, for his Lordship's landed property was very large, and, moreover, he was a strict preserver of foxes.

Sir Chilingham would no more have dreamt of throwing off before his Lordship's arrival than he would of flying.

Pink coats now began to turn up fast, and several ladies in short-skirted habits. These latter were soon grouped together.

'The man from the next country' and his lady friend, of course, formed the topic of their conversation, and it was unanimously resolved amongst these votaries of Diana, that the lady from the next country should be cut down or got into difficulties.

Several attempts had been made by various members of the hunt to get out of the stranger's servant whose horses they were.

To their inquiries of 'Very fine-looking animals those, whose 'are they?' they invariably got the same answer.

'My master's,' with a respectful touch of the hat.

At this moment is seen in the distance a mail phaeton approaching. An exclamation of 'Here he comes!' is simultaneously uttered by all the ladies. As the well-appointed carriage, drawn by the blood roans, pulls up, one and all admit that it is a very handsome turn-out, and the occupants of it still more worthy of notice. The driver was a fine, distinguished-looking man, of about thirty years of age. His companion, a lovely blonde, of some three or four-and-twenty summers. A perfect contrast to the other ladies, with their large vulgar-looking chignons. No appendage of this sort encumbered the head of the beautiful stranger, whose hair was simply drawn back, and coiled in a knot, which allowed a well-made hat to set properly on her head. Her habit of black cloth was simply made, and fitted tight to her slight and elegant figure.

'By George, she is a oneer, Farmer Wheatear, ain't she?' exclaimed young Careless, who had already been taking sly nips from his flask, and was now puffing furiously at a cheap cigar, which had burnt all on one side, and which defect he was endeavouring to rectify by slobbering it with saliva on the burning side. 'I guess she will 'take the shine out of all our ladies; and she will, too, if she rides 'as well as she looks.'

'Well, Mr. Charles,' answered the farmer, 'she looks as if she 'could go, and set a field, too. Dash my buttons, if she ain't the 'most comely lass I ever clapped eyes on.'

The good looks of the fair stranger, however, did not seem to take with the ladies of the hunt.

'Gracious, what a hat!' exclaimed Mrs. Sneakington to her nearest neighbour, a hunting parson's hunting daughter; 'it is a 'regular man's hat.'

'Did any one ever see such a coiffure?' said the young lady spoken to; 'she has got no hair, at least no chignon.'

'And does not require any,' interposed Careless, who had joined the group. 'She has got plenty of her own—and beautiful hair it is 'too; looks a deuced deal better *au naturel*, and without a lot of 'stuffing outside. I suppose,' he added, maliciously, 'ladies wish to 'make their heads look big, to beguile the unsuspecting into the 'belief that the development of brain in females has wonderfully 'increased of late years; now my experience of women' (the speaker was about twenty) 'is exactly the reverse. In the words of the poet 'Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, or one of those old buffers, I forget 'which, the brain of woman is growing "Smaller by degrees and

“beautifully less,” and he turned insolently away. He hated the clerical horsewoman, who wore an immense chignon, and was forever snubbing him.

Lady Frosty now drove up in her pony-carriage, accompanied, of course, by a lady toady: both eyed the strangers with anything but a look of welcome.

‘Sir Chilingham,’ said her Ladyship, beckoning the Baronet up to her side, ‘you really ought, for propriety’s sake, to find out who these people are: the lady looks anything but proper, or in good taste; we cannot permit our hunt to be scandalized.’

This was a libel, for no one could have been got up quieter or in more perfect taste than the lady-stranger was.

‘Upon my word,’ said the Baronet, ‘it is most awkward—most unfortunate! I really am at a loss how to proceed. Of course, the respectability—the—ar—ar—ar—morality of our hunt must be observed; but—er—you know—er—one cannot say the lady is not respectable: she looks a lady all over, and her companion is, I am positive, a gentleman.’

The strangers were not aware, and most probably cared less, of all that was being said about them.

‘The man from the next country,’ beckoning his servant up, who led the lady’s horse, vaulted her lightly into her saddle, and she sat revealed to the lookers-on, the picture of a horsewoman in all the pride of youth and beauty, and conscious of being perfectly mounted.

The gentleman unbuttoning his light-grey Ulster coat, gave it to one man, and proceeded to light a cigar, whilst another was employed in undoing his overalls, and buckling on his spurs; he then mounted a noble-looking hunter, and moved away after his companion, courteously touching his hat to the huntsman as he passed, who returned it with an obsequious sweep of his cap; thinking, no doubt, that a man so got up, and so mounted, would be good for a handsome tip at the finish.

‘Where—er—where can Lord Broadacres be?’ asked the Baronet, consulting his gold repeater; ‘he is—er—generally so punctual, you know.’

‘Here comes his Lordship, Sir Chilingham,’ said his huntsman, pointing towards a horseman who was coming full tilt up the avenue mounted on a thoroughbred hack. ‘I never knew his Lordship to be a minute late.’

‘Oh! Mr. Careless,’ said Lady Frosty, ‘do, like a good creature, go and tell Lord Broadacres I wish to speak to him immediately.’

‘Good morning, Lady Frosty!’ said the nobleman coming up. ‘Delighted to see you out—quite an unexpected pleasure; you do not often favour us. Sorry I could not come to breakfast, but I had to see my land-steward, which delayed me.’

‘Oh! Lord Broadacres, I am so disturbed—so grieved and put out, you cannot imagine. There are strangers—a gentleman and a lady—that no one knows anything about, have honoured us with their presence to-day. Only think, if our hunt should be scandalized!

‘But there is one thing,’ continued the lady, triumphantly; ‘I have discovered what no one yet has: he is a gentleman, for there is a coronet on his carriage.’

The quick eye of her Ladyship had detected what others had failed to discover.

‘My dear lady,’ returned his Lordship. ‘I hope and trust the Chillingham hunt will never be scandalised.’ He could have poured balm into Gilead, but was disgusted at the uncharitable suspicions of the lady, so determined not to gratify her curiosity, and withal to punish her. ‘But I must be moving, for I see John is just going to throw the hounds into cover;’ and, lifting his hat courteously to the ladies, trotted off.

Lady Frosty was baulked of her wish to find out who the strangers were, for the hounds were immediately afterwards thrown into cover. Her ladyship was exceedingly offended. She would have liked to order the hounds back to kennel; but she determined to follow the line of hunt by road, and see what came of it all.

‘Yoicks! wind him, push him up!’ echoed the old huntsman’s cheery voice in the covert.

Presently a whimper is heard, and then another; ‘Hark! hark! go hark to Lavender,’ cries the huntsman; ‘have at him, my beauties!’ The whips are stationed at each end of the cover, and the cap of one of them held up announces that reynard has ‘broke,’ and a scream of ‘gone away!’ from the throat of a lusty yeoman, at the same instant, proclaims the fact.

Cigar ends are thrown down, and men catch their horses by their heads and shove them along to get in a good place, and in the first flight.

Mrs. Sneakington, and the rest of the ladies, have determined to do or die.

It has already gone the round of the field, that ‘the man from the next country’ had a coronet on his carriage; who or what he and his companion were no one knew, but the Chillingtonians have resolved on giving the strangers a taste of their quality. As the hounds broke into view on the grass lands beyond the covert, it is seen that all the field have got well away, and are up. Mrs. Sneakington, with the hunting parson’s hunting daughter, are to the fore, with Mr. Careless in close attendance.

‘We are in for a good thing,’ observed the latter; ‘our fox is pointing straight for the Melton Hills: we must keep some powder in our nags, or we shall not see the end of it. The dame, or *mademoiselle*, is a goer; I told you so. Just look at that,’ he added, pointing with his hunting crop towards the lady in question, who sent her horse at a flight of stiff posts and rails, clearing them beautifully. ‘There’s form for you; no craning with her.’

But the ladies so addressed are good horsewomen and do the fence just as well.

It is a rare scenting day, and the hounds stream along over the grass, with their heads up, running nearly mute.

Many envious eyes were on the strangers from a distance, for they stuck to the hounds and were riding in line with the master, huntsman, and whips, with some few others, who were alone up, for the field was getting somewhat drawn out now, and the stiff timber had choked some off. Captain Funkey's horse was away for home riderless, his master damning his usual luck.

'What a splendid horsewoman that young — er — er — young lady is,' remarked the Master to Lord Broadacres, as he saw her draw to the front, and topped a high bank, with a yawning ditch on the other side of it.

'Yes, Sir Chillingham,' replied the other, as they both landed safely; 'I must say she rides very well, has fine hands, good judgment, temper, and knows when to save her horse.'

'By Jupiter, ladies!' exclaimed young Careless, maliciously, 'you must put more steam on, or you will not catch mademoiselle, much less cut her down. Come up, you brute!' he said to his horse, as he nearly stumbled on to his nose from stepping into a water furrow.

'Never you mind us,' returned the ladies, 'but look to yourself, and where you are riding to, or you will come to grief. Ah! I told you how it would be,' cried Mrs. Sneakington, joyfully, as the young man's horse came down with him heavily at the next fence. 'Pick up the bits,' she continued, as she saw him rise to his feet unhurt. 'I will order dinner and a warm bath to be ready for you.'

She dispensed with the high moral tone now Lady Frosty was out of sight and hearing, and she could afford to be a little jocose.

'Ord rot it!' ejaculated Mr. Careless, as soon as he had spluttered out the mud with which his mouth was filled, and could speak; 'but I will be even with you. What a hat!' as he put his crushed one somewhat into shape. 'The first time of wearing, too; broken my best meerschaum pipe in two. Would not have done it for five pounds. Ah, you brute!' to his horse, as he rammed the latchfords into him. 'I'll give you pepper for this; don't believe I shall see the hounds again to-day, unless they come to a check, which I hope to goodness they may.'

This presently the hounds did: by luck he hit their line, and came on them as the old huntsman was making his cast over a large fallow.

Many had dismounted from their blown horses, and had slackened their girths; others were looking out anxiously for their second mounts. Lord Broadacres, fresh mounted, was talking to the lady from a distance, and telling her something that evidently amused her, for she was laughing heartily.

Cigars had been lighted, and nips taken from the sherry flasks, when Careless, with his battered hat, made his appearance. 'What a guy!' exclaimed the hunting parson's hunting daughter, as he rode up—'not hurt, I hope.' A halloa ahead cut short further inquiries.

Too-too went the horn, and away galloped the huntsman with the eager pack at his heels.

'My dear lady,' said Lord Broadacres to the stranger, 'you must now ride carefully, for we are coming into a very difficult country; you know the kind of feelings the ladies of the hunt have towards you; they are all present, as this check has let them up. Is your horse a rhine jumper, for we have plenty of water before us?'

'Oh, yes,' she returned; 'I think Sultan jumps water better than anything else.'

'Come along, then,' said the nobleman, 'and it is odd to me if we do not catch some of these ladies in the trap they would like to set for you.'

'Look, Mr. Careless,' exclaimed Mrs. Sneakington to the youth in the battered hat, who rode beside her, 'that person has had enough of it; see, she is riding right away from the line of the hounds, and Lord Broadacres with her; dis—graceful! I guessed what she was.'

'Hey, what?' returned the young man, but seeing the leading stars following the example of the lady from a distance, cast his eyes in the direction they were taking. 'Ah, Mrs. Sneakington, made-moiselle is right, and has quicker eyes than ours' (he might truthfully say this for his own were nearly glued up with the black mud with which they were partially filled, and which was now drying beautifully in the wind); 'see the fox is away on the flat there, we are in for the Shirley Brook.'

'The Shirley Brook?' exclaimed the hunting parson's hunting daughter and Mrs. Sneakington in one breath. 'It cannot be jumped after such floods.'

'I do not know,' replied the young man; 'you may depend the nameless female will ride it, and, if I mistake not, will do it too.'

'Come along then, Mr. Careless, our position gives us a slight advantage, for they must lean towards us, and we shall be all in or over at the same time.'

The lady was not far out in her judgment, and the hunt entered a large pasture almost at the same instant, through which the celebrated Shirley Brook wound its course.

Careless and his companions, eager to out-Herod Herod and distinguish themselves, rode at the formidable brook without their usual judgment of taking a pull and easing their blown horses.

'Now follow me, ladies, and I will show you how to do the trick,' said Careless, rushing his horse full tilt at the water. The trick was easy enough, for it consisted simply of his jumping slap into the middle of it.

The hunting parson's hunting daughter followed suit; Mrs. Sneakington's horse however jumped it, but, landing on rotten ground, fell back with his rider. The man from the next country, his lady, and Lord Broadacres cleared it splendidly a little higher up.

'By Jupiter!' exclaimed Lord Broadacres to the beautiful stranger, 'the ladies who were to set you in the field are in; our

‘fox, I think, is sinking; do ride on whilst I go and lend a hand to these unfortunates;’ but by the time he arrived they had scrambled out from their cold bath in a piteous state.

With his and Careless’s assistance their horses were got out, and the ladies remounted and set going, whilst Mr. Careless triumphantly stowed away something in the pocket of his dripping pink.

The ladies’ faces looked anything but amiable as they saw the lady stranger from a distance sailing away, followed by a select few.

A slight check, however, permitted them to come a little nearer, but when within a field the hounds hit it off again, and raced away.

Such a run with the Chilington hounds had rarely been known, for the country, as a rule, was not a good scenting one, but when it did hold was first-rate.

Mile after mile was passed, and wonderfully select had become the field. The strangers from a distance, the master huntsman, whips, and some few others held their places, showing what cattle in good condition could do.

Careless, his lady companions, and one or two others; while in the distance might be seen various pinks struggling hopelessly to catch the flyers of the hunt.

The fox is viewed, and the hounds seem to know he is not far off, for they rush madly along, their backs up, bristling for blood.

The lady stranger is leading the field now, and a small thin fence alone separates her from the hounds.

She puts her horse gallantly to it, but the next instant both are seen to come heavily down, and that ominous cry so fatal to fox-hunting, and alas now so often uttered, is heard, ‘Wire! ware wire!’ The man from the next country and Lord Broadacres jump simultaneously from their horses, as well as Sir Chilingham Frosty and his huntsman. The whips, knowing what they have to do, gallop to the nearest gateway to take their places if they can with the racing pack.

‘She is down,’ exclaims Mrs. Sneakington, triumphantly, to her companions; ‘the day is ours!’

‘And you will follow her example,’ said Careless; ‘don’t you hear the cry of “Wire!” Follow me, if you do not wish to kill your horses and break your necks,’ and they galloped away in another direction.

The old huntsman and Lord Broadacres scrambled over the fence, but before they could get up to the fallen lady, or utter a word, she was on her legs, exclaiming, ‘I am not the least hurt; catch my horse. I hope, oh, I hope he is not hurt.’

There was no occasion to go in chase after him, for he stood trembling close by them.

‘I hope to God,’ said Sir Chilingham Frosty, running up, his usual taciturn and frosty countenance flushed with excitement, ‘that you are not hurt; this is the first case of wire I ever knew in my country; if it continues, by er—by the living Harry’ (this was

the strongest oath he was ever known to have uttered), 'I will 'throw up the hounds to-morrow.' He could not help speaking to the fair stranger: she was so beautiful, rode so well; and from seeing Lord Broadacres talk to her, began to think she might not be so improper after all.

'Thank you, Sir Chillingham,' returned the lady, 'I am not the 'least hurt, neither, I believe, is my horse;' and giving her foot to the man from the next country, was quickly vaulted into her saddle again; her soiled habit was the only visible effects of her fall, and the next instant she was streaming away after the hounds as if nothing had happened.

Her fall seemed to have 'given fresh life to her and her horse, for she led the small field twenty lengths in advance. Some two miles more were passed over, when the hounds rushed into the gallant fox and pulled him down.

'The lady alone up!' though the next instant saw the gentleman stranger, Lord Broadacres, huntsman, whips, and some half a score others there.

Jumping nimbly off his horse, the old huntsman rushed amidst the pack, and held up the game animal, grim in death. Placing it on a bush, and putting one hand to his mouth, and the forefinger of his other hand behind his ear, uttered that ringing 'Who-whoop!' so well understood by all hunting men.

'Hey! what is that?' exclaimed Mr. Careless to his companions, and some few others who had joined them. 'What is that?' he said again as the sound was wafted towards them in the cold, keen air. 'D——, they have killed their fox!'

'I will never believe it!' exclaimed Mrs. Sneakington, galloping her horse along. 'Kill their fox, and I not there,—impossible!'

But it was a true bill: she and the others only arrived in time to see the carcase of the game animal thrown to the hounds, with the 'Tear him and eat him;' with the old purple-faced gentleman we have mentioned as nearly choking himself by breakfast, dancing frantically about (a sort of Ojibewa dance), with his hands on either knee—with the crown of his hat knocked out, and shouting insanelly, 'Worry, worry, worry!'

'My dear ladies,' he exclaimed, vehemently, as Mrs. Sneakington and the rest came up—

'Oh, cruel fate!

You have just arrived in time to be too late.'

'You never saw such a kill in your life! The young lady the 'only one up!'

Mrs. Sneakington looked towards the person in question, and saw with envy that the old huntsman, by his master's orders, was fastening the brush to the pommel of her saddle.

'Never saw such a fox in my life!' said Careless; 'must have 'got two brushes,' he added, maliciously holding up a dripping wet (as it looked) bit of tow. 'Hang me, if I don't think it is a lady's 'thingmybob!—what the deuce do you call it?—false hair, you

'know,' addressing the field, which was now augmented by several fresh arrivals. 'It is not all real, for it is padding and hair mixed together: a cheap one.'

Every lady wearing such an appendage instantaneously clapped her hand to the back of her head. The hunting parson's hunting daughter was wanting, for only a very small portion of short scrubby yellow hair was visible beneath her hat.

'You rude vulgar creature!' exclaimed that lady, furiously, 'it is mine. How dare you be so ungentlemanly? give it to me, instantly!'

'Oh certainly,' said the young man, handing her the dripping article in question; 'you must send it to "Frizzle," to get it up for you before it is in proper form to achieve fresh conquests,' he added, as he turned away.

The field could scarcely smother their laughter, though they pitied the lady.

Sir Chilingham, to put an end to this unpleasant scene, approached the fair stranger (it was lucky Lady Frosty was not present), who sat glowing and beautiful on her horse, complimenting her on her riding, and the pleasure he had derived in showing her such sport.

'Allow me, Sir Chilingham,' said Lord Broadacres, coming up, 'to introduce the Marchioness of Southdown to you, and also the Marquis of Southdown,' turning to that gentleman.

The field were petrified as they heard this announcement. The Master was all smiles, and bowed low. 'I—er—er—am extremely gratified,' he gasped, for he had not yet recovered from his surprise. 'Most delighted, I am sure. I hope you will give me the pleasure of your company to luncheon. Lady Frosty will be charmed.'

'I am truly obliged for your courtesy,' replied the Marquis, 'but that would be taking us direct from home. I hope to have the pleasure another day; but I and the Marchioness must thank you for such a run—as good a one as I ever enjoyed,' shaking Sir Chilingham's hand; 'but, see, my phaeton is on the hill there; we have luckily hit it on its return. Ladies,' he continued, approaching the hunting parson's hunting daughter and Mrs. Sneakington, 'I cannot leave the field without expressing my admiration of your first-rate performance across a country, and which is not to be beaten here or anywhere else. Misfortunes will happen to all in the hunting-field, and yours was no common one; few ladies would have ridden at such a brook, and fewer still continued after such a mishap. The Marchioness was certainly more fortunate, but then she had a very heavy fall afterwards: so you are all quits. Give mine and the Marchioness's compliments,' he added, turning to Sir Chilingham, 'to Lady Frosty, and assure her of the pleasure we shall both have on making her acquaintance on a future occasion. Huntsman,' he added, going up to the old man and slipping something dexterously into his hand, which looked marvellously like paper, and which made that individual doff his velvet cap even lower than he had in the morning—'I cannot say too much of the way you handled and hunted your hounds; and may you often have such a run as you

'have shown me to-day.' And, lifting his hat courteously to the field, he rode with his wife towards the carriage, in which they were soon seated, and drove rapidly away; their tired horses walking off with the man in charge of them.

'That is—er—er—a nobleman,' said Sir Chilingham, as he rode homewards with his huntsman, and turned to have a parting look at the carriage which was now far away in the distance.

'I don't know, Sir Chilingham,' returned the other, involuntarily slapping his breeches-pocket, 'about his being a nobleman, or what he is, but this I *do* know—he is a gentleman, every blessed inch of him. I wish he'd come a little oftener, and his beautiful lady, too; for, says I, there is nothing like "A man from the next country."'

Lord Broadacres presently overtook them. 'Well, Sir Chilingham,' he said, as he rode up, 'Southdown is delighted with his day; he and the Marchioness will often put in an appearance. But, by Jupiter, here comes Lady Frosty: well, that is plucky of her.'

'Lady Frosty,' said Sir Chilingham, sily, as she drove up, looking daggers, 'who do you think the strangers were?'

'I have not the least idea,' said the lady, loftily.

'Why, the Marquis and Marchioness of Southdown,' returned the old gentleman.

'Good Heavens, you do not mean it!' she said, blushing crimson. 'The Marquis and Marchioness of Southdown?' (she had Burke at her finger's ends)—'she was daughter of the Duke of Windsor, you know. I told you how unjust your suspicions were, Sir Chilingham. Oh, I am so delighted, so relieved,' she continued, throwing up her gooseberry eyes towards a solitary rook who was wending his way towards a distant beech-wood. 'I was quite certain they were correct—there was no mistaking them. I told Sir Chilingham so this morning, when he came up and spoke to me about it; did I not, Mrs. Crammer?' addressing her companion. (She determined to shift all the blame on her husband.)

'Oh yes, Lady Frosty,' said the lady toady thus appealed to; 'you were quite vexed at the remarks of Sir Chilingham.'

'Well, Lady Frosty,' said Lord Broadacres, 'I should imagine they were correct—as correct as high birth and ninety thousand a year can make any one—they have only lately returned from their wedding tour. I was Southdown's best man. Finest rider and sportsman in Europe, you know; but to see the Marchioness ride, beats' (cock-fighting, his Lordship was going to say, but knowing how proper Lady Frosty was, corrected himself in time, and said,) 'beats—beats anything I ever saw.'

'Ah, yes,' answered her Ladyship; 'she does ride so beautifully, and is so beautiful, too—so elegant and graceful; but why on earth, Lord Broadacres, did you not introduce me this morning? I positively must know her. Sir Chilingham, you must give another lawn meet. I insist on it.'

'I had no time to introduce them to you, Lady Frosty. You remember the hounds were being thrown into cover as I came up. But here we must part. I will introduce you next time they come.'

'I think—I rather think,' chuckled his Lordship, as he rode away, 'I have given her a lesson. By George, what a rage she is in with me; but, at any rate, I'll lay odds—very long odds—that next time, she and her infernal crew will be more charitable and polite to "A man from the next country."'

MR. TRELAWNY'S FOXHOUNDS.

A SKETCH.

MR. TRELAWNY'S country is in the south-west of Devon, and extends from the sea on the south to the Prince Town and Exeter road on the north, the Plymouth and Tavistock road on the west to the East-Dart river, and the main River Dart, below Dart-meet, on the east.

These boundaries have been but slightly varied since it was first hunted with foxhounds proper. It includes the whole of the south-western part of Dartmoor and the richly-cultivated lands between Dartmoor and the south-west coast of Devon, forming together two very different hunting countries. The one a wild, open country, affording some idea of what hunting was before enclosures were invented; the other a stiff, enclosed country of grass and woodlands, with some plough. It has been usual to hunt these countries on alternate days, one day being considered the moor day, and the other the inclosure day.

At the beginning of the present century Mr. Pode, Squire Pode, or Major Pode (of the Militia), a well-known country Squire, of Slade, not far from Ivybridge, kept a pack of hounds, which were hunted by a huntsman of considerable fame in the west, known to memory as Johnny Roberts. Squire Pode and Johnny Roberts hunted hare in the winter, fox in the autumn and spring, otter in the summer, and at any time anything else that could be hunted, up to a red-deer. Johnny Roberts was supposed to be very great at wood-craft, and in the spring season he would hunt the drag of the wild fox on Dartmoor up to his kennel on the banks of the Dart, ten miles away, and run him afterwards perhaps for another ten miles and more.

After a while more proper notions of fox-hunting found their way into the west of Devon, and Mr. Bulteel, of Lyneham and Flete, at that time living at Lyneham, a few miles down the same valley in which Slade is situated, did his best to induce Squire Pode to convert his pack of hounds into regular foxhounds, a task which he eventually succeeded in accomplishing. Mr. Bulteel was a man of wonderful wit and humour, with which he garnished his descriptions of Squire Pode, his hounds, Johnny Roberts, and the doings at Slade, including the hunting dinners in the Hall, and the after-dinner entertainments, when badgers and terriers were turned down amongst the silk

stockings of the day (unprotected by the modern trousers), to the terror of the uninitiated stranger, who might be supposed to believe the current theory that those animals are creatures that bite without discrimination. Thus originated the pack of foxhounds from which Mr. Trelawny's present pack has been regularly and most carefully bred ever since. In course of time Mr. Bulteel, then of Lyneham, took the hounds himself. He formed them into a subscription pack, which was installed in the kennels at Lyneham, and the Lyneham hunt was established. One of the principal members and supporters of this hunt was Mr. Trelawny, who always took a great interest in the proper hunting of the country according to fox-hunting rules. Mr. Bulteel took great pains in laying the foundation of this now famous pack of hounds, and was Master from the year 1827 to the year 1843, when he was seized with the illness of which he soon after died. Mr. Bulteel obtained hounds from the best blood in England, which he had many opportunities of doing, his popularity and remarkable amusing powers procuring for him favours that are denied to commoner mortals. Amongst the contributors to his kennel, Dr. Troyte, of the North of Devon, also to sporting memory dear, must not be forgotten. He devoted his life to his kennel of foxhounds; and it is said that he used to spend his summers in a post-chaise with his huntsman, paying visits to all the best kennels in the kingdom, and picking up the best hounds that he could get, several of which might be seen at times inside the post-chaise with the Master and the huntsman in the high roads of the sporting counties, too precious to be trusted out of sight, and, it is to be hoped, not unpleasant companions in hot weather to such devotees. From Dr. Troyte Mr. Bulteel obtained his famous bitches Restless, Rarity, Ransom, and Ruby. From Mr. Ralph Lambton he obtained Jessica; and from Lord Fitzwilliam, when on a visit to Wentworth with Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, soon after his marriage, he obtained Nonsuch, by Sir Thomas Mostyn's Notary, out of Lord Fitzwilliam's Norma. From Squire Pode's pack he obtained amongst others the first Wanderer, Whirligig, and Warbler (names since well known in the pack), by Epicure, out of Mr. Vivian's (of the F. B. H.) Whimsey (a name of merit also perpetuated), from the New Forest kennel, the dam of the famous bitch Fugitive. Mr. Bulteel also procured as stud-hounds the Duke of Grafton's Regent, by Mr. Ward's Rascal, out of Norma; and Neptune, by Lord Seagrave's Harrowgate, out of Norma. Regent was a famous stallion hound, and his blood and Neptune's are carefully preserved. These were the sires and dams of the present justly-celebrated pack of foxhounds, which, on the illness of Mr. Bulteel in 1843, were given by Lady Elizabeth Bulteel to Mr. Trelawny, who has hunted the country from that time to this year of grace 1873. Mr. Trelawny was not only a great friend and supporter of Mr. Bulteel, but also a supporter of all other subscription packs of foxhounds within his reach, and of legitimate sport in general. Soon after the death of Mr. Bulteel he transferred the whole establishment to kennels of his own near Ivybridge. For thirty years therefore Mr. Trelawny has hunted the country, now

so well known by his name, without intermission and without subscription, in first-rate style. During the whole of that time he has been a very careful breeder of hounds, never forgetting the scientific principle of the hereditary transmission of all qualities from parents to offspring through all generations, and he has procured or had the use of stud-hounds of the best blood from the kennels of Lord Portsmouth, Lord Poltimore, Sir Walter Carew, Mr. Russell, and others.

One of the most attractive studies of a cultivated sportsman is the breeding of the animals of the chase so as to best serve the purposes for which he requires them, at the same time indulging his taste for symmetry both of form and colour; and this is to be accomplished only by a long series of judicious selections through many generations. Regarding a pack of hounds from this point of view, they become an embodiment of the tastes, pursuits, and, in short, of the mind itself, of the Master.

Those who observe a pack of hounds with some greater interest than is suggested by a mere group of beautiful animals, and seek to detect the master mind in that particular style peculiar to all packs of hounds, in which no two packs of hounds resemble one another, enjoy pleasures that are altogether lost to the mere rider to hounds. To the good judge a scratch-pack, however well they may perform in the field, are a scratch-pack and nothing more. Mr. Trelawny's hounds bear the stamp of the careful breeder with tastes of his own, and with ideas of his own, regulated by strict conformity to established rules, and by the necessity of adapting the style of his pack to the style of the peculiar country over which they have to run their foxes. Mr. Trelawny's pack are therefore well worth looking at. They are exceedingly fast, perhaps as fast as any pack in the kingdom, and they are quick and dashing. Fine-drawn and light, they are the reverse of lusty. A large, heavy hound with a rushy stern is the Squire's aversion. They are to be seen now in excellent condition under the experienced care of W. Boxall, the present huntsman.

Mr. Trelawny has not only been a careful breeder of hounds, but also of horses for his own particular hunting; having, moreover, bred Coldrennick, the first favourite for the Derby in 1842, by Plenipotentiary out of Frederica, by Sultan. He has usually had two thoroughbred stallions in his stables at Coldrennick, among which Hindoostan, Tim Whiffler—by Voltaire, Giovanni, and now Lascelles, may be mentioned as the most successful. His best and most favourite horses have been small, fast, and quick, with the indispensable addition of stoutness. Experience has shown that a large horse is no good in a rough precipitous country, such as Dartmoor, and a horse, however brilliant, is worthless there without great staying powers. His best hunters have been descended from an Exmoor pony mare—probably one of the aboriginal breed, crossed repeatedly from generation to generation with thoroughbred stallions of the great staying families.

A word here as to the huntsmen of this pack. Beginning with the renowned Johnny Roberts, whose fame has probably risen with the flux of time as 'distance lends enchantment to the view;' his

reputation as a huntsman in the abstract is now all that is left, for as to his style of hunting or his riding, his maxims, or his rules, if he ever had any, no man living can testify with accuracy. His name remains, in common with equally famous names in other ranks of life, as a standing protest against all innovations amongst old hunting fogies, who throw Johnny Roberts in your teeth on all occasions, so that 'Johnny Roberts's time' is a phrase that has become proverbial, and points to a period of hunting wisdom and bliss gone never to return. This great man was succeeded by Limpity, who became Mr. Bul-teel's and afterwards Mr. Trelawny's huntsman, and hunted the pack without intermission from 1827 to 1860. Limpity was a nickname given to him by Mr. Bul-teel when he was a boy in his stables, and he has been known by no other name until recently; when, having retired from public life as a huntsman, he is called Mr. Limpity or Mr. Lavers (his real name) according to his intimacy with those who address him. Limpity, happily, is still alive; but as a huntsman he must be spoken of in the past tense. Limpity, then, was a remarkable man, and as his career was a long one he is more identified with the pack than any other huntsman. He was an energetic, determined huntsman, and an utterly fearless horseman. Some critics might say that there was a want of refinement in his riding, that he never thought of his horse, and was given to hard riding. True, he seemed to ignore his horse, so intent was he on his pack, but few ever saw him with a beaten horse. He has performed wonderful feats in his time with some of the marvellously stout little horses on which it was the delight of the Squire to mount him. On Jack Sheppard, for example, after having been with his hounds all the morning in a steep Devonshire covert, which he always contrived to get through somehow, he has gone away with the right fox over Dartmoor, and beaten the field in a run both fast and long, with a bad start and over a difficult country. As a huntsman Limpity's grand idea was to get forward; and as he had a very wild fox to hunt, with a wild, open, high-scenting country before him, it was not a bad idea, though he may be said to have made some sacrifices to it, but he was always near the leading hounds himself, and it was 'the devil take the hindmost' with him. To see him break up a fox on Dartmoor was as wild a piece of business as could be witnessed. He had the true huntsman's insatiable thirst for blood, and his dark handsome features, brightened by his black, flashing eyes, presented on such occasions a picture not easily forgotten.

Limpity was succeeded in 1860 by Richard Crocker, who was his first whip; and Richard Crocker was succeeded, in 1866, by William Boxall, the present huntsman. Crocker went well over Dartmoor on Archy, a small thoroughbred horse by Archy, and the perfection of a Dartmoor hunter, but he was not long enough in office to call for special notice. Boxall is an educated huntsman—if I may be allowed the expression—having imbibed his hunting notions from the best modern schools, in which respect he presents a contrast to Limpity and, in a more remote degree, to the great Johnny Roberts. He has a thorough knowledge of his art, and the hounds under his

management present a blooming appearance, their condition being perfection. They were probably never better hunted than they are now, nor ever better worth looking at.

As I have before said, the Squire's country may be divided into two countries of very different characteristics, the moor and the inclosures. The inclosures are the ordinary Devonshire country bounded by the sea and the cliffs, the latter adding greatly to the difficulties of killing a fox. But the moor country is the peculiar feature in Mr. Trelawny's hunting, and to the moor he has more particularly devoted his attention. High scent, great pace, steep hills, bogs, and rocks, are the peculiarities of this wild country, charms which to a novice do not possess their proper attractions and require to be understood to be appreciated; though in the days of our hunting ancestors they must have been common everywhere more or less. Mr. Trelawny has been one of the most successful riders to hounds over these happy hunting-grounds, and has carried the separate and distinct arts of riding up hill, and riding down hill, to hounds, to the highest perfection, exhibiting his fine horsemanship in the pace that he could keep up under all difficulties in a prolonged run without beating his horse. Limpity rode, apparently, without giving his horse a thought; the Squire rode with consummate skill, adapting his pace to his horse's powers, up hill or down, with the most minute nicety, the fineness of his hand being well known. There is an art in riding to hounds over Dartmoor—whatever may be said of the different art of riding to hounds over Leicestershire—and the practice of the art, when acquired, affords the enjoyment that artists alone can taste.

In 1863 an equestrian portrait by Grant, accompanied by a valuable piece of plate, was presented to Mr. Trelawny by his friends. It is one of Grant's best works, and represents the Squire, his favourite horse Grimaldi, and his hounds, grouped, with a background characteristic of Dartmoor. Since this picture was painted another decade has been added to the time that the Squire has hunted the country.

The best meets in Mr. Trelawny's country are, for the moor, where all are good, Ivybridge, the Kingsbridge-road Station, Delamore, Tolch-moor-gate, and Lemsland. For the inclosures, St. Ann's Chappel (a good riding country), Fletè, Puslinch, and the Lyneham Inn. Accommodation of the best can be had at Mallet's Hotel, Ivybridge, near the kennels, and a very central position for the whole country; also at Plymouth, where the Squire has his town-house, using the railway as his covert hack. The field is generally large, on a first meet or great occasion from two hundred to three hundred, and many strangers come to see what sort of a thing a run over Dartmoor may be. They may see it from a distance, because the hills command a wide expanse of country; but he must be a pretty good man to see the run in the ordinary sense of the expression. It is, however, a most attractive and beautiful country—no wonder it draws visitors, hunted as it is by one of the most refined and courteous sportsmen in England.

A DAY AMONGST THE PTARMIGAN.

WHAT strange creatures we Anglo-Saxons are ! Always yearning to be out with a gun to fill the game-bag. What absurd sums people give for the right of slaughter ; and when we are established in a Highland shooting quarter, how we chafe, when we wake in the morning, and find a pouring rain and thick mist, and how we rejoice when we come to breakfast, and find a bright, blue sky, with a few lazy clouds sauntering through the air ; and how we all say, in chorus, ' Let's go out, and kill something '—with what gusto we conjugate the verb to kill—I killed, he killed, you didn't kill, I give you my sacred word of honour I killed, &c., &c. Yes, kill, kill, kill is the motto of the descendants of Cain, and how thoughtless we are about it. When some poor harmless bird, from foreign climes, comes, storm-beaten, to our shores—a golden oriole, a hoopoe, a sand grouse—anything less common than the sparrow—how we rush for the gun, and tear about the country, and, when we have taken its poor harmless life away, how we glorify in print. How we tell the readers of the sporting newspapers that, on Saturday last, our veteran lover of the trigger, Mr. Jones, observed a cock waxen chatterer alight upon a holly-bush in his garden, and how, after pursuing it for *fourteen miles across country*, he brought it down ; and, furthermore, how Mr. Smith, the skilful taxidermist, of Norton Folgate, has put it in a glass case ; and, if our sporting readers desire to hear a thrilling account of an exciting chase after a waxen chatterer, they should not miss the next meeting of the Birdycides Club, when Mr. Jones will kindly favour a few enthusiasts with a thrilling narrative of his adventures, &c., &c. Jones becomes a hero, and is as much admired by the Birdycides as if he had killed a man-eating tiger. Nobody cries shame, or endeavours to draw a line between the useless slaughter of harmless, unedible birds, and the moderate killing of game birds that are valuable as food. Yes, I am wrong ; for there is a little feeble-minded Act of Parliament that endeavours to temper the ardour of the Birdycides. Let us hope it will be made more protective still, and that some day we shall see hoopoes and orioles, and other beautiful insect-eating birds, flying about the country without Jones in hot pursuit. However, this is not ptarmigan-shooting ; and, having relieved our pent-up feelings on the subject of the needless slaughter of pretty birdikins, let us go to the mountain top, and see what can be done amongst the ornithology of the rocks and crags of the Grampians.

The mountain tops that have a good stock of ptarmigan are not numerous, and where they do exist the formation of the ground does not always admit of very much sport. To make a good bag, it is necessary that one should have a continuous range of tops, without intervening valleys, the nature of the bird being to fly along the mountain side, without going much above or below a certain line.

Before driving became the fashion, we were content to go climbing about among the rocks, getting a shot here and there, and coming home with bruised shins and a very modest bag of birds; but we have changed all that now, and we find it much pleasanter to climb up to a point of vantage and have them driven rocketting over our heads.

The ground which formed the scene of our day's sport was singularly well suited to the purpose. A long succession of mountain summits, some four miles in extent, not too rugged for the quick movement of drivers, sufficiently stony to enable the shooters to keep out of sight, and having a very good crop of birds.

In conclave over our backey, we settled that, if the morning was fine, we must 'go to the ptarmigan;' and, the next sunrise being cloudless, we turned out at an early hour, sent off two parties of drivers, one to each end of the range, and made tracks ourselves for a station midway between them, there to await the birds.

Whatever controversy may exist on the subject of driving grouse *versus* shooting them over dogs, there can scarcely be two opinions regarding ptarmigan-shooting on rocky ground. You cannot take pointers over the rocks and crags of the high ranges in Scotland without the chance of laming them, and the ptarmigan are frequently wild, and will not let dogs come near them, but they can be driven with great success; and as you seldom get more than four or five days in a season that are really safe for a pleasant day amongst the higher ranges, no objection can well be urged to your devoting one or two of them to ptarmigan-driving.

Under the bright blue sky the climb up to our station was exhilarating. There is something about mountain climbing that is very delightful. As you ascend, distant ranges come in sight—some familiar to the eye, some looking grand in the blue distance, all charming to contemplate; and, once upon the summit, there is a buoyancy in the air that is deliciously refreshing. One can conceive the agreeable sensations of the McGregor, when back upon his native banks and braes, after ruminating on the horrors of the Tolbooth, and the sincerity of his remark, 'My foot is on my native heath, my name McGregor.' It must be very pleasant to be monarch of all one surveys amongst those grand mountains, and to feel that kings and kaisers cannot confer so much happiness upon one as can a good digestion, bright sunshine, and a loyal circle of Celts.

However, here we are upon the scene of action—a gentle slope, with a long range to the right and left. As the ptarmigan are to be driven from both ends of the beat, we are obliged to form a line of guns facing up the mountain, and some care is required in selecting stations behind one another, so as to avoid shooting the friend of one's youth in the back of the head. The first gun is posted near the summit, the next some fifty yards below, and so on to the lowest point of the ptarmigan's line of flight. Scarcely are we settled in our places before a distant shout on the right calls us to attention. Far away along the slope a little flight of white butterflies appears to be

coming towards us. They skim along dangerously near the ground, come nearer and nearer, and finally pass between the second and third guns. A right and left diminishes their number. Then comes a flight from the other side, with similar results; then flights from both sides—some close to the ground, some rocketting over our heads; then a lull, and a few single birds; then a great pack; finally, the drivers from both sides heave in sight, and we foregather, pick up the birds, and go to lunch. Twenty-two brace is the result of the first drive; and, as the whisky circulates, we begin to take an affectionate interest in each other's shooting, and agree that wiping a friend's eye is wrong in principle. Then we drive the ground over again, and pick up a good many crumbs before the shades of evening warn us to make tracks for home. Altogether we raked up forty-eight brace—a small bag for four guns, but still enough for contented minds. Amongst other ornithological visitors there came past us a flock of golden plover and dotterel mixed together. I never knew where the dotterel incubated. It appears they migrate to the Grampians, to be out of the way of the Birdycides.

We tried some experiments on rocketting ptarmigan with a description of wire cartridge brought out by Moore and Grey, of Old Bond Street, and their effect at long distances appeared to be so good, that I should be glad to learn what other shooters at long ranges think of them.

Since muzzle-loaders have relapsed into the sear and yellow leaf, the old wire cartridge has become a thing of the past, and something seems to be wanting for a second barrel at wild grouse and ducks, that will reach them at fifty yards with commendable certainty. The intelligence and ingenuity of the patient experimenter is wanted to produce for us a breech-loading cartridge that will give us good results at fifty yards. This cartridge is a step in the right direction, and it remains for somebody to produce a better. Meantime, for wild birds, where a second course is a question of importance, the Moore cartridge is not to be despised.

A cheery ride home in the shades of evening, a good dinner, and merry talk over things in general, wound up our day amongst the ptarmigan.

'THE FAYRE ONE WITH YE GOLDEN LOCKS.'

CHAP. I.—A STEEPLECHASE STORY.

'NEVER mind, old fellow; "faint heart never won fair lady," you know. Take my advice, don't go near the cruel one until after the hunt steeplechase, this day week, is over. In the mean time, ride Becky Sharp in her gallops steadily every day, go to bed early, eschew too much brandy and soda and too many cigars, keep cool, and win the big race in a canter. Go to the ball that night, and

'I'll bet you my commission to a bottle of soda-water that, by supper-time, you'll have not only won the hunt cup, but the "Fayre One with the Golden Locks" into the bargain.'

So spake cousin Charlie Moore, Captain of the 106th Dragoon Guards—qualifying his speech with a huge draught of gin and seltzer, lighting a fresh cigar, and composing himself in the easiest of arm-chairs, for my reply.

Before I go any further, I must inform my readers who cousin Charlie is, who I am, and who the young lady designated by him 'The Fayre One with ye Golden Locks'; and, as the play-writers have it, the whole argument of the piece, and the reason for the aforegiven lecture.

I, John George Arthur Temple, commonly called, by nearly all those I number amongst my intimate friends, 'Johnnie,' am the only son of my mother (and she is a widow), am just turned three-and-twenty, and am the proud possessor of 4000*l.* a year, four hunters (including the fore-mentioned Becky Sharp), two harness horses, a hack, and a clever pony, a brace of pointers, two terriers, and a retriever.

I live here all alone with my mother, and my address (for the benefit of the curious) is Ryslip House, Bedbury, Blankshire.

Ryslip House, standing in its own grounds, beautifully wooded, and within reach of three packs of foxhounds, as the auctioneers would describe it.

I ought to be a happy man, says everyone, with all these advantages; but I am not, unfortunately—very far from it.

I am in love!

Yes, it is too true—cruel, cruel Blanche Dashwood! for the last six months I have been utterly unable to get your wicked blue eyes and wavy golden hair out of my mind. Why do I shoot so badly, day after day, missing rocket after rocket, tailoring hares, and letting that sporting bird the woodcock fly gaily by unseen? Until the old keeper, who has lived here all his life, says he can't make it off at all, what Master Johnnie is up tew with hisself. Why do I, when I take up the paper, find myself suddenly reading it carefully upside down?

Why do I come down looking so seedy in the morning, that I cause my fond mother to exclaim, 'Johnnie, Johnnie, I am *sure* you smoke too much, my dear—you look so dreadfully pale!' And, finally, why do I, when hounds are *not* running, catch sharp hold of Becky Sharp's head, and lark that clever animal over every conceivable thing, making her toss her head about with such strange treatment, and going the right way to make her as irritable as myself?

Why do I do all these extraordinary things? Why? why? My heart answers for me, Blanche! Blanche! The facts of my case are these: I came back, from a longish tour abroad, about three months ago, and, on my return, found Blanche, who I had known all my life, as affectionate as ever, seemingly; but, alas! just at

that time there comes down to Oakover Cottage (a snug hunting-box in the neighbourhood) a new tenant, in the shape of a 'Captain 'Cutway'—a dashing cavalier, just sold out of the Queen's Roans, bringing with him a nice lot of horses, and giving out that, if he likes the country, he will either take the cottage on for some years, or take a larger place in the neighbourhood. Well, this is all very pleasant; the Captain seems a good sort of fellow, has a capital cook and undeniable drinks, and is altogether an acquisition to the county; but, confound him! he has not been here very long, before he is as thick as thieves at the Mulberries—old General Dashwood's place—the father of my Blanche. I happened to be there the first time he dined with the General. It was only a family party—Blanche, her companion, Cutway, and myself, and, of course, the General. He took Blanche in to dinner, and monopolised the whole of the conversation. I could not get a word in. After dinner, just the same. He quite ignored *me*, and fairly colared the General. The latter, by-the-way, had been formerly in the Captain's old regiment—the Roans.

The old chief seemed quite charmed with his new neighbour. When Cutway was taking leave, he says, shaking him cordially by the hand, 'You're not far off, Captain Cutway, you know; you'll 'always find me at home on Sunday. Luncheon, and a cigar afterwards, eh! And when the frost comes, and you can't hunt, if 'you don't run up to town, I and my daughter shall always be 'pleased to see you.'

'Many thanks,' says the Captain. 'Depend upon it, General, I'll 'take you at your word.'

This he says, with a grin at Blanche, that makes me very angry. After he is gone, Blanche exclaims, 'What a nice man!' '*Such a 'knowledge of the world,*' says Miss Budder, her companion or sheepdog. 'Seems a very good, pleasant fellow,' echoes the General.

I am quite glad when my dogcart is announced, and I drive home a great pace, anything but pleased with the new neighbour.

A few days afterwards is the Honourable Mrs. Clinker's ball. There is this gay Captain as impudent as ever; twirling his moustache, showing his teeth, and chattering like a magpie.

How I begin to detest him! Blanche seems much taken with him; and he not only dances three round dances and a quadrille with her in the course of the night, but takes her down to supper as well. I have not a chance, evidently.

At last, when I do have my one dance with her, I feel so sulky that I can scarcely speak to her, much to her surprise. She, like my mother, says she thinks I must be 'ill.' Ill, indeed; enough to make a fellow ill, I think to myself. After our dance, she gives me a saucy nod every time we pass each other. How pretty she looks! I *must* say 'good night' to her, and make friends; and, as I think this, as luck would have it, I heard her ask Captain Cutway, who was having his last dance with her, to go and see after papa, as the carriage is waiting. Off he goes on his errand, so I take his place,

and nicely I am teased for my pains. 'What, not gone yet, Johnnie?' says Blanche: 'I thought you were so disgusted with everything, you had gone long ago. You've scarcely said a word to me all the evening, and never even asked me to dance until I had my card quite full; and I wanted to talk to you *so much* too. I wanted to ask you how Becky Sharp was, and what coloured jacket you are going to wear in this wonderful steeplechase. You know I am coming to see you win.'

'Coming to see Captain Cutway win, you mean, Blanche,' I retorted, in my grandest manner.

'Ah,' says that young lady, with a joyous little laugh, 'I see now what's the matter with you—you're jealous of the Captain, are you?—was he jealous, then, poor boy?'

'Oh, Blanche, *how* unkind you are,' I blurted out, and was just going to out with it, and tell her the whole truth, when a horrid voice startled both of us—

'*Here* they are, General! Where *have* you been, Miss Dashwood? I and the General have been looking everywhere for you.'

It is Cutway! What a humbug the fellow is! We have been sitting down close by the ball-room door—in fact, just where he left Blanche, when I came up.

'Now, Blanchey, get your cloak on, my dear,' says the old General; 'the horses will be getting cold.'

So off Blanche goes, on my arm, to the cloak-room, the General and Cutway following. When she comes out again, wrapped up for her journey home, Cutway manages to shove his arm forward, and takes her to the carriage. In she gets, followed by the General, who the Captain helps in in quite a son-in-law way; and the old General requires a little help to-night, for he is rather unsteady on his pins. 'Good night, Johnnie!' says Blanche, leaning forward in the carriage, and waving her hand to me. Cutway has got hold of the carriage-door, and monopolizes them completely, so I can't shake hands; and, just as the carriage is about to drive off, his hoarse voice—hoarser than usual, from the goodly quantity of Mrs. Clinker's not very first-rate champagne he has taken—shouts out, with much unnecessary *empressement*, and a squeeze of her white-gloved little hand, 'Good-bye, Miss Dashwood, *good-bye!* The next time you see me it will be winning this big steeplechase in a canter. Mind you back me, to win a fortune in gloves.' Off they go; and he turns round—'Halloa, old fellow! not gone yet, eh? Come and have a glass of sherry before we depart. Good ball, hasn't it been? *What* a jolly girl that Blanchey Dashwood is, isn't she?'

'*Blanchey*,' indeed, think I; talking of her as if he was the General himself. I decline his glass of sherry, and bid him good night, and go in search of my hostess to wish her the same; and ten minutes more sees me driving home through the slushy lanes, in the silence of the dark night, or rather, morning, for it is getting on for five o'clock. Twenty minutes more sees me to the house, and,

yawning all the way upstairs, I go to bed, and soon am in the land of dreams. And, yes, I think Mrs. Clinker's champagne must certainly be very bad; for, first, I dreamt that, just as I was winning the hunt steeplechase in a canter, hands down, Blanche suddenly appears, and, shying a knock-em-down stick at me, knocks me off my horse. And next, I dreamt that I was in a church, looking on at Cutway's marriage to Blanche Dashwood, and the parson was saying to Blanche, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, when—bang!—smash!—'the Prussians, by Jove!'—and, waking up with a start, I am overjoyed to find that 'the 'Battle of Dorking' has *not* come off this time, and it is only the butler, who has overturned my bath with a crash, and is now pouring in the icy-cold water, which is to freshen me up for another day.

Three days later arrives cousin Charlie, the giver of the lecture, the reasons for which have just been related.

Charlie, who is up to anything, from playing a fantasia of Thalberg's to making a book on the Two Thousand, has come down here kindly to put me in the way of things for the forthcoming hunt steeplechase, for which I have entered my mare Becky Sharp. It is *the* great event of the year in the county. Everyone goes, ladies and all; and it is followed by a ball, which makes it still more popular with the fair sex. There are other races, of course, the same day, but they are of very minor importance.

The Hunt Cup has the usual conditions of such races attached to it. 'Gentlemen riders,' of course. The stakes are 15 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, and 200 sovs. added; and the distance about four miles of a fair hunting country, with an artificial water-jump just in front of the stand.

I could not have a better mentor for the forthcoming tournament than the bold Charlie; for he has won more than one regimental steeplechase, to say nothing of others at the regular cross-country meetings.

The morning after his arrival we sally forth, after breakfast, *en route* for Becky Sharp's abode, having, first of all, got under weigh a couple of large cigars, the produce of Charlie's well-filled case.

'Good smoke, ain't they?' remarks that extravagant plunger. 'I bought 500 of 'em the other day, and they *only* stand me in four guineas a pound.'

When we reach the stables, we find the great Mr. Twister, my stud-groom, waiting for us outside, straw in mouth, of course, and tapping his neat butcher boots with a small ash plant he carries.

'Mornin', gen'lemen. Glad to see you lookin' so well, Captin', is his greeting, as he takes the key of Becky's box out of his breeches-pocket, preparatory to letting us in for the inspection of that distinguished animal.

But a word about Mr. Twister, who is a very great man in his own estimation, and that of his fellow-servants and companions

generally. Indeed, from the awe with which one and all of them seem to feel for him, I fancy that in their eyes he is a sort of Bismarck or Von Moltke. He began life as a Newmarket boy; but, being rather too fond of beef and beer, and being a very impudent dog besides, he did not get on very well at the head-quarters of the Turf; and one fine day Mr. Sam Welter, the well-known trainer, to whom he was apprenticed, and who at that period had the first favourite for the Derby in his stable, having caught his young friend in close confab with a well-known scamp of a tout, who was evidently after no good with the lad, took the law into his own hands, and administered such a licking, with a ground-ash stick, to Master Twister as thoroughly disgusted that young gentleman with the Turf and everything connected with it for some time afterwards; so shortly afterwards he took French leave, as the saying is, and took himself off from the Turf metropolis.

He next appeared upon the scene as groom to a young swell who had just left Oxford, and who was going the pace as hard as ever he could. So good did he make it, that he brought himself to a standstill in rather less than three years, and a very pleasant three years I have no doubt he had, and Mr. Twister too. Indeed that worthy, on referring to his late master, would say, with much feeling, 'Well, 'of hall the free-handed, liberal gents as hever I set eyes on—and 'I've seen a many, mind you—I *never* came across sech an out-an-'outer as 'im—"dagged" if hever I did.' Of course, at the end of three years, Mr. Twister had to look out for himself again.

The next thing that was seen of him was riding a steeplechase at Monaco, in the colours of that well-known continental sportsman, Count Alphonse de Leduc, who employed him as private trainer and occasional jockey, a post for which he was well fitted, for he had learnt quite enough at Newmarket to know how to make such middling brutes as the Count possessed fit to go; and, to do him justice, he could ride a good one, quite like a 'center' (i.e. Centaur), as he himself would say.

However, here again the pace was too good to last. One fresh spring morning the Count was found by his valet with a fearful gash across his throat, and on his gorgeously-appointed dressing-table was a bloody razor; and it was too evident, by the tracks of blood from the table to the bed, that the unfortunate man had coolly undressed, gone to the looking-glass, cut his throat, walked to his bed, and there calmly bled to death.

Mr. Twister was again a free man.

Having saved a little money, he could afford to wait a bit. I happened to see his advertisement in the 'Field,' and, after some correspondence, closed with him; and, if I were not rather afraid of him, should say he suited me, to use a slang expression, 'down 'to the ground.' He is always 'hairin' his French,' as he calls it, and is always bringing up the Count's name when I venture to give my opinion on anything connected with his department. 'When I trained for the Count,' he always begins. The Count's

stud, as I have been told, having consisted of five or six weeds, that would scarce have paid for their hay and corn in England.

And now for Becky Sharp.

'Take her clothes off, Jim,' says Twister, as we enter the box, to the attendant helper.

Becky Sharp, by Swindler out of a hunting mare, is a long, lathy, dark chestnut mare, with a white star on her forehead, and not another speck about her.

'Pretty fit, I *think* you'll say, Captin',' says Twister, as, leaning against the wall in an easy attitude, he scans the mare very complacently.

And Twister is right, she *does* look fit. Her dark coat shines like satin; and as she puts her ears back, and lunges out gently with one of her hind legs, every muscle stands out in bold relief; and I think, if even the bold Dick Turpin were here, and could set eyes on her, *he* would think her worthy of carrying him in a ride for life or death.

BRYANT DE BUTCHERBOOTES.

THE VIXEN.

THE vixen was weary, the vixen was old,
 The wind shouted wildly, the rain patter'd cold,
 And her breathing grew harder, her pace grew less fast,
 As she heard the wild war-cry still borne on the blast.
 'Alas!' quoth the vixen, 'I've done all I know;
 'I have ringed, I have shifted, now straight I must go;
 'Oh, if I had only condition to run,
 'For conditions of peace I would scorn to ask one.
 'Remember the days of my glorious sons,
 'Did they give you bad sport or begrudge you good runs?
 'They were straight-going foxes from find unto kill,
 'And their memory yet lives upon Fosbury Hill.
 'Brave heroes thro' life, and staunch martyrs in death;
 'But I—what have I done, who first gave them their breath?'
 And onward, still onward, she made for the gorse,
 While blood marked her footprints and foam-flakes her course;
 And bravely, still bravely, she struggled up wind,
 While the cry of her foes still pursued her behind,
 And closer, still closer, the hounds rush up fast—
 Whoo-whoop! they have killed that old vixen at last!

R. E. A.

. 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A March Medley.

WHEN 'winds are piping loud,' and the people are coming to town—when parks are like some parties, 'small and early,' and primulas and primroses are exposed by confiding persons in their balconies—when Mr. Gye issues his programme, and the familiar face of Mr. Gus Harris is seen about Covent Garden—when brown-holland blinds are no longer the characteristic of Belgravias, and dark and light blue burst into blossom in the windows of hosiers and haberdashers—when the Row and the Ladies' Mile are undress rehearsals of the great drama to come, and amazing shandry-dans, apparently from Upper Clapton or Peckham Rye, with Roman-nosed quadrupeds, are seen about Albert Gate—when sporting writers cease to indulge in lamentations over 'the dead season,' and the inevitable Croydon and Edgware Spring Meetings are supposed 'to break the spell'—when all these things come to pass, we may know that then is the Season even at our doors. A time of pleasure and penance, pretty equally divided, in which the young will mightily enjoy themselves, and the middle-aged will reflect on the cost—when there will be the usual lighting of candles at both ends by the wealthy and careless, mixed with much grave doubt whether the game is worth the light of one on the part of those not so blessed—a time in which it is a good thing to be young, to be beautiful, to be rich, and the joyous refrain of a German poet sounds in our ears :

'Think oft, ye brethren, think of the gladness of our youthful prime,
It cometh not again—that glorious time.'

We began the Lenten month in a rather dull and decorous fashion (we mentioned in our last how we wound up our Carnival at the Cannon Street Hotel), but were much enlivened in its early days, or rather nights, by a slight theatrical row, in which that worthy personage the Lord Chamberlain got involved; and as it is the fate and peculiar property of everybody attached to what the 'Daily Telegraph,' with unconscious irony, called 'the present popular Administration,' to make a mess and a blunder of anything they touch, why, Lord Sydney made his little mess and did his little blunder as admirably as his betters. All London knows of, and half London has by this time seen, that charming little satire on our form of government which, under the title of 'The Happy Land,' was produced at the Court Theatre, situated in that proud and happy Chelsea which has a Dilke for its representative. By-the-way, it has just occurred to us that the legislator in question has never taken up his parable against the title of that charming little temple of the drama. Let him look to it, or the Republic of the future will require it at his hands. It was a bold stroke, Miss Litton's invoking the aid of Mr. Gilbert à Beckett and Mr. Tomline to sketch the living manners as they rise, and are shown to us in our idea of popular government, but her courage commanded the success it achieved. Those who were fortunate enough to see the first two or three performances of 'Happy Land,' when Messrs. Fisher, Hill, and Righton gave us the counterfeit resemblance of a well-known triumvirate, and held up to the keen laughter of town the foibles and peculiarities of our leading statesmen, will not easily forget it. Nothing more genuine in the way of satirical fun has been witnessed by the present generation—never, since the days when burlesque invaded the stage, has there been one so happily conceived—ingeniously executed. How the town seized upon all its humour and satire,

how heartily it endorsed the political allusions and applauded to the echo every reference to the mismanagement of our 'popular' Ministers, need not be repeated here. The actors were as clever as the authors, and there wanted not the usual burlesque accessories of comely fairies and pretty scenery to please the eye. It was impossible but that there should be but one opinion as to Miss Litton's new venture, and, accordingly, the press was unanimous, though the 'Daily Telegraph' was evidently bewildered at the fact of a 'popular' ministry being held up to ridicule. 'The Happy Land' was, indeed, the topic of the hour, and almost threatened at one time, thanks to Lord Sydney's injudicious meddling, to oust the Irish Education question from its position. The noble official in question has not been fortunate in those little exercises of his authority which have come before the public. A year or two ago he directed his attention to the skirts of the *corps de ballet*, and was understood to have issued some very stringent rules as to their length, with a bylaw as to 'skirt tacks' (a term for the explanation of which we must refer our readers to Stable Yard), that would have made the *ballet* a source of enjoyment, supposing they had been alive, to Mr. Bowdler or Mrs. Hannah More. Nothing came of it, however, in the way of reformation; Lord Sydney was compelled to drop the petticoats (we speak, of course, metaphorically), and more semi-nude women were seen on the boards than ever. But at last the *censor morum* of the stage found foemen worthy of his steel, and the appalling fact that, on the boards of the Royal Court, Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton were made to dance the cancan, and otherwise misconduct themselves, roused Stable Yard to action. The Lord Chamberlain attended the theatre in person, some of his staff (this is an economical government) were sent into the pit, and there were dark rumours of a gentlemanly detective in the dress circle. After being performed for four nights, and after interviews and correspondence had taken place between the management and the officials, the threat of a withdrawal of the licence went forth, Miss Litton was of course compelled to submit, and the 'Happy Land' is now represented shorn of its 'makes-up,' and deprived of its cancan, but not deprived (for even a Lord Chamberlain could not do that) of its wit and satire, nor shorn of a single inuendo against the powers that be. Having seen it both before and after the 'row,' we think we may safely say it is more amusing in some ways now than it was before; for there are artists at the Court—one especially—Mr. Righton, whose keen sense of humour allows them to turn into fun even the prohibitory enactments of a Lord Chamberlain. A good deal has been said in the public prints about the bad precedent likely to be set by allowing political satire a place on the stage; and alarmists have reminded us, that the sauce for the goose and the sauce for the gander is one and the same, and that the theatre, if this sort of thing is to go on, would be a political bear-garden. But these writers seem to us to have quite overlooked one most important point. 'Happy Land' is entirely an exceptional case for this reason, that it is not within the bounds of probability or possibility that we shall ever have such another 'popular' Government as we are at present blessed with. The idea that there will be second editions of that triumvirate who nightly rouse to laughter the audiences of the Royal Court is too absurd. *They* it is who have called 'Happy Land' into existence, and with their disappearance from the scene the Lord Chamberlain, if haply that official is still allowed to exercise his curious functions, may rest in peace, with nothing heavier on his mind than the skirts of audacious *ballerines*. And, as out of evil sometimes comes good, this absurd and foolish display of authority will

probably lead to the whole question of a stage-censorship being discussed, and its harsh and needless action proved. So we may fairly congratulate Miss Litton on a successful venture, which, while, we hope, filling the Court treasury, may bring forth golden fruit of another kind, by which the drama will be the gainer—the golden fruit of liberty—a clear stage and no favour, and no fear. While at the Court, we may mention that a new piece of a somewhat sensational character and entitled 'Marriage Lines,' in which Mr. Righton assumes a rôle, a mixture of pathos and comedy, that the late Mr. Robson made nearly his own. Mr. Righton is too genuine an artist to do anything badly, but still we prefer to laugh with him rather than to weep, and if we are not very much mistaken, *he* prefers the comic muse to her sister. Miss Gainsborough, who made a very favourable impression in a small part in 'Amos Clark,' at the Queen's a short time ago, has joined the Court, and, as the heroine in 'Marriage Lines,' acts naturally and looks ladylike. We hope to see her in some other piece ere long.

Last year, although the racing was above the average, the supply of horses at the Grand Military *réunion* in Rugby's famous fields was so small, that the regular frequenters of this, the most enjoyable of all our steeplechase gatherings, began to get alarmed, and asked themselves the question whether the new-fangled ideas of officering the British army had not more to do with the deterioration of the sport than met the eye. On that occasion all the exertions of the Honorary Secretary could only obtain fifty nominations to the whole of the Soldiers' Races, a great falling-off from the days of yore, and the prospect of improvement in the future was anything but encouraging. However, the course, which was then run over for the first time, is such a good one, and gave such unqualified satisfaction, that, upon it being put to the vote this year, it was decided, *nem. con.*, to give it another trial, the result of which is now a matter of history. A few slight alterations in the conditions of some of the races, in order to keep pace with the times, and the transformation of the Veterans' Stakes (which has for years been a failure) into a race for *bonâ-fide* hunters, appear to have been most judiciously made and successfully carried out, for the entries *en masse* were more than double, and the hunting ultimately turned out the best the soldiers have ever held. On Tuesday morning, March the 4th, to the consternation of the ordinary passengers on the London and North Western Railway, every station on the line was besieged by warriors, all under orders for Rugby, whither they flocked in countless hundreds, from north, south, east, and west, until at last the platform at that far-famed junction presented all the appearance of a parade ground. The halt, however, was but of brief duration, for the advance was shortly sounded, and by various routes the scene of action, some three miles off, was arrived at. Here it was soon discovered that the Commissariat was quite prepared to meet the demands of all comers, for the long array of coaches, breaks, and 'busses were already covered with their white table-cloths, and all the good things of this life. The 12th Lancers had apparently transferred their mess on the top of their coach from Leeds; the Horse Artillery had theirs from Coventry; and, go where you would, you were met at every step by challengers to *liquor-up*, to 'jump up, 'old fellow, and have a bit of luncheon,' &c., &c., until at last you had serious misgivings, if this went on much longer, about being able to see any of the racing at all. Fortunately the bell soon rang, and nine veterans weighed out for the first race—a great improvement on late years, and almost brought to our recollection the days when Captain Duffield, on Bounce, and Captain Hunt used to ride.

They were a good-looking lot of hunters, and they were steered by the best of our military riders, past and present. Of the *old soldiers* who rode, Major Wilkin, Captain Riddell, and Captain Tempest have all been crowned with Grand Military Gold Cup honours; and Captain H. Browne and Mr. W. H. Johnstone, of the younger hands, have also ridden the winners of that much-coveted prize. Captain A. Smith's Elf King was made favourite, more on account of his owner being up than anything else, and he looked very dangerous until two fields from home, when Glengarry, with Captain H. Browne for his pilot, and Captain Riddell, on his little-thought-of Haycock, passed him, and, after a good race to the last fence, the former drew away, and won by three lengths. Captain Smith had better luck in the Farmer's Maiden Plate, which he won on Moonlight, beating The Knight and three others; they were not quite as good a class as we *have* seen among the farmers, but they were sound, serviceable hunters; and when such as they can be found running in Maiden Plates, there is evidently no famine in the land. We were then, most considerably, allowed an hour to renew our attacks on the coaches, and to admire the pretty *toilettes* with which they were now covered, during which time Mr. Marshall was passing through the scales no less than seventeen riders for the Gold Cup, which task having got through with his usual suavity, he caused them to be exhibited on the board, their appearance eliciting a cheer that must have been heard miles off; for it was the largest field that had ever weighed out within the memory of the oldest campaigner present. Unfortunately it was discovered that Signal, whom Colonel Byrne had bought at Birmingham, had been entered of wrong age, so his number had to be taken down, and the field was reduced to sixteen runners, which, after the usual canter past, went down to the start, and were quickly sent on their journey. The betting, which had been brisk, made Revirescat favourite, Chimney Sweep next in request, and all the others found admirers at some price or other.

The going was pretty deep down the far side, and the fences, although not big, took a good bit of doing. The grief therefore, by flood and field, was frequent, and, when they came past the stand, half were out of the hunt; the leaders, as they rounded the top turn by the carriages, being Sylla, who was pulling Captain Magennis out of the saddle, Revirescat, Assault, Gaston, Shooting Star, and Defence. Going down the far side the second time, Mr. Hope Johnstone took Revirescat up to Sylla, and shortly after the latter refused at the turn, leaving the favourite to come home by himself, an easy winner by many lengths from Assault; the righted Sylla finishing third, just in front of Gaston. Yeoman, having carried Colonel Harford so often to victory, was backed against his dozen opponents for The Open Hunters' Steeplechase, but he caught a Tartar in Berserker, whom Mr. Brockton, of Primrose renown, rode well.

Another large field—ten this time—weighed out for The Grand Military Hunt Cup, which was won, after a very long chapter of accidents, by Prince Saphia's Rescue, ridden by Mr. W. Hope Johnstone, who alone got the course; and a long day's racing finished with a Handicap Plate, won by Spitfire, contrary to the expectation of some would-be-clever people, who burnt their fingers most severely.

At night, at the Regent at Leamington, some five-and-twenty or thirty attended the usual banquet, where the prospects of the Grand Military was discussed, and arrangements made for future campaigns.

On the second day the soldiers and their friends were as numerous, the

luncheons equally as good, and, with the exception of a shower in the early morning, the weather as fine as before; but owing to so many horses having been run through, the fields were not so large. As it is said never to rain without pouring, Mr. Johnstone, on *Revirescat*, was returned the winner of the Military Weight for Age Race, although had any one of his four opponents stood up, *Revirescat* would probably have had to play second fiddle, for he seemed quite knocked up with his previous day's exertions. The Rugby Open Handicap was considered a good thing for Hazard, who hailed from the Cheltenham stable, and, with G. Holman to ride him, it looked good goods; but, to the dismay of his backers, he began badly, did worse as he went on, and was, in fact, never in the race, which was won by The *Ægean*, once a favourite for the Chester Cup, and a runner in the Derby a few years ago, in which race he is described, in 'The Calendar,' as a bay colt; and, as he is now occasionally said to be a chestnut, it may be as well for the readers of 'Baily' to know that he is nearly white. We had a rare good field (eleven) for The Light Weight Grand Military, which was the best race of the meeting; and again the talent were defeated, for they depended upon Assault to pull them out of their troubles; and great was their joy, at the last fence, to see the favourite leading; but their delight was doomed to be but fleeting, for Mr. Thorold brought up Merlin, literally passed Assault as they were in the air, and, after a prolonged and most exciting struggle, reached the winning-post first by a neck. Only King of the Thieves, of the others, passed the post; Chippenham won a Scurry; and the best Grand Military Meeting seen for many a year was brought to a most satisfactory termination.

Croydon did not do very much in the way of throwing that 'light on the future' which is desired by so many people besides turf analysts. Some Liverpool outsiders got their *quietus*, and the most notable feature was the good form shown by Mr. Brayly's stable—though, perhaps, running second oftener than was agreeable, was not considered the proper form, by Mr. Brayly, at least, after all. With the exception of Midshipman he was unlucky, though Silvermere made a gallant fight of it with Furley for the United Kingdom Handicap; and, if Furley had not been a very game one, Mr. Brayly's horse would probably have brought *Casse Tête* to half the price she was quoted at after the race. If Mr. Brayly's stable was in form, Captain Machell's was not, for Hunter, of whom great things were expected, cut up very badly in the Croydon Hurdle Race, in which Lingerer also failed lamentably. Old Jealousy behaved much better than she did last year, and the dangerous stable of Mr. Studd had attention paid to it in consequence. Normanby will never, apparently, make a steeplechaser; and, of the promising young ones, Nestor II. is, by all accounts, the most promising. The ground was frightfully heavy, but there were no falls of any moment, and the attendance on the first two days was very large.

But the event of the month was the Grand National Hunt at Bristol, where 'The Bristol and Western Counties Race Course Company (Limited),' assisted by the Messrs. Frail as Clerks of the Course, welcomed all comers, from the Heir Apparent to the Zummerzetshire yokel, as ignorant of racing as an Esquimaux. Great had been the preparations and hard the work to get the course ready, the Stand and all other necessary buildings finished in time, it being a well-known law in this county, and one of its cherished institutions, in fact, that you must never have any building, from a Music Hall to a Meeting House, completed until the very last moment before it is used. There were some extra difficulties in this instance, owing to the failure of the contract

about six weeks ago, which left things of course in a great muddle, and very nearly gave Mr. Clark, the architect of Newmarket, an attack of Bristol on the brain. However, things got into shape somehow, and, by the 9th ult., when the Prince of Wales, his host Lord Fitzhardinge, and a distinguished party from Berkeley Castle, arrived, they found the place as well swept and garnished as could be expected. It is a noble course, and Mr. Reginald Herbert, who came down to see it last year, on behalf of the G.N.H. Committee, deserves well of his country in general, and the Bristolians in particular, for selecting it as a *vènuè*. The meeting was a great success; and as Royal Princes and Grand Nationals are not caught every day, Bristol made the most of them. The course and the approaches to it, on the second day, the one on which the principal event of the meeting came off, were sights such as one sees about Derby time, and the staid inhabitants did all the honour they could to the occasion. Lord Fitzhardinge had a large circle at the Castle to meet his illustrious guest, including the Marchioness of Hastings, the Countess of Westmoreland, Miss Sumner, the Earl of Aylesford, the Earl of Coventry, Colonel Ouseley Higgins, Mr. Chaplin, M.P., Lord Berkeley Paget, Sir Charles Rushout, Captain Coventry, Captain Stirling, Captain Sumner, Mr. Delacour, &c., &c.; and, as among them there were no less than three gentlemen certain and positive that their respective stables would furnish the winner of the Liverpool, there was, our readers may be sure, much lively discussion and animated *pro* and *con*, held chiefly in the smoking-room, we should say, and in the hours that are called small. The Royal and noble party came each day, and so enthusiastic was the Prince's reception, and so pleased was he with it, that on H.R.H. being asked, on Friday, at what hour he would leave, he said the Bristol people had received him so cordially, that he should not think of quitting the course until the last moment. Moreover, though it was a wretched wet and snowy day, H.R.H. drove through the dirty streets of the city in an open carriage to the residence of Mr. C. Miles, and thus gave those persons whose avocations kept them at home, a chance of seeing him. This was a very gracious and thoughtful act, and much appreciated. The sport was, on the whole, very good, though we always think three days' steeplechasing and hurdle jumping is a little tiring. We are very fond of cross-country sport, but it requires a little mixing with 'the flat,' or else it palls upon you. The Ashton Court Steeplechase, on the first day, was remarkable for the form shown by the uncertain Vagabond, who beat the favourite, David Copperfield, in a common canter. 'What about Footman for the Liverpool, now?' was the cry—but, stop a bit, gentlemen, if you please, for there was a performance in this race equal to Vagabond's. Old Snowstorm, carrying 12st. 7lb., who had not done any work for a fortnight, and who walked lame as he went to the post, was right in front at the last flight of hurdles, and so pleased was Mr. Chaplin that he would not listen to anything about Footman, and pretty plainly intimated that he had the winner of the Grand National in *his* stable. We don't know exactly what comfort Lord Berkeley Paget gleaned from the race, but he stood up for Cinderella bravely in the war of words that night at the Castle. Silvermere is an uncertain horse, we presume, for he ran very badly here, and did not improve the chance of Caseé Tête; but the Cheltenham stable professed themselves satisfied with David Copperfield's situation, and consequently with Master Mowbray. The field for the G.N.H. was much better than that at Abergavenny last year, but still it was nothing very particular as to quality; and, perhaps, that adjunct we shall not see in the force it used to show, in the early days at Burton, Lazarus, Wetherby, or

Bedford. There were some good-looking hunters on this occasion, and that was about all. Cardigan, the property of a popular M.F.H., and prepared by Mr. Arthur Yates, was the favourite; but we could not hear, beyond a vague rumour, that he was as good as Clifton (once talked about for the Liverpool), that he had done anything to warrant the taking of 5 to 2 about him. Peradventure the property of Captain Stirling was the best-looking horse in the paddock, and the favourite and Pickles—the latter a slashing Caractacus mare—the two next. The race gave us a fine finish between Cardigan and Pickles, and, if the former had been a game one, he must have won, for Pickles had nearly come on her head, and lost a lot of ground in the last mile and a quarter; but there was a soft spot, and as Mr. Yates did not dare move on her, he was beaten by a head, Captain Tempest never riding better than he did on the winner. The Bristol Grand Annual was somewhat of a surprise, for Molly Bawn, the favourite, fell at the second fence, as did David Copperfield, and both were out of it then and there. Beaumanoir, too, from whom better things were expected, was done with half a mile from home, and Phryne, who had been always in front, soon polished off Dodona, who looked formidable for a little while, and cantered in a winner by thirty lengths. The Prince of Wales having graciously expressed a wish that Mr. Frail should be presented to him, Lord Coventry did that office; and on the Prince intimating his great satisfaction with the meeting, and courteously congratulating Mr. Frail on such a success to his labours, the worthy C.C., whose loyalty and political principles are well known, made a characteristic speech, and, while thanking H.R.H. for the honour done him, expressed an earnest hope that, for the next thousand years and more, his children's children might sit on the throne of these realms, and that all Fenians, Republicans, and Revolutionists might be utterly extinguished and done for! The Prince shook Mr. Frail cordially by the hand, and thanked him for his loyal expressions, telling Lord Coventry afterwards, that he was much pleased with the interview; and on Mr. Frail leaving the stand he was loudly cheered by the whole body of the people in the inclosure. Of course there was some good-humoured 'chaff' about it, which no one enjoyed more than the C.C., one noble lord telling him that he was certain to be 'Sir John' after this. The various silver cups run for at the meeting were unusually effective and appropriate, and by a happy combination of gilding and oxydising, contrasted with the plainer surfaces, the effect produced is both rich and chaste. They are designed and manufactured by Mr. Smith, of King Street, Covent Garden, whose works are well known on the racing fields, especially at Shrewsbury, Windsor, and Brighton.

Since our last notice of the doings of the Tynedale, they, like most other packs, have been a good deal stopped by frost; but, notwithstanding this, we are able to report a great amount of sport.

Among the runs that deserve to be recorded, may first be mentioned one on the afternoon of the 20th December, from Fenwick covert, when they ran over all that wild, open country about Ingo and Kirkheaton for above two hours, changing foxes more than once. About a quarter after four o'clock, as it was growing dusk, the whips' horses being both tired, and the field 'having had enough,' the master and huntsman tried to stop the hounds; this, however, they were quite unable to do, for, getting the wind, the pack took to running very hard, and were soon out of sight. Mr. Fenwick and Cornish followed 'the cry' by cross roads, as well as they could, for above an hour more, when they were obliged to give in, it having been for some time quite dark, and their horses unable to go on. Most reluctantly they left the hounds

to find their way home alone, which, happily, they all did that evening, having killed their fox at Shildon Hill, about six o'clock. On the 26th the bitches ran a very fast ring of twenty-five minutes, in the morning, killing their fox in the open. While they were eating him, another fox was hallooed away from Faucit Hill. They were quickly at him, and ran him very fast through Stanley Wood, then over Grottington pastures, crossing the Erring-burn near Chollerford. He ran the north side of the brook nearly to Errington, where he recrossed, and ran up the hill to the south. Here he was headed, and he turned west to the Way Wood; they forced him through this, and down to Cocklaw, where he turned east as far as Sir Rowland Errington's gamekeeper's house, when he ran down the hill again to the brook, which he recrossed, and was killed making for Swinburn. Time one hour and a half.

This was as good a day's work as was ever done by hounds; but all satisfaction, in looking back to it, is marred by the remembrance of the melancholy accident that befell Tom Melrose.

The new year began with another hard day from Copheaton; scent good up wind, but for the last six miles all down wind. He could travel faster than hounds could carry the scent, and he beat them after two hours' good work.

January 8.—St. Oswald's; twenty-five minutes, and killed, in the morning. Found again at Mr. Butler's gorse, ran him twice round Brunton Banks and Fallowfield, and then down to the Way Wood; and thence, as straight as a line, to within a field of Kirkheaton, where the scent failed altogether, during a heavy fall of sleet. Time nearly two hours.

January 15.—Chollerford Bridge; ran a fox-ring hard for an hour and twenty minutes, when he crossed the North Tyne, which was 'in flood,' near Warden, and the hounds were stopped. Found again, and were pressing their fox very hard, when he took the line of railway near Four Stones. A goods' train came up at the time, and ran right through the middle of the pack—a frightful sight! Most wonderful to relate, not a hound was permanently injured, though some were struck, and others laid down between the rails, and allowed the train to pass over them.

On the 20th of January frost began, and there is nothing to relate till the 12th of February, when they had a very fast thing indeed from the Heugh covert to Belsay, and then slow hunting back to the Heugh, where the tired fox was left, and the hounds went away with a fresh one, down the Mill-burn, and thence over by Belsay, Rygate, Fenwick, and across the pont to Ouxton, where there was a large coursing party, which had soiled the land for some distance, and the hounds threw up their heads and allowed part of the field to come up, for *till then no one* had been within a mile of the hounds. Time about fifty minutes.

February 17th.—Ran a very fast ring of thirty minutes from Stanley Wood, and to ground in a small drain. As it was believed to be a vixen, no steps were taken to disturb her, though she might have easily been bolted. Found again in Mr. Cuthbert's covert; broke to the north through Stanley Wood, but, being headed at the north corner, he turned down to Faucit Hill and Fern Hill, and thence, making his point, he crossed the Military Road, then down Grottington pastures to Errington, and thence by the Erring Banks till opposite Berryfield, whence he crossed the brook, and beat the hounds by getting to ground in the breeding earth at Hallington. Time one hour.

March 5th.—Fenwick; got away close to their fox, raced him to Ingo, where he turned down wind, and hunting became slow, back to the covert. They pressed him away through the Whin down to the Heugh village, and

thence to Black Heddow, where the scent failed ; but the hounds being carried on to Ingo, they came on their fox again dead beaten. He broke to the east, but a single hound pressed him so hard he slipped back to the Whin. At that moment a fresh fox was hallooed away to the west, and the body of the hounds went away with him, leaving the tired fox in the covert. They ran very hard up to Kearsley, back to Fenwick, and thence over the pont to Matfen Grounds, where he was seen creeping about among the bushes, quite tired, and it is supposed he got into some drain about the house or gardens.

March 10th.—Whittington ; found on Dunn's Moor, got away close at their fox, ran a ring of thirty-five minutes very fast, and killed him before he could get back to Todridge covert. Found a second fox on Stagbaw, and ran very fast up to Stanley Wood, where he must have got into some open drain. Then tried Faucit Hill ; two foxes jumped up in the heather ; the bitches ran into the vixen before she got 100 yards. Without stopping to eat her, they were hallooed on to the dog ; they ran him thirty minutes, and killed him below Sandhoe House.

It will be seen from this short recital, that the sport with which the season began has, at any rate, been maintained, and that, notwithstanding the loss of their first whip, who has been laid off since the 26th of December, and is permanently disabled, the Tynedale have had several very fine runs. Had poor Tom been in his place, there would have been less of changing foxes at critical times, probably less of running to ground when close to their game, and more foxes brought to hand.

From Northumberland to 'the sweet shire of Devon' is a great stride, but we will make it. Lord Portsmouth had very good sport in the early part of the month, and has been more recently harrying the Exmoor foxes, and rendering a good account of them. He had a good run on the 3rd, in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor, with the first fox, whom they routed for five minutes, and then killed ; finding a second at 3.30, and had a rare hunting run for two hours, also with a kill.

Everyone is much pleased at Mr. Russell being again an M.F.H., if only for a time. Sir Bruce Chichester has gone abroad, and left Mr. Russell in office, with full powers, to the delight of North Devon. We shall expect to hear of great doings, next season, in the neighbourhood of Arlington Court.

The Pytchley hounds will, we understand, next season, be in the hands of Mr. Naylor and Mr. Watson, of Rockingham Castle, the intention being to hunt six days a week—the woodlands two days, and the remainder in the open. Machin remains as huntsman. The second whip, Goddard, will not go to the South Berks, and will probably remain. The Atherstone hounds on Saturday, the 22nd, had the best run of the season. They went out of their own country clean over the North Warwickshire, and killed in the open, near Henley-on-Arden, nine miles without a check, and point to point fourteen miles, and probably twenty-five miles in the run, hounds being forty miles off the kennels when they killed. The Pytchley had a fine run from Naseby on Saturday, the 22nd, of nearly three hours, probably the best they have had this season.

The Duke of Grafton's hounds had blood enough for a week in one day—the 10th—as they killed no less than two and a half brace of foxes, and four of them within a range of two miles ; and, as a farmer remarked, 'He can spare them ; and if even ten brace had been killed, he would have plenty left.' This, too, from coverts neutral between the Duke and Pytchley, viz., Stowe Wood and Everdon Stubbs. Can any of our readers inform us

of a similar occurrence, except in the cubbing season? And Frank Beer's observation was indeed a trite one, when he remarked, 'We have our killing-pack out.'

We hear very good accounts from Wiltshire, where Colonel Everett, on the 27th of February, had a capital day from Wardour Castle, a leash of foxes being afoot; and, after rattling them about in covert some time most energetically, one broke towards the Downs, and was accounted for in a small covert near Coombe, after one hour and thirty-five minutes from the find. On the 28th they had a very good down day from Fisherton Delamere, winding up with as fast a thirty minutes to ground as could well be ridden. On March the 4th they had an extraordinary day's sport from Longleat; two capital runs. The first fifty-five minutes, and lost in the grounds of a parsonage; the last one hour and fifty minutes, the fox escaping into a drain. The run was about nine miles, very straight, and they went over great part of the Blackmoor Vale country, leaving off twenty-five miles from the kennels.

There has been but little sport seen by those hunting from York since the long frost, but the 'ancient city' has been very full this season of men and horses, the principal studs being those of Sir George Wombwell, Messrs. Crossley, Hopwood, Davidson, Ingilby, Bateman, and Captain Starkey. We hear Sir George Wombwell intends selling his hunters, about thirteen in number, the first week in June, at Tattersall's, and a good opportunity will present itself to any 13 or 14-stone man to mount himself for next season. They say the town has been full this season, and we are not surprised, for there is no place where a man can get his six days a-week easier, and with fewer horses, than from York.

By way of a change, on the 15th of February, Sir George, accompanied by six of his hunting friends, migrated to Beverley, for a week in Holderness with James Hall, who received them with his well-known cordiality; and right glad were all to see the veteran sportsman looking so well and going in his old form, accompanied by his two daughters, than whom no better horsewomen exist. The arrival created quite a sensation in the quaint old town of Beverley, and from the crowd daily assembled to see the strangers, one might have thought at least Royalty in some shape was present. Mr. Hall showed them four good days' sport, as all felt sure he would do; we are told there was a little jealous riding, for these Holderness farmers always look with a jealous eye on a stranger, even though he be a Yorkshireman; and we heard it whispered that a gallant baronet, an ex-M.F.H., got severely reprimanded by the 'Mistress of the Hounds' for riding too near them; but as the baronet quickly apologised, and declared that it was quite a new pleasure to be 'blown up' by a lady in the hunting-field; all was quickly forgotten in the good run and merriment that ensued.

A most unfortunate day was Thursday, the 13th of March, for the York and Ainsty. A large field assembled at Ouseburn Workhouse, one of the best meets of the York hounds. A fox was immediately found in Grafton Whin, the property of that first-rate sportsman, James Brown of Copgrove; and after ringing about went to ground near Marton Village. It was during this short gallop that poor Tom Squires got his fall over an awkward stile close to the village; the morning was frosty and the ground very slippery, and his horse (a favourite one of poor Tom's) slipped, and turned completely over the stile, and so injured him that he died on the 16th, universally regretted by all. He was perhaps the most promising young huntsman of his day, a civil, well-spoken servant, and especially popular with the farmers. He leaves, we regret to say,

a young wife and five young children ; and we hope his friends in Yorkshire and elsewhere will come forward and add their names to the subscription-list, which no doubt will soon be opened at the York Club. We are happy to add, that poor Tom was a member of the Hunt Servants' Society, and had insured for the benefit of his widow and children, and that the secretary of this excellent association immediately paid to Mrs. Squires the sum of 100*l*. We need scarcely, we feel sure, urge the claims this association has on all classes, masters and servants especially. Here is an instance, and many more might be added, of the tangible good it effects.

The following, from the Atherstone, will be read with interest :—

Monday, March 17th, the Atherstone met at Bosworth. The first fox was a short-running brute, which they lost. Second, from Congerstone Field, ran fast by Carlton to ground at Wellesborough ; bolted and killed him. Third found on Racecourse at Gopsall. Away at racing pace, leaving Twy-cross Wood on the left, nearly to Orton village, through Sheepy Wood, by Cliff House and Harris Bridge, where we probably changed ; straight through all coverts at Gopsall to Appleby. Got a view of him here, and ran hard to No Man's Heath, then turned back through Appleby again, and hounds ran clean away from the horses, were thirty yards behind their fox over the Norton Road, and hounds and fox were not ten yards apart, into Gopsal Wood (the huntsman and whips all having stopped). It is thought a few hounds caught the fox, and the body, swinging on to a fresh one, were with difficulty stopped by the master and Mrs Oakley and two or three others at seven o'clock.

Wednesday, 19th. Wharton.—Found at Orton Gorse ; and the field driving over the line of the fox, who turned short back, too much time was lost to do any good. Newton and Bird's Hill Gorse proving blank, found at Measham Osier Bed. Ran very fast through Gopsall, by Congerstone, Carlton, under Bosworth by Sutton, and Lady Byron's Covert to Sibson Wolds, where about three couple of leading hounds got on a fresh one, and the hunted fox was left.

Friday, 21st. Brinklow Station.—Killed a bad fox from Newbold ; drew All Oaks and High Wood blank ; found at Hell Park ; ran very fast by Sow, over the brook to the end of Brandon Wood, by Brandon, over the river, and back along the meadows, taking a turn in the North Warwick country, and back again over the river to Baggington, and gave him up, going to Chantrey Heath.

Saturday, 22nd. Corley.—Found at Corley in indifferent scent ; ran nearly to Meriden Shafts, by Millison's Wood ; hunted up to the fox, viewed him just before them, and ran to ground ; tried to get him out and failed. Found at about three o'clock, in the far end of Meriden Shafts. Took him the whole length of the covert, and ran for one hour and ten minutes without a check, through Millson's Wood, Rough Close, between Black Waste and Stoney Moor Wood, through Kenilworth Chase, by the Boot Inn at Honily, through Beech Wood, Wroxall Warren, through Haywood, by Baddesley Clinton, to Lowson Ford, and killed him between Preston Brook and Henley-on-Arden, at 5.10 ; distance as the crow flies, on Ordnance Map, fourteen miles ; as the hounds went, about eighteen. This gallant fox never made a turn, but went straight through each wood, and hounds were never at fault for a minute. Castleman unfortunately got his horse badly bogged (as did also Lord Aylesford), at Lowson Ford, and had to be drawn out with a cart-horse. The few who actually got to the finish were the first whip (Sam Hayes), the Master and Mrs. Oakley, Mr. and Mrs. Henniker, Mr. Cunliffe Brooks of Ansty Hall, Colonel Madocks, Mr. Darlington, and Mr. Swaine Wilson ; also

Mr. Lant, Master of the North Warwickshire, who joined the hounds at Haywood. Mr. Newdegate was with hounds the whole way, but unfortunately lost a shoe close to the finish. The hounds came by train from Warwick to Nuneaton, and did not reach the kennels until nearly ten o'clock, having left off over thirty-five miles from the kennels.

The H. H., by the great skill of Mr. Deacon as a huntsman, have been showing their usual sport. On Tuesday, March 4th, they met at Abington Park, and, after running about Hampage for some time, they lost, found again, in Füllly, and after running some considerable time lost, and they went and drew Godwin's Rows. Whilst there, a fox was halloed away from Bishop's Copse; he went away to Blackhouse Brookwood to Tilney Grove and then to Foxfield, where the hounds were obliged to be stopped, it was so late; the horses had quite enough, for they went over some very heavy ground, and there had been a good deal of work all day. Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Haslar were well up at the end, and Mrs. Haslar would have been there had her horse not lost a shoe, and she was obliged to go home; for there never was a more perfect or accomplished horsewoman ever seen. On Tuesday, March 11th, they met at the Anchor Inn (Ropley), found directly in Sutton Wood, went away to Bighton Wood, turned and went through the Gulletts, Chawton Park, and killed at the end of Bushy Lease, a most capital three-quarters of an hour, the hounds never wanting any assistance. Another Tuesday, March 18th, when they met at the Cross Roads (Beauworth), found in Bishop's Copse, and had a most capital fifty-five minutes' without a check, and killed at Roselbury Down. This makes thirty-one brace. Mr. Deacon is not anxious to kill many more; he allowed one to escape the day before this, Tuesday, after a good long hunting run.

The Hambledon had as fine a hunting run as could possibly be on Wednesday, March 19th, from the Meet at Wickham Gate. They found in a hedgerow near Devereux Moor, came away to Row Ash Copse, turned, and went straight back over Devereux Moor, over the Botley and Fareham Railroad straight to Fontly Copse, then away, leaving Place House on the left, through St. Margaret's over some large fields to Brimidge (properly spelt Bromwich) Pond, where the fox laid down in some rushes; a hound called Gaylad went in and laid hold of the throat of the fox, the fox at the same time biting the hound's lip; he dipped his head under the water, which made the fox let go; the hound then shook him as a terrier would a rat, and, when dead, swam to land with the fox in his mouth, the same as a retriever would do. The pedigree of such a gallant hound ought to be known; he is by the Pytchley Lancer out of Lord Portsmouth's Gaiety. Lancer is by the Duke of Rutland's Limner out of Lord H. Bentinck's Trifle. The first part of this run was through a regular 'rough-and-tumble' country, the latter part over fine large open fields.

The Old Surrey have had a very fair season, in spite of snow, mud, frost, and pluvial visitations. Many good days on the hills have, perhaps, been excelled by several in the vale, where, if foxes were more numerous, the evergreen master's visits would, doubtless, be more frequent too. A strange thing happened early this year worthy of recording. A four o'clock fox was found at Cropham Hurst. Romulus, four-season hound, by Mr. Scratton's Ringwood out of the West Kent Rarity; Bentinck, three-season hound, by Mr. Scratton's Bentinck out of his Relish; Celia, two-season hound, by Hon. G. Fitzwilliam's Orphan out of the Old Surrey Careless; and Dorcas, first-season hound, by Mr. Offin's Comus out of Southdown Dewdrop, took Master Charley

to the east, in a due south wind; when, precisely at the very instant of his breaking, another fox, with thirteen couple almost glued to her brush, took a diametrically opposite, or westward line, accompanied by the two whips, the whole of the field, though far behind, except five, riding to the last find; and the master, huntsman, secretary, Mr. Edward Harvey, and Mr. Strongitharm, sticking to the two couples whose pedigrees are here recorded. So burning was the scent (in a warm, fine, misty rain), that, after half an hour's hard going, the first fox and his four attendants reached Poplet's Wood, and ran to ground. While greatly regretting the absence of the thirteen couples, their fox was also viewed, close pressed, under the covert, for she had shaped her course for the same wood. This surely must have been a brother and sister's home, though found several miles from it, unless it contained some '*lovers' seats*;' for there is a quaintness in some of Sam's remarks, which reminds us forcibly of his late worthy old father. Not a week ago, drawing a celebrated and once very thick wood—Nobright, near Godstone, in former years all bright and a sure find, now full of pretty peeps, bounded by pleasure-grounds and a mansion—the hounds emerged without a whimper—'Ah!' said Sam, 'it's strange, for we have not drawn it this year; it must be all those '*lovers' seats*.'

Being a well-wisher to fox-hunting, both as a national institution, and for the better feelings it engenders amongst all classes of mankind, it is always a great pleasure to record, and especially in 'Baily,' any circumstances that occur for its benefit. In the last month's 'Van,' an account of good sport with the Cambridgeshire was reported, but at that time there was sad alloy in the field, for a doubt existed as to the funds being equal to the necessary expenditure; but old Cambridgeshire has before now answered to the vigorous application of 'whip' and spur; and we are glad to say that a successful meeting has taken place at Cambridge. Two or three handsome donations are given from quarters, whence they will be highly valued; and may we hint that, should another season require it, the above-named donations might with ease and grace be converted into subscriptions. Mr. Henry Thurnall continues secretary, and Mr. Perkins is also appointed secretary for the Cambridge division. He has already done good service, and is a real well-wisher of the noble science, as proved by the foxes found on the Downing College estate, of which he has the management, as bursar. The members of the Hunt, farmers, and all interested, are in high spirits at their future prospects, and are most grateful to their worthy and sportsmanlike master for the sport afforded this season, and are delighted to hear that he intends to commemorate the past, and welcome the ensuing season, by an entertainment—'possibly dancing'—early in April. It appears—and we rejoice at it—that there are very few changes in hunting countries this spring, but we regret to find that there still exists some difficulty as to the Rufford. The loss of poor Lord Ossington must be deeply felt; he was not only a good sportsman, but an amiable and sensible adviser.

Here is a journal of some doings with the Blankney:

January 1st.—Found at Stainfield Wood, ran straight to Lissington (an eight-mile point), bore to the left to Wickenly Wood, thence to Newbold Wood, from there to Holton, and killed at Wickerly village. Three hours twenty minutes.

January 2nd.—Found at Kirkley Green Gorse, and killed in the Walcot Fen. One hour and thirty-seven minutes, the first fifteen minutes best pace.

January 6th.—From Broughton Top covert to ground at Caythorpe (five-and-a-half mile point) in thirty minutes, over the stiffest part of the vale.

January 15th.—Mr. Chaplin hunting the hounds, Hawtin the huntsman

being laid up. An hour in the woods to ground. After which, with another fox, we ran all over the Wragly Woods for three hours, and stopped them after dark with the fox close in front of them.

January 16th.—Harry Dawkins, head whip, hunting the bitches. From Wellington Gorse to Welbourne, turned to the right, left Broughton on the left to Carlton, again to the right, and then straight to Welbourne Heath, turned down the hill and went to ground in a stick-heap in the village. A most brilliant fifty-five minutes. The fox was found dead the following morning, half a field from the stick-heap.

March 12th.—From Chamber's Wood to ground near Tower-on-the-Moor, in the Southwold country (a seven-mile point). One hour thirty minutes, the first twenty-eight best pace; after which he was frequently headed, and slow hunting the consequence.

March 13th.—From Digby Wood to Haverbroker, then to the left to South Kenge, fifty-five minutes, best pace. He beat us in the fen, being seen two fields from the hounds, but the wrong side of a large drain, to get round which the hounds had to be taken a long way, and he had got too long a start for any good.

Mr. Cranfield, of Dublin, has recently published an autotype print from the painting by Mr. W. Osborn, R.H.A., of that well-known sportsman, Mr. George Lane Fox. No need to tell 'Baily' readers of the doings of 'the 'Bramham Moor and five-and-forty couple,' for they are often chronicled in 'Our Van;' and if any one wants a reminder (we trust it will be very long before it is an *in memoriam*) of the genial master, and his frank face and bearing, they cannot find a better one than in this admirable likeness.

We much regret that, in the last 'Van,' we were led into error while giving an account of doings with the South Devon, in ascribing some unsportsmanlike practices to a lessee of coverts in the Telcott and Broadbury country. The gentleman referred to has given the most unqualified denial to the statement. Foxes, he says, are plentiful in his coverts, only, unfortunately, there are no hounds in the immediate neighbourhood. We are only too happy to publish his contradiction.

There comes a good story from the Midland counties which is worthy of a place in the 'Van.' A certain popular M.F.H., who has only recently intimated his intention of giving up the hounds at the end of the season, has been much astonished and delighted at the excellent sport they have lately had. With the feelings of pleasure at the number of stout foxes and good runs came one of regret that he was about to give up such a country, and a fear that he might have been too hasty in his decision—when, lo, some one let the cat out of the bag. Not a cat, by-the-way, though we regret to say there was a bag—and, moreover, something in it. They had been getting up a drag for the master on each occasion of the 'capital runs,' and the 'stout foxes' were all bagmen.

A Londoner having had the misfortune to get his horse cast in a ditch, not a hundred miles from the Claydon Woods, was compelled to have him dug out; a dozen labourers assisted in the good work, and were rewarded with a shilling! The sportsman had the precedent of Holy Writ for the rate of payment; with which the Buckinghamshire boors, however, were as little grateful as the labourers in the vineyard.

We referred, a month or two since, to the proposed formation of a Polo Club, and we are now very pleased to announce its definite establishment. The ground, hitherto known as Lillie Bridge, about ten minutes' drive from Hyde

Park has been secured, and an additional seven acres added thereto, so that a playing-ground, of very large dimensions, will be attained. There will be a spacious inclosure for members and their friends, with dressing-rooms, stabling for ponies, &c. Among the Committee we find the names of the Marquis of Queensberry, the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Mayo, Lord Valentia, Lord Aberdour, Lord Charles Ker, Lord Arthur Somerset, Hon. W. T. Fitzwilliam, and Hon. W. C. Fitzwilliam, Captain Clayton (9th Lancers), Mr. E. Hartopp (10th Hussars), Mr. C. de Murietta, &c., &c. That the new club will be a success we have little doubt, for, from what was seen of Polo last year, everybody was convinced that the game would take root, and be one of the many out-door attractions (and we cannot have too many) of the London season—a game in which our young knights may win their spurs, and have the bright eyes and smiles of beauty as their incentive and reward. The Hon. 'Charlie' Fitzwilliam has kindly undertaken the duties of Hon. Sec., and the season will commence on the 1st of May.

And the 'triumviri,' *Fisher* and Co., in another art, the brush, have reached the 'happy land' where citizens love to dwell—we mean the well-known studio of Mr. H. L. Rolfe, 31, Nicholas Lane, who, in his most successful manner, has represented on canvas that incorrigible poacher, an otter, just whetting his appetite for a prime cut out of a beautiful, freshly-caught salmon, life-like in its death; the meal of that fisherman who regards not fence time being interrupted by the disturbing presence of a bird of prey, no other than a richly-feathered male osprey, who, having perched upon a large stone hard by, threatens dispossession in a very scaly and unceremonious manner. The point of the whole scene, to our mind, is the admirable manner in which the impending contest is portrayed. A Sayers and Heenan bout it seems likely to be; and the accessories are plain evidence of the artist's masterly skill. We congratulate the worthy member for Mid Surrey, Mr. H. W. Peek, on his ready purchase of this novel, but exciting scene; and, in the interest of numerous 'Van'-reading citizens, we are glad to know that the picture will remain on view at Nicholas Lane aforesaid, for the next two months. *Verb. sap.*

A joke was fired off in our hearing, which is *à propos* of the Lord Mayor's spirited invitation to the 'Varsity crews, on Saturday last. 'No wonder,' said an old rowing man, 'that his Lordship is so hospitable; for, with one course at high water, there is nothing inappropriate in enjoying *four courses* with 'Waterlow.'

It is satisfactory to see that, in the race for popularity as a seaside resort, Great Yarmouth is putting in no mean appearance, and that we shall soon have an opportunity of visiting a complete Aquarium there in conjunction with what the French so expressively call an '*établissement*,' which means a combination of the artificial attractions of Brighton, Scarborough, and Boulogne.

The following sketch of an advertisement was recently picked up at the Court Theatre; and we are, we presume, indebted to either Messrs. Righton, Fisher, or Hill, for its perusal. Though only a sketch, we have leave to place it before the readers of the 'Van':—

'Shortly will be sold, in the country, a cast-off sporting lot, without their engagements, removed from Happy Land—descendants of the well-known Irish Land, but no connection of the once celebrated Ben.

'Although no warranty can be given with this lot—having recently broken down—their performances have long been too well known, and too frequently before the public, to need description. Satisfactory reasons can be given for parting with them, especially Premier, by Prime Minister, out of Temper,



Portrait photo

Portrait photo

Valentia

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT VALENTIA.

WE add this month to our gallery the portrait of one of our young M.F.H., who, though only lately in office, has graduated well and earned a good degree in that noble science, which he may be said to have studied from his youth upwards.

Lord Valentia, whose father was an excellent sportsman, and well known in Oxfordshire with the Heythrop, Mr. Drake, and the old Bicester, was born in 1843, succeeded his grandfather in the title in 1863, and joined the 10th Hussars in the May of the following year. From early days he was a constant attendant with the Bicester, Warden Hill hounds, and every other pack within reach of Bletchington Park, the family residence near Oxford, and when he joined his regiment he was made whipper-in to the harriers kept by the 10th, and which were hunted by the Hon. C. Molyneux, during the season the regiment was quartered in Cahir. Subsequently, when they were moved to Dundalk, Lord Valentia took the Dundalk harriers and hunted them during the stay of the regiment there. When, last year, Sir Algernon Peyton's lamented death made vacant the Mastership of the Bicester hounds, the eyes of all sportsmen concerned naturally turned towards his friend, Lord Valentia, as his successor. He was well known in the country, his many qualifications for the post were thoroughly appreciated, and it was, with universal satisfaction, that he assumed the command of affairs.

Bringing to bear good practical knowledge to his office—a great desire to show sport by every means in his power—in which he is ably seconded by his huntsman, Claxton, and of very popular manners and address, Lord Valentia has well filled the void that his friend's death made. He has had some very good sport this season with his 60 couple, and his establishment is thoroughly well done, and Master and men well mounted.

Our business is chiefly with Lord Valentia's public career as a sportsman, but we cannot quite shut our ears to the eulogies that

reach us on all sides as to the high estimation in which he is held in his own social circle. The word friend is sometimes an idle term, but Lord Valentia does not so understand it; and the feeling which he has inspired among those who know him best is, that they possess in him a man with every right and claim to that title.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

‘IN speaking of Hertfordshire,’ said our friend, ‘let us commence with the old Berkeley country, which was hunted for many years by the successive Lords Berkeley, as well as the whole district from Cranford in Middlesex down to Berkeley Castle, with kennels at Gerrard’s Cross and Nettlebed, the extent of country being about 120 miles; and in those wandering days it is said they also visited the country round Bramshill, afterwards hunted by Sir John Cope. But the Earl gave up the country in 1810, when the Hon. and Rev. William Capel, brother of Lord Essex, was Master, and Tom Oldaker his huntsman, who kept his hounds at the inn at Gerrard’s Cross. It is said he once killed a fox in Kensington Gardens. At any rate, they had three famous runs in his time in one season from Grimston Wood, Oxhey, the property of the Hon. William Grimston; one to ground, where the present Willesden Station is built; another round Harrow-on-the-Hill, and killed at Rickmansworth; and the third they killed at Hatfield Park—at least a 15-mile point. Tom Oldaker had a celebrated horse called Brush, bred in Whittlebury Forest; and when rising six years old, being very restive—in fact, only half broken—he was sent up to Tattersall’s to be sold for what he would fetch. He was bought for sixty guineas for the Berkeley kennels, and under Tom Oldaker became a perfect snaffle-bridle hunter:

“ Transplanted to the Berkeley Hunt,
His powers resplendent shone,
Berks, Bucks, Herts, Middlesex, can tell
The trophies that he won.”

‘Brush was a light bay horse, standing about 15 hands 2 inches in height, and an extraordinary stout horse. Mr. Charles Davis, the Queen’s huntsman, used to say that he was like two horses; and he instanced an occasion where he met the old Berkeley hounds at Bagshot Heath. They killed their first fox after a hard run of two hours; and while breaking him up another fox was holloed away; and he also was killed after a run of similar duration. All the second horses were beaten to a standstill, whilst Brush went through both runs, and was fresh at the end. Tom Oldaker rode him for nearly seventeen years, until he became quite used up. The last appearance of the old horse in the

‘ hunting field was in November or December, 1816, when he was
‘ ridden by Bob Oldaker, the second whipper-in. They found a fox
‘ in Scratch Wood, which they killed after a severe run on Willan’s
‘ Farm. Brush was unable to go to the end; and Mr. Benjamin
‘ Toovey, a well-known Hertfordshire sportsman, who gave up his
‘ horse to Bob Oldaker, rode him back to Edgware in company
‘ with the Messrs. Nichol, both of whose horses died from the
‘ effects of the run. Brush never came out again, and was shot
‘ shortly afterwards. He was painted, with Oldaker on him, by
‘ Marshall, with some favourite hounds, the foremost of which is
‘ Tomboy; the dark-coloured one at Brush’s heels is Fencer, a very
‘ remarkable hound, who never meused, but always topped his
‘ fences. Tom Oldaker used to allow him to carry the fox’s head
‘ home after they had killed. Besides his portrait on Brush, Old-
‘ aker was also painted, by Marshall, on his favourite mare Pickle.
‘ He died at Gerrard’s Cross, July 23rd, 1831. There never was
‘ a stauncher or gamer sportsman. He was huntsman thirty-two
‘ years; and he and his men were dressed in yellow plush, and the
‘ members of the hunt in scarlet, with yellow collars. Mr. Capel,
‘ the Master, was something of a character, and used to go, after
‘ performing morning service, by a coach which ran through Wat-
‘ ford on Sundays, to the further end of his country for the Monday
‘ meets. Upon one occasion, having a long duty to perform, and
‘ fearful of missing the coach, he sent his servant to a neighbouring
‘ parson to ask for assistance, but got for answer that he was unable
‘ to aid him, as he was busy clipping a horse.

‘ After him came Mr. Harvey Coombe, about 1820, who at first,
‘ with Tom Oldaker, the father, as huntsman, hunted the present
‘ Old Berkshire and South Oxfordshire countries, with kennels at
‘ Wheatley and Kingston inn, and a third at Cirencester, but gave
‘ them up in 1826, and confined himself to the neighbourhood of
‘ Rickmansworth, on account of the distance he had to go from
‘ London. He was a real good sportsman of the old school. No-
‘ one could be more zealous, and he spared neither trouble nor
‘ expense. In everything he did self was the last person that he
‘ thought about. The country even now exceeded any other, for it
‘ began at Scratch Wood, seven miles from London, and reached to
‘ Cirencester, or, as it was said, from Barnet to Bath, with leave to
‘ draw the Zoological Gardens. Henry Oldaker, the son of Tom,
‘ was afterwards huntsman, and subsequently kept the Bull, at
‘ Harpenden. In 1825 Mr. Coombe hunted in both Herts and
‘ Berks; and from Mr. Gaskell’s diary it appears he had thirty-one
‘ days in the former and thirty-four in the latter.

‘ Going about this time were—Mr. Roberts of Harrow, who
‘ went pretty well; Parson Brook of Marlow, who could not be
‘ beaten on Madcap; Mr. Metcalfe, who afterwards lived at Aston
‘ Clinton, who had two greys, and would ride hard when all the
‘ others were beaten; he was the father of the Mr. Metcalfe well
‘ known in Surrey; Mr. Salter, a brewer, Rickmansworth; and

‘ Lawyer Fellows, who was his partner; Major Wood of Bushey; ‘ Mr. Majoribanks, who lived for one season at New House, near ‘ Kingston Inn, with Mr. Harvey Coombe; Mr. W. K. Gaskell, ‘ who afterwards hunted many years with the Quorn, and who lived ‘ at the Inn at Faringdon with his friends Mr. Nichol and Mr. ‘ Clutterbuck; Mr. Webb, who afterwards was so well known with ‘ the Heythrop, began with the Old Berkeley, and the day his son ‘ was born charged a tremendous park paling at Shardeloes; Mr. ‘ Simeon Howard, a farmer and miller of Troy Mill, who died in ‘ 1830. Although very heavy, he went straight—we don’t often ‘ see his sort now.

‘ Mr. George Tattersall of Dawley, brother of Mr. Richard Tattersall, who managed, about this time, the Stud Farm at Willesden; ‘ Captain Sullivan, who lived at Langley, was a good sportsman as ‘ could be; he rode all chestnut horses which would make high ‘ figures now. Captain Phillimore of Newberries, whose coverts ‘ were neutral between the Old Berkeley and the Salisbury, as ‘ they were called, was a very dapper little fellow. Somebody once ‘ said to Loraine Smith, “The little Captain is very smart to-day.” ‘ “Pretty fair,” said he, “but he can’t come my blacking.” His ‘ gorse was so thick, that Will Boxall went into it with a terrier, ‘ and pulled his ears to make him squeak, and by this *ruse* got in his ‘ hounds. Mr. Robins of Watford, a fine old sportsman, who went ‘ very long distances to meet other hounds.

‘ In 1833 Captain Freeman was Master for one season. His ‘ kennels were at Rickmansworth, and his huntsman was Bailly, ‘ assisted by Henry Ayris. Captain Freeman then went into Notts, ‘ and took the country for two seasons, that was afterwards hunted ‘ by Mr. Musters.

‘ In 1834 Mr. Harvey Coombe become Master a second time, ‘ and bought Mr. Osbaldeston’s hounds, which he kept in kennels at ‘ Rickmansworth. He ultimately sold them to Lord Southampton, ‘ and Mr. Selby Lowndes subsequently had them. In his first season ‘ Richard Hills was his huntsman, a brother of the celebrated old ‘ Tom Hills of the Surrey, and Jem of Heythrop notoriety. He ‘ afterwards went to Mr. Deedes, in Kent, and then came Will ‘ Todd from the Heythrop, who was originally second horseman to ‘ the Duke of Beaufort, and ultimately ended as stud-groom to Mr. ‘ Coombe.

‘ Hunting with the Old Berkeley, about this time, were—Mr. ‘ Boyce Coombe, his brother, Mr. Hibbert of Chalfont; George ‘ Windsor, a farmer, of Sarratt, who was killed by a fall from his ‘ gig; Mr. Jonathan King of Watford, who preserved Oxhey ‘ Wood; Lord Errol, the Master of the Buckhounds, and, occasionally, Lord Drumlanrig; Mr. Tom Osborne of Uxbridge, ‘ William Stevens, a tanner, of Cowley, and Henry Stevens, a miller, ‘ of Uxbridge, who had a nice black horse; both of them rode ‘ horses worth three hundred a-piece. Then there was also the ‘ Fountains of Denham, of whom Joseph was quite first-rate; and,

‘ perhaps, a little later, Mr. Chantrey of Gerrard’s Cross, who ultimately died in great distress; William Currie, the distiller, Mr. Murray of Harefield, and Mr. Booth.

‘ In 1839 Mr. Thomas Newland Allen of the Vache succeeded to the Mastership, retaining Will Todd as his huntsman.

‘ In 1842 Lord Lonsdale hunted the country round Tring, and from there to Chesham, and afterwards took to bagmen, which, I have heard, he turned down, and would catch them up like deer, and turn them out again. He had names for them all, and sometimes he would turn them down in the Vale; at others, he would draw a covert, to which he was invited to find a fox if he could. Jem Morgan, so many years with Mr. Conyers, was his huntsman until he was killed by a fall, and was succeeded by Goddard Morgan, assisted by William Ball and George Shepherd, from the Duke of Rutland. On giving up, in 1862, Lord Lonsdale kept harriers, and subscribed 100*l.* a-year to his successor, Lord Malden, who bought the hounds, and kept them at Chorley Wood Common, in kennels built by Mr. Barnes, of Chorley Wood House. He retained Goddard Morgan as huntsman, who was aided by Will Maiden, James Roffey, and Henry Jennings, from Baron Rothschild. Morgan was, like all his family, a fine horseman, and on any of his nags would continue to hop over ordinary gates all day long, though it was said he preferred this clean style of fencing to a hairy place and blind ditch. He had a good voice, and was cheery in covert.

‘ Hunting with Lord Malden were Lord Ebury of Moor Park, Lord Chesham of Latimer, Lord Hyde, now the Earl of Clarendon, Hon. R. Capel and Mr. Capel, Hon. Captain R. Grosvenor, M.P., Mr. Harvey W. Fellows of Rickmansworth, Hon. George Villiers, Mr. W. Cox, and Captain Blount.

‘ Then, in 1867, Mr. C. A. Barnes, who had before kept harriers, became Master. At first, Morgan was his huntsman; but, after the first year, he went to Bramham Moor, and his place was taken by Job Dyer, late first whip to the Hursley.

‘ Then, in 1869, Mr. Leicester Hibbert of Chalfont, and Mr. Blount became joint Masters, and, I believe, Mr. T. Drake, if he had not an actual share in the management, gave them the value of his great experience as a Master of Hounds. Richard Hall was their first huntsman, and then came Comyns, from Lord Rendlesham, who now holds the horn.

‘ Those hunting in the present day are Lord Ebury of Moor Park, Lord Chesham of Latimers, Lord Malden of Loudwater House, Rickmansworth, the Earl of Clarendon of the Grove, Watford, Messrs. J. S. Gilliat and R. Fitzgerald of Chorley Wood, Mr. T. Drake of Shardeloes, and Captain Drake of Amersham, Messrs. Harvey and Herbert Fellows of Rickmansworth, Mr. J. Clutterbuck of Micklesfield Hall, Mr. W. J. Jones Loyd of Langley Bury House, Sir Samuel Canning of Abbots Langley, Mr. C. Webber of Sarratt, Mr. C. Longman of Shenditch, Miss Reynolds

' and Mr. Havers of Berkhamstead, Mr. George Couch of Bovington House, Lieut.-Colonel Smith Dorrien of Haresfoot, Mr. G. P. Dodge of Chorley Green, Mr. B. H. W. Way of Denham Place, and Captain Lambert of Denham Court, Mr. Chater of Uxbridge, with Messrs. T. Carter, Read, and Robins of Watford, Mr. Edward Drake of Amersham, Mr. Rance of Beaconsfield, Bucks, Mr. Micklethwaite of Hillingdon, Uxbridge, Mr. Palmer of Chalfont, Mr. Weller of Amersham, Mr. Baker of Pinner, and Mr. Hampton of Bushey.

' Of the country, Newberries, on the other side of Watford, is surrounded by some of the best, and I have seen thirty-five minutes all over grass from it. Also Bricket Wood, four miles from Watford, both neutral with the Hertfordshire. The coverts are many and large, with strong lying of thorns and brushwood. There is a good deal of arable land, and there are many flints, especially in the neighbourhood of Chesham Bois and Weston Wood. It must be noticed, as not being generally known, that Sir Henry Gill's monument (an Old Berkeley meet) was erected as a landmark for King George III., when he was out hunting.

' Now let us turn to the Hertfordshire,' said our friend; 'for although it does not now rank very high among the hunting counties, and, save to those who are regular sojourners, offer much attraction in the way of "Country Quarters," yet formerly it was a jolly, hospitable, cheery county, and the hounds had a fair share of sport.

' These were the days before shoals of London tradesmen hunted or bred pheasants, and ignored the fox. Then, forty or fifty men made an average field, and the Master was not annoyed with half Whitechapel galloping over his hounds.'

' Of what nature is the country?'

' Generally easy, as the fences are small, and the ground light. The best part is the Toddington Vale and round Harlington, where they get some really good runs, as you can (or could formerly) gallop for twenty-five minutes without getting on the plough. And the Bramingham and Sundon country, between Barton and Luton, is a nice bit for hunting, but the rest is not satisfactory; and it often happens, that just as hounds are beginning to settle you have to pull up for a big wood or a nasty drop into a lane; while at Welwyn and Harpenden the flints are as thick as they are in Hampshire. Some of the best places at which to meet hounds in are Bricket Wood, on the road between Watford and St. Albans, which is neutral with the Old Berkeley and Mr. Leigh's; and, I fear, now somewhat short of foxes.

' The Hertfordshire for many years were called the Hatfield or Salisbury Hounds; and the pack now known as the Puckeridge, when Mr. Sampson Hanbury was Master during the Hatfield dynasty, was then called the Hertfordshire. Mr. Hanbury was very particular in calling them so in contradistinction to the Hatfield. It was then an annual custom for ten couples of the Hatfield to join

' ten of the Herts at the end of the season to draw Box Wood, one
' of the neutral coverts, together, the huntsmen taking turns to
' officiate, and a good run was often the result. When the Hatfield
' were given up, they were ever after known as the Puckeridge.

' The first Master or Mistress of the Hatfield was Lady Salisbury,
' who, about the year 1800, assisted by Mr. Meynell, formed the hunt.
' She was passionately fond of the chase, and that in an age when
' ladies were not so often to be seen at the covert side as in the
' present day. She is probably the only lady who ever figured as a
' mistress of foxhounds, which part she played up to her 70th year,
' when she said she was still good enough for harriers, and used to
' come to covert in a carriage with four black horses, with an out-
' rider also on a black, and a groom leading her hunter. In appear-
' ance she was a withered, weazened old woman, with a face like
' Russia leather. A servant accompanied her all day, and she would
' ride over many a fence that the man used to lead over, and say,
' "Come along, my lady—it's all safe." Once after having had a
' rather awkward fall, she said to the man who picked her up, "Never
' "mind—you are a married man." On another occasion she had a
' bad fall near Milward's Park, when Billy Bean jumped off and held
' her down by main force until they could get her horse off her.
' Like many others noted for their partiality for hunting, Lady
' Salisbury was exceedingly fond of whist. Her end, alas! was a very
' sad one, as she was burnt to death in her dressing-room, while
' writing cards of invitation for a conversazione, on the 26th of
' November, 1836, when in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

' The kennels were at Hatfield, and her first huntsman was Bill
' Fyler, who had his leg broken by the kick of a loose horse. He
' had been whip to Mr. Coke, in Norfolk, and hunted the Craven
' when Mr. Dundas was master. Then came Hooper, who after-
' wards kept a public-house at Wheathampstead; and the last was
' Wilkinson, whose whip was Jack Rance. The Hunt uniform was
' then light sky blue, with black collars and cuffs and white buttons,
' which had a very funereal appearance, but the servants always wore
' scarlet. For a year or two the Hatfield was under the management
' of the late Lord Salisbury; but he was never half a sportsman, and
' the hounds were once stopped when running hard in the Bra-
' mingham country, because he could not ride up to them.

' The leading men at this time were the Rev. Johnes Knight, the
' rector of Welwyn, better known, perhaps, as Sam Johnes, a first-
' class gentleman, and as a Fellow of All Souls' held a college
' living, and was much liked by his parishioners. He was very
' fond of hunting, a good sportsman, and especially neat in all his
' appointments, and he always had an animal under him worth
' looking at, generally a thoroughbred, and he was one of the grandest
' horsemen that ever lived. He taught a good many to ride, and used
' to lecture on the art, amongst others to Harry Boulton, who took
' great interest and proved himself the aptest of all his pupils. He
' lived to ninety-six, and hunted to within a few years of his death.

‘ The late Lord Dacre, uncle of the present, then Tom Brand, and M.P. for the county, was a thorough good man, and universally beloved.

‘ The Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, the rector of Kimpton, was always out with the Hatfield; he was a first-rate sportsman, and especially great as a cricketer; and his son Charles, who played in the Oxford Eleven in 1836, was also a good player, and noted for his tremendous get-up; and of him it was said,

“ So neat and so smart, it's here I behold
A swell with fine pins, and a waistcoat of gold.”

‘ When hunting, he generally showed a bit of pink silk stocking between his boots and his breeches!

‘ One morning, Lord Frederick, at Bramingham, thus addressed Sir Charles Cuyler: “Who makes your breeches?” “I buy the stuff myself, my maid makes them, and they only cost a few shillings.” His Lordship, who was a beautiful horseman, rode at the Hoo races, which always took place on a Saturday, in regular racing costume—which would not quite go down if practised by the clergy of the present day. It is said he used to smoke a cigar in the vestry before he went into the pulpit. Lord Frederick Beauclerk won the St. Alban's Steeplechase with The Poet, a very fast horse, who had run third in the St. Leger. He was ridden by Jem Mason, who was rigged out by the Harrow boys for this his first ride in public. His Lordship would have repeated the victory in a subsequent year with Borak, but for an accident. Upon his return from hunting, he used to cut across from the high road to the Gorhambury Approach in order to avoid the turnpike. In the race, at the very last leap, Borak tried to turn to his accustomed gate, and came to grief at the fence, thereby enabling Jem Mason to score an easy win upon Yellow Dwarf, whom Borak was running over at the time.

‘ Mr. Delme Radcliffe, the father of the present Squire, was a great race rider at Bibury and elsewhere, once having sported silk in the Oaks, and had the management of the Prince of Wales's racing establishment. His dress unmistakably proclaimed his racing propensity. Old Buckle, the jockey, used frequently to be his guest at the Priory, and, when out with the hounds, used to tumble off at every fence. Mr. Radcliffe could ride 8 st. 7 lbs. He kept hounds at High Down and hunted the north side of the county and a part of Bedfordshire; but he gave up his pack in 1806, and the Hatfield then hunted as far as North Olney, and Sundon. Mr. Radcliffe died in 1832.

‘ Mr. Unwin Heathcote of Sheephall Bury was a downright good man across the country, and most warm-hearted and hospitable. He had a good brown horse, Syntax, which won the gold cup, at the Hoo, in 1827. Mr. Heathcote, however, was a very skirting rider, and, upon one occasion, at the end of a good run, Charley Marten, then quite a youngster, could not help saying,

“Halloo, Heathcote, where have you come blundering from?” Mr. Hale of Paul’s Walden, could ride a burst, but did not care for a hunting run. Mr. R. T. Heysham of Stagenhoe Park, kept a good stud, generally drove four-in-hand, and kept a pack of harriers, to which Jem Messer was whip. Mr. Gaussen of Lyons-down, rode very good horses. Mr. Sapte of Codicote, who was also very fond of shooting. He lived to the age of ninety-one, which showed that field sports agreed with him. Mr. Leeson of the Node, which he sold to Mr. Reid. The Rev. F. Sullivan of Kimpton was one of the best of the welters, and always had a good weight-carrier worth looking at, that could nip over a gate in style. He was one of the old Hoo party. James Pickford, the head of the carriers, lived lately at Markyate Street. He was a capital shot. “Jenny” Sutton, who was also called Daffy’s Elixir, from having a partnership in the sale of that maternal specific, came out constantly. Mr. Adey of Markyate Cell, who married a Miss Gape of St. Alban’s. Val Kingston, who lived at Whetston, was a most amusing man, one who had seen life in all its varieties; but racing was more in his way than hunting. His good-nature and hospitality were well known, and the latter he was always ready to show at his place of business, under the chapel in York Street. Mr. John White of Mark Lane, a fine-made man, was one of the finest wine-tasters in England. He could fight like distraction, and once had a row with a farmer who stopped his horse, near Harrow, and who, after a round or two, thought he was Mr. Gully, and ran away. He bought a good many horses for the Hennessys and others in the trade. He won the first Goodwood Cup with Shoestrings. Jemmy Haddan of Harpenden, late of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, rode very good horses, and he backed himself to eat with any man of his weight and age. William Law of Wheathampstead, who, with Messrs. Val Kingston and William Græme, kept their horses at Messer’s. No man had better ones than Mr. Law, or gave higher prices. Colonel Dering of Elstree was a regular man, and then many Londoners used to drive down to hunt with the Hatfield, amongst them old Henry Osborn of Gray’s Inn, also the Messrs. Wigram, in a chaise and pair.

‘Were the hounds continued after the resignation of Lady Salisbury in 1828?’

‘Yes; Mr. Sebright of Beechwood took them after a short interval, and the name of the Hatfield was then dropped; and at this time the hunt uniform was changed from the old blue to scarlet. It was first called “The Herts Hunt Club.” The hounds were called the Hertfordshire, but were always, as at present, the property of the Master. The kennels were now moved to Kennesbourne Green, and they hunted three days a-week. Mr. Sebright was not remarkable either as a rider or a sportsman; but I must allude to his father, who was a great character. He had a black-and-tan pack of harriers, which he sold to the Duke of Brunswick. He also possessed the art of instructing animals, and published a book on dog-

'breaking, in which he insisted that the human countenance and expression were capable of communicating their ideas and wishes to the brute creation; and I may give an anecdote in proof of his theory being correct. Mr. Aveling, a partner in Truman and Hanbury's brewery, had bought a very fine Newfoundland dog, which would neither fetch nor carry. At a dinner-party at his house in Brick Lane, at which Mr. Fowell Buxton, Sir John Sebright, and several others were present, the dog was shown after dinner, and his disinclination to fetch or carry complained of. A bet of five pounds was made by Sir John with one of the party, that if he were allowed to retire into another room with the dog alone, that he should carry a hat round the dining-room—which he did. He was a great fancier of bantams and pigeons, and a Bantam Club was formed, and the prices which birds of perfect feather fetched were then something astounding.

'Bob Oldaker, son of Mr. Harvey Coombe's renowned huntsman, and brother of Henry Oldaker, now of St. Alban's, was Mr. Sebright's first huntsman. As a rider he was most intrepid, but somewhat given to larking, and he was a fair huntsman. The poor fellow was killed on the 14th of November, 1835, on his return from Ware races, being upset in a dog-cart coming into Hertford. He was succeeded by his brother Harry, formerly a whip with the Old Berkeley, who was the more scientific in the field. On his retirement he took the Bull Inn at Harpenden.

'The present Lord Verulam, when Lord Grimston, used to hunt regularly, as did his brother, the Hon. Edward Grimston, then M.P. for St. Alban's, a remarkably fine horseman, and the best man to hounds in the hunt. The Hon. Robert Grimston, since well known in the Vale of Aylesbury, passed his apprenticeship in this country. In a run from Symonds Hyde the three brothers went at a fence, and all three fell, and their three horses laid cast in the ditch, side by side, together.

'The Rev. Charles Delme, the rector of Pirton, who rode under 9 st. 7 lbs., was the best of the light weights. He and Oldaker once came into collision in the air, and he had a fall from which he never recovered, having almost dislocated his neck. He was a sad martyr to gout, and died early. He was a most gentlemanly man, and, from his father's great propensity to racing, was well up in the pedigree of every horse in the stud-book.

'Mr. Drake Garrard of Lamer Park, who had been a gentleman commoner at Brasenose, regularly hunted, but he never appeared to be keen about it; Rev. T. J. Moore Halsey of Gaddesden was most hospitable, and a good fox preserver; Tom Gape of St. Alban's, and Tom Kinder, a brewer, who was very fond of racing; Mr. Geo. Marten of Sandridge, a banker in the house of Martin and Call.

'The Rev. Thelwall Salusbury of Offley went well on an uncommonly good chestnut horse he called Silvertail, which he took into the Pytchley country, and was offered a good bit of money by Mr.

‘ Wood of Brixworth. The Rev. John Drake and the Rev. John Bingham, were also both very good men to hounds.

‘ In 1834 Mr. Delme Radcliffe of Hitchen Priory, the author of “The Noble Science,” and a first-rate country gentleman, became Master, and in that capacity was very popular. He retained Mr. Sebright’s kennel at Kennesbourne Green, which is the site of the present one; but he only kept fifteen couple of the fifty which he inherited from Mr. Sebright, and in two years he had a pack which was pronounced perfection by the late Duke of Bedford, one of the best judges of his day, and he hunted them seven days a fortnight; and in the famous run of thirty-two miles to Wendover not a hound was missing at the finish.

‘ Will Boxall, who came from the South Warwickshire, to which he had whipped-in with great credit, was huntsman; but he was one of the wildest and noisiest men in the field ever seen, and therefore inefficient, so that Mr. Delme Radcliffe was virtually huntsman; and the pack were devoted to him, and he could at any moment whistle as many as he chose to his horse, and divide them to make separate casts. They had great sport, which was due to a large stock of old foxes left by Oldaker, to the absence of railways and the crowds brought by them, to less high farming than obtains in the present day, and to a pack of hunting hounds procured, regardless of expense, from some of the best kennels. Mr. Delme Radcliffe had some good horses. Touch and Go, Conjuror, and Pegasus, who won the Bedford Steeplechase, and Cricketer, which came from Mr. John Barnard, and Lady Emily by Vampire, which won the Ladies’ Cup at the Hoo. On 17th of March, 1837, these hounds had an extraordinary run from Kensworth Gorse, going by North Church, crossing the canal up to Tring Park, and so fast did they go, that only six men got into Tring Park with them, when the first whip, James Simpkins, took to hunting the hounds. On they went into the Beach Coverts, through Halton Wood, nearly to Aylesbury, where they turned to Wendover, and ultimately lost near Hampden, after a run of twenty-eight or thirty miles from point to point, which was done in two hours and thirty-five minutes, without a single check.

‘ Ill health caused Mr. Delme Radcliffe to resign, and to be succeeded in 1839 by Mr. Brand, who was afterwards Mr. Trevor, and is now Lord Dacre, who moved the pack to kennels at the Hoo. Lord Dacre was a good rider and enjoyed hunting, but he was very taciturn in the field. Boxall continued as his huntsman for three or four seasons, when Jem Simpkins, who had been second and then first whip, was promoted; but he proved as much too slow as Boxall was too quick. Then came Charles, commonly called Bob Ward, formerly whip to the Cambridgeshire, then called Ubiquity Bob, and who had commenced as quite a lad under the Squire, when he had the Burton country, where, once happening to fall into disgrace, some of the field, seeing Osbaldeston come up in a towering passion, advised Ward to ride for it,

‘ which he did with a will, his irate master chasing him, whip in hand, across several fields, aiming a cut at him when he could get a chance, greatly to the amusement and delight of the spectators. Before coming to Lord Dacre he was huntsman to Lord Southampton. No one can beat him for energy or as a horseman, considering his weight (last season I saw him drop into a road over an awkward place that the rest would have nothing to do with), and the condition of his hounds is first-class. It used to be said that Bob Ward hunted the fox, and the hounds hunted him, but no man can be more patient with them when hounds can hunt.

‘ Hunting with these hounds, about the year 1838, were the two Reids; one of them, Billy Reid, everybody knew and everybody liked. At first he used to hunt from Lyonsdown, and kept his horses at Messer’s; then he came to the Node and hunted with Mrs. Reid and the whole of his family, who, like him, were passionately fond of the chase. He was most cheerful and affable, as may be inferred from a verse in a song written and sung by Mr. Delme Radcliffe at a hunt dinner—

“ Of all our sportsmen, all agree that none ever rode
More worthy of enjoyment than the owner of the Node;
He raps his box, he hunts the fox, and to or at a pinch
He helps a friend, and at the end will serve you every inch.”

‘ He died in January, 1868, and few men have gone to the grave more deeply lamented than Billy Reid—*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

‘ Then there was his partner, Mr. Pulsford Hobson, who was also much liked. Poor fellow! he met with an early and untimely end; he rode at a post and rails which his horse hit, and came over on to him, and for some time he lay in great agony at the White Hart, Welwyn, but was brought to London, where he died. Shortly before his accident he rode in a steeplechase against Jem Mason and Mr. John Darby, now of Rugby.

‘ The Rev. Mr. Lucas of Hitchin was a first-rate man to hounds; the Rev. Billy Wade of Redbourne, who was always very good-natured and ready for any sport, and a most zealous and pains-taking clergyman in his parish; William Wilshire of the Frithe, near Welwyn, inherited all his uncle “old Silky’s” property; Robert Dering of Locksley’s, was very fond of hunting—a beautiful rider, and when on his mare Adelaide not to be beaten; but his horses never looked in condition. He was a great practical farmer, and, if I am not mistaken, by some accident lost his arm, and used to go just as well without it. Charles Marten, a brother of the banker, used to go very hard; he went to India, but has returned, and is still hunting; George Hall of Totteridge, was a friend of Mr. Reid, and a thorough sportsman. Thomas Halsey of Temple Dinsley, before he went to Gaddesden, was member for the county; he was drowned; and the only member of the family who escaped was a boy then at Eton. Sir Robert Peel was on

board the ship. Mr. Frederick Heysham from Stagenhoe, on Julian, one of the best hunter stallions that ever lived, was very quick and hard to beat. He used to ride at the Hoo, Gorhambury, and Brighton in 1834, when he was quite a leading man with the East Sussex, and with him Mr. James Auldjo. Mr. Basil of Flamstead was no rider, but a great horse-fancier; Jem Messer, the trainer at Welwyn, who had the use of Lord Melbourne's park as a training-ground, hunted very regularly. He used to get hunters ready for the Londoners, whose horses he kept. Mr. Thomas Cockayne of Ickleford was a good sportsman, who kept a nice pack of harriers for some years: his daughter was a great beauty and heiress. Mr. Mansfield of Digswell, father of the present Sir William Mansfield, was a very cheery companion. Messrs. Robert and Richard Lee Bevan, who lived at Belleside, the latter of whom was quite the hard man of the Hunt, as he afterwards proved himself with the Pytchley, in Northamptonshire. He was very fond of larking home, and had no end of falls during his hunting career. Dick Oakeley of Lawrence End, a great sheep-breeder and buyer, who gave most snug little dinners. Mr. Layton, who now lives at Baldock, was a famous sportsman and very keen, and not even Osbaldeston rode longer distances to meet hounds. He then resided at Parson's Green, and kept his horses at the Bull at Harpenden, and he would ride down to meet hounds even as far as Bramingham, and then ride back to London. Mr. Layton was very strong and a wonderful fighter, and might have been Champion of England. He once ran against the mail for ten miles. He was also a great man on the river with the Leander Club, and is President of the London Rowing Club. Mr. Sherwood, an East-Indian called old Bangalore, whose horses stood at Oldakers at Harpenden. Mr. Lionel Ames of the Hyde, a very fine man, standing quite six feet three, was a captain in the 17th Lancers, and always rode a good animal. Isaac Hayward, who kept the Peahen at St. Alban's, was another very good rider, who had a celebrated bay mare, on which, over timber, he often set the whole field. He would go any distance to meet Mr. Anderson's staghounds. Mr., now Colonel, Frederick Cavenish, who succeeded Mr. Sapte at Codicote, was another good sportsman; but it is said he lost many a good run because he could not get up in the morning. Mr. Boyce, a solicitor of St. Alban's; Lord Uxbridge of Tewin Park; Mr. Daniel of Little Berkhamstead was a hard goer; Mr. Block, who kept his horses at Messer's, went well on a grey; Mr. Baker of Bayfordbury, a man of large fortune, who was a great botanist; Mr. Crawley of Stockwood is one of the best sportsmen in the country, and his gorse always holds a fox; then Mr. Lloyd Baxendale was a good man across country; and his brothers Joe, Birley, and Salisbury, were fond of being with hounds; Mr. Shelley, afterwards Sir John Shelley; Mr. Charles Prime of Hitchin rode well, and was for many years about the best man in the hunt; he was

‘fond of steeplechases, used to ride at the Hoo, and is a useful man in the country.

‘In 1865 Mr. John Gerard Leigh of Luton Hoo took the hounds, and has built some magnificent kennels and stables on the site of the old ones at Kennesbourne Green, which are the best in Europe, bar none. He mounts his men in first-rate style; and Ward, who is a welter, often has three horses out in one day, whose average price is considerably over 300*l.* each; so that he may be said to ride on a 1000*l.* whenever he goes hunting; in fact, everything is done in princely style. Mr. Leigh hunts four days a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, the latter not advertised, but by cards to the members. The subscription averages from 1,800*l.* to 1,900*l.* a year.

‘Mr. Leigh’s pack have been for forty years carefully bred, as I told you Mr. Delme Radcliffe only retained fifteen out of the fifty couple he took from Mr. Sebright, but recruited largely from the Fitzhardinge blood, and left a pack of sixty couple about perfection. They did not deteriorate when under Lord Dacre, who judiciously took for some seasons the Belvoir draft. They are still what hounds should be, and Ward brings them out in condition reflecting most creditably on his system of kennel. Their sport, during the past bad scenting season, has averaged as well as the country will admit of. On all sides foxes are well preserved and plentiful—on the south and south-west by Lord Verulam, Mr. Halsey, Mr. Crawley, and Mr. Leigh; in the centre by Mr. Hall of King’s Walden, and Lord Dacre; on the east by Lord Cowper and Mr. Abel Smith; on the far-west by Lady Cowper, at West Park, and by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, adjoining the only grass vale of Teddington, termed “The Elysian Fields;” on the extreme north between Mr. Richard Marsh of Little Offley, Mr. Young of Hexton, and Mr. Delme Radcliffe, whose properties join, the animal is ever in abundance, especially of late years, since they have been joined by so ardent a young sportsman as Mr. Sowerby, who, since his accession to Putteridge Bury, has shown foxes, together with pheasants, in numbers—a caution to those who contend against their co-existence. There are few bits of plough excelling the black vale of Shillington, extending north from Hitchin to Shefford, and west to Silsoe; a fox found in the far-famed osiers of Orton Head, close to Hitchin, steering north or north-west, has at least eight miles to traverse before reaching any holding covert.

‘Now hunting regularly with Mr. Leigh are Mr. Crawley, Lord Dacre, Mr. Chas. Prime of Hitchin, Mr. Chas. B. Baxendale, Mr. Lloyd Baxendale of Totteridge, near Wheathampstead, Captain Young of Hexton, Mr. Halsey of Gaddesden, Mr. G. Robins, Mr. Wilson near Hitchin, Lord Kilcoursie, of Wheathampstead, Mr. Edward Pryor of Digswell Hill, Mr. W. C. Curtis of Potterells, Mr. H. Kemble of Oakmere, Mr. S. Soames of Hawkshead, Mr. W. Lucas of Hitchin, Mr. F. Lubbock of Northaw, Lord Cowper of

'Panshanger, Mr. H. D. Green of Oaklands, Mr. Cecil Reid, Mr. Frank Gosling of Welbury, Mr. Delme Radcliffe, Mr. Richard Hoare of Marden, and Mr. Charles Swarder of Willian, who is a very good sportsman, and all his sons ride well. Of these, nearly the only representatives of the old lot are Mr. Crawley of Storkwood, a true sportsman and staunch friend to foxes, which never fail in his gorse, Lord Dacre, and Mr. Delme Radcliffe, and they but rarely appear, the peer preferring "the Shires," with princely stud of perfect hunters; the veteran Squire affecting chiefly the Puckeridge, Oakley, or Cambridgeshire, and enjoying always one day a-week, with an incomparable pack of harriers hunted still by Case of Biggleswade.'

'Now let us hear something about the Puckeridge,' we remarked, 'having pretty well exhausted the Hertfordshire.'

'With all my heart,' rejoined our Mentor. 'It is a very old established pack, hunting, for the most part, a rough plough country, full of woods, high banks, and deep stony lanes; so it is not a first-class one to ride across. It is a wild country, thinly inhabited, and there is little grass in it; and the part at the back of Puckeridge takes a deal of doing, especially of late years, since steam ploughing has come in vogue. In a regular wet season hounds can run; and they have some good wild foxes. There are large woodlands. The best part is the Aspeden country and that on the Essex side. Takeley Forest, neutral now, between Essex and Puckeridge, is a good country.'

'It is bounded by Baldock, Chrishall Grange, Royston, and goes to Chesterford on the north; and from Burnt Mill to Hertford on the south; and from there to Stevenage on the west.'

'Some of the best meets are Barkway, Great Munden, Patmore Heath, Hadham Mill, Langly Green, Wade's Mill, Brent Pelham, Hazel End, Throcking. The Royston side of the country is very open, with scarcely any fencing, but shows some good runs.'

'The first Master was Mr. John Calvert of Albury Hall, who was assisted by Mr. Panton and Mr. Plummer; and the kennels were at Redbourne, and afterwards at Standon. The hounds at that time were known as the Hertfordshire. Mr. Panton, a great friend of Mr. Calvert's, hunted the country round Newmarket.'

'The celebrated Will Crane was huntsman at first; but at his death he was succeeded by Tom Hubbard, who had whipped to him, and who was in all his glory for twenty-three years. For some years he farmed the hounds and horses, which he kept at Sacombe. Tom was a very quick man and a natural sportsman. He was succeeded by Sharpe for one season; then came Holmes for four; and after him Mr. John Canning, a hard-riding yeoman.'

'In 1802 Mr. Sampson Hanbury, who lived at Poles, joined Mr. Calvert and Mr. Nicholson Calvert in the Mastership, and was very popular for thirty years. He was a heavy weight, and a famous judge of a hound. The kennels, which cost 500*l.*, were

' at Puckeridge, and were dry and healthy; and Colonel Cook says ' the hounds never had lameness. His first huntsman was John ' Monk, who was originally a boy in the stables; and he carried the ' horn for fourteen seasons, but latterly failed to give satisfaction, ' from his want of energy. He was well assisted by George Barwick ' and Will Church, and after he gave up the horn kept livery-stables ' at Puckeridge. In the early part of Monk's time the celebrated ' Harry Mellish hunted with them, and was a guest of Mr. Jadis of ' Bennington Hall.

' John Barwick succeeded Monk as huntsman, and Will Church ' assisted him. He was a fine huntsman, and had lived originally ' with Colonel Thornton, and went to Mr. Milbanke to hunt the ' Bedale. The men were very well mounted at this time.

' George Hennessy, from the Tring, was also whip here.

' There was in the early days of the Hunt a club at Ware, to which ' belonged—Mr. France, a welter-weight, very fond of hunting; ' Mr. Isaacs, a capital rider over a country, or on the flat; and ' Mr. Boldero; one-handed Cox, who lived afterwards at Quarley, ' in Hampshire, did wonders with his reins on a hook; Arthur ' Shakespear, a heavy man who knew all about hunting; Ben ' Champion, who was called the peacock of fox-hunters; Mr. ' Bell was a very old sportsman, who had kept diaries for years; ' his contemporaries were, Mr. John Chapman, who was every inch ' a fox-hunter, who went with the best on a never-failing mare; ' Messrs. Humphrys, Wyman, and Pottrell, all very hard; Mr. ' Charles Raikes, Mr. Meetkirke of Julian's, Lord Maryborough as ' Mr. Pole, and Lord Scarborough, in silk stockings and nankeen ' breeches; Mr. Willington of Broadwater, a staunch supporter. ' Old Tommy Heskin of Hockrill, was the best judge of a horse of ' his day. The noted welter, Dick Gurney, bought horses of him, ' and for one he was once offered one thousand guineas by Sir ' Francis Burdett. He was a very odd man, and used to tie his ' shoes with rope-yarn. And I must not pass over the Rev. ' Mr. Conyers, uncle of the Master.

' About the year 1822, was going Mr. Nicholas Parry, who was ' not to be denied over this and the Essex country; Mr. Hankin of ' Stansted; Sir Peter Soame of Heyden, was great on old Hyder Ali; ' Mr. Charles Phelps of Briggens; Stacey, a farmer; Captain Brown; ' Archer, who lived in Lord Dacre's hunt; Mr. George Jacob ' Bosanquet, and Mr. Sowerby of Putteridge Bury, who kept race- ' horses, and rode thoroughbreds with hounds.

' When Mr. Hanbury retired from the management, in 1832, he ' was presented with a piece of plate, as he was greatly esteemed for ' his universal kindness and hospitality. He died at Poles, in 1835, ' in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

' In 1832, Lord Petre took them for three years, with a subscrip- ' tion of 1,500*l.* for his first season, and 1,200*l.* for the second and ' third. Lord Petre, who lived at Hyde Hall, was not a forward ' rider, but he knew all about hunting.

' Sam Hart, his huntsman, left in 1835, and then Joe Roots left the Warwickshire to return to his old master.

' In 1835, Mr. John Dalyell of Dalyell Lodge, Fifeshire, late Master of the Forfarshire, came and hunted them himself; and Jack Skinner was his whip and kennel huntsman. Mr. Dalyell was a heavy man but a bold horseman and a most patient huntsman, but he did not get on with the natives, who vented their spite on the foxes. Hunting with him were—Mr. Phelps of Briggens Park, and Sir Seymour Blane, who was a great friend of the Master's, and kept his horses at Great Hadham.

' In 1838, Messrs. Parry, W. Wigram, and John Archer Houlton of Great Hallingbury Place, and two other gentlemen, bought the hounds of Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. Parry took the Mastership, and has held it uninterruptedly ever since; he is a thorough sportsman, both in the kennel and in the field, and has bred a pack of hounds which good judges consider second to none in England. Dick Simpson, a Yorkshireman, who had lived with Mr. Digby Legard, in Holderness, came from Mr. Drake to hunt with them. He was always with his hounds, had a great natural talent for hunting, and, like old Jem Hills, generally contrived to give his field a gallop whether there was a scent or not. He was an extraordinary man to ride, particularly on a knock-knee'd horse called Struggles, bought for a cub-hunter at 20*l.*; he also went well on Partisan and Bob Handy. Simpson is now farming near Sawbridgeworth, and generally hunts four days a week; is open to buy a nice little horse when he sees him, and is a rare hand at making a bargain. Richard Morris was his first whip; after him came Joe Orbell. John Dinnicombe succeeded Simpson in 1851, and staid there five years; then Orbell came back from the H. H., having before that been whip for nine years; he afterwards hunted the South Wilts, and is now living with Lord Fitzwilliam. Alfred Hedges, who came from Lord Portsmouth, when he had the Vine turned over to him, and after a time was promoted to the horn himself, is still huntsman, and no man can take greater interest in his profession than Hedges. He is first-class in the kennel and in the field; his hounds are perfect pictures, and they can hunt and drive a fox as well as any pack in the United Kingdom. Every man who is fond of hounds should pay the Puckeridge a visit.

' Hunting with them at this time were—Mr. William Wigram of Bennington Place, Jenny Sutton, who lived at Hertingfordbury, Mr. Bosanquet of Broxbourne Bury, Mr. Henry H. G. Ward, Rev. Joseph Arkwright, who afterwards had the Essex, Mr. Charles Booth of Stansted, Mr. Proctor of Bennington, Mr. Heathcote of Sheephall Bury, Mr. Tower of Weald Hall, Mr. Soames of Coles, and Mr. J. Soames of Stanstead, and Mr. Meetkirke of Julian's.

' Mr. John Chapman of Hormead, who was the father of the Hunt. He was in the great run from Bradford to Sandy Warren, when six horses were killed with an afternoon fox. He used to go well on his old black mare.

‘ Mr. Hobson, before mentioned, who was killed from a fall over a rail, also hunted with these hounds, and kept eighteen hunters at Old Hall Green. Mr. Free of Hungerford has now in his possession the tail of the horse that was the cause of his death.

‘ Mr. Blackburn, who walked twenty-four stone, kept two horses at John Monk’s and hunted every Saturday, Monk riding second horse for him ; they also were out in the great Sandy Warren run, but of course did not get anywhere near to the end.

‘ Mr. Edward Daniel, of Berkhamstead, was a thorough sportsman, and one of their best men ; he had a famous horse called Mallard, which broke his back in an open field near Scales Park.

‘ John Biggs of Stanstead, a capital sportsman, who was treasurer to the Earth-stoppers’ Fund, which was well supported by the farmers—one of the best old fellows in the world, who just could ride and would go any distance.

‘ Henry Allfrey of Old Hall Green, who stayed with Mr. Hobson.

‘ J. Patmore of the Railway Inn, Bishop’s Stortford, a famous heavy-weight, who for some years rode a noted old bay horse nearly thoroughbred, and with a spice of temper about him, that he had shot, because, as he said, no one else should ride him. He was also a bit of a coursing man, and ran a dog occasionally.

‘ Sam Spencer of Stanstead, Charles Spencer of Stanstead, John and Alfred Spencer of Clavering Hall, a very good cricketer ; Mr. Rayment of Ferne and Pelham ; John Free of Buckland House, now of Hungerford, an awfully hard man, who would jump over any number of gates on an old chestnut mare, and was always trying to do something that nobody else would. His father was owner of Brasenose and Redwood. Wyman of Hornead, to whom Mr. Conyers once yelled out, “ Hold hard,” and added, “ I suppose you are one of Mr. Parry’s confounded heavy-bottomed beggars,” only he did not put it quite so mildly. Hudson of Ware, a maltster, a rare fellow, who rode very hard ; and Taylor of Bishop’s Stortford. No one could beat Charles Stallibrass, the sheep dealer, on Mondays and Wednesdays when he was out. Bradfield, a horse-dealer of Bishop’s Stortford, from whom Mr. Parry occasionally bought ; Mr. Wortham of Royston, a solicitor ; Mr. Phillips of Royston, a brewer ; Henry Thurnall of Royston, a thorough sportsman, who now judges at shows ; Mr. Charles Cass of Ware, secretary to the Hunt in 1871 ; Mr. Perry of Strethall Hall, an old farm-house—a capital sportsman of the old school ; a very plucky man, who once shot a burglar ; Mr. Henry Wigram, at Bennington, had a nice lot of horses ; Mr. Carter, at Hadham Park.

‘ The farmers were all jolly good fellows. Amongst them—William Spencer, at Hazel End, a very jolly fellow, at whose house the hounds used to meet ; Mr. French of Chipping ; Sullins of Albury, near the kennels, a rare fellow over the country ; George Clarke of Hyde Hall, John Sworder of West Mill, Charles Potterell, Rayment of Furneux Pelham Hall, where the hounds used to meet, Lilley of Wallington, Jem Smyth of Bygrave, Joe

‘ Woodward of Aspeden, Porter of Buntingford, Sam Adams of Ware.

‘ The most prominent now going with these hounds are—Mr. J. Leader of Buntingford, who hunts regularly, but never rode hard ; Mr. G. Mickley of Buntingford, a good man, who looks after the earth-stopping ; Mr. Caldicott, Pishiobury Park, Sawbridge-worth ; Mr. F. Caldicott, Hoddesdon ; Mr. Deacon of Briggins Park, Ware ; Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., Wood Hall, Watton, who owns a great deal of land ; Mr. F. S. Soames, Hatfield, a regular subscriber ; Mr. G. Adams of Barkway, who hunts regularly ; Mr. H. Thurnall of Royston, was formerly a regular man, but has pretty well given it up now ; Mr. T. Fordham of Royston, generally to be seen with the Cambridgeshire ; Mr. J. Phillips, and Messrs. A. and E. Nash of Royston ; Mr. H. R. Brand, M.P., of Royston, a supporter of the Hunt ; Mr. Alfred Taylor of Hockrill, who keeps a very clever pack of harriers, and rides nice horses—a good sportsman ; Mr. M. Taylor of Bishop’s Stortford, Captain J. D. Fairman of Bishop’s Stortford, a captain of light horse, used to hunt a good bit, and now keeps harriers ; Rev. John Collin of Rickling, Bishop’s Stortford, comes out with many young sons ; Mr. J. P. Judd of Rickling Green, a friend of Mr. Parry’s, and a good rider, who goes well ; Captain R. Gosling of Halsobury House, is, perhaps, the best rider in the hunt ; Mr. T. Veasey of South Lodge, Baldock, a solicitor, who also hunts with Mr. Leigh ; Mr. A. Packman of Puckeridge, a sporting doctor, who has just retired ; Mr. James Layton of Baldock, Mr. Wm. Gilby of Hargrave Park, Stanstead, Mr. E. Everett of Highfield, Ware, Mr. F. Glass of Stevenage, who hunts regularly ; Mr. Wm. Anthony of Winches, Great Hadham, Mr. F. Smith of Great Hadham, Mr. C. Wigram of Moor Place, Great Hadham, used to hunt regularly ; Mr. Felix Calvert of Furneux Pelham Hall, a regular man ; Mr. C. Phelps of Mead Lodge Hunsden, was a great supporter, but has not hunted much lately ; Mr. B. Lancelot of Bishop’s Stortford, the adjutant of the light horse, hunts Mr. Fairman’s harriers ; Mr. L. Proctor of Bennington ; Mr. J. Wilks of Lofts Hall, Mr. H. Patterson of Wood Hall.

‘ There are other real good farmers who hunt with the Puckeridge, and I may mention—Mr. J. Acres of Mentley, Puckeridge, who looks after the earth-stopping, is an excellent fox preserver, and a regular attendant ; Mr. J. Acres of Colliers’ End ; Mr. J. Acres of Great Barwick ; Mr. Charles Stacey of Wickham Hall, a good and regular man to hounds ; Mr. J. Paris of Farnham, a good man to hounds ; Mr. Nash of Bardolphs Wotton ; Mr. J. Sworder of Westmill Bury, one of the principal farmers, who, like all the Sworder family, rides well ; Mr. J. Smyth of Newsalls Bury, son of Smyth of Bygrave ; Mr. Hugh Smyth of Quickswood Farm, a good rider on some first-class horses ; Mr. J. Porter of Corney Bury, used to hunt regularly, as did also Mr. George Clark of Hide Hall, though he does not much now ; Mr. W. B. Wyman of

' Stonebury, a very good preserver and horseman, as is Mr. F. Wyman, Mutford's Farm; Mr. G. Piper of Great Hornmead hunts regularly; Mr. E. Pigg of Barkway, is another regular; also Mr. Pigg of Buckland; Mr. F. Piper of Hare Street; Mr. R. Hills of Walkern Bury, who came out of Lincolnshire, and used to ride over open gates, and Mr. Sam Rowlett of Walkern; Mr. J. Overill of Ardley is a good man; Mr. W. Wyman of Hormead Hall, a useful man and a large farmer; Mr. Stubbings, Mr. G. Scales of High Farm, Albury, Mr. J. Pottrell of Albury, Mr. R. Simpson, late huntsman to the Puckeridge, Mr. Henry Sworder of Great Hallingbury, Mr. C. Hicks of Bentfield Stansted, who is very fond of hunting; Mr. H. Trigg of Stansted Lodge, Mr. C. Spencer, a good supporter of this Hunt, Mr. Wm. Spencer of Benfield, Mr. E. Spencer of Benfield, Mr. Robinson of Ugley Hall, Mr. C. Laird of Rickling Hall, one of the forwardest riders in the Hunt; Mr. J. Laird of Rickling, Mr. A. Spencer, a good man, Mr. B. Spencer of Clavering Hall, Mr. W. Patmore of Pinchpools Maunden, Mr. Cornwell of Wenden, Mr. C. Mickley of Elmden Lee, a large farmer, and brother of Mr. G. Mickley; he had a very nasty fall over a gate this season when riding a mare that scarce any one else would tackle; Mr. T. Jonas of Chishall Grange, Mr. W. Walby of Reed, Mr. Jonas of Hayden, Mr. T. Basham of Langley Lawn, Mr. Anthony of Clinshall Chishill used to go well, Mr. Rolfe, Measden Bury, Mr. J. Woodward, Aspeden, Mr. J. Sworder, Brockhole's Farm, Munden, Mr. J. Johnson of The Lordship, Munden, Mr. T. Glascock of Widford Bury.

' As regards Hotel accommodation:

' At Hitchin.—The Sun is a very good, fair country inn.

' At Buntingford.—The George is, perhaps, the best, kept by Valentine Carter, formerly a first-rate whip on the Cambridge Road.

' At Bishop's Stortford.—The Railway Inn, kept by Mr. J. Patmore, who has good accommodation for horses, and is noted for the goodness of his wines. It was a favourite resort of the late John Leech, who, generally accompanied by a friend, went there every Friday night. It is noted for its simple yet excellent fare.

' It is a good place for the Puckeridge and the Essex, from whence you may now and then get a run over the Rorthings, which are all plough, but very rideable.

' Tring is handy for the Old Berkeley, the Oakley, Mr. Leigh's, and the Baron's staghounds. It is one hour from London, and close to Mentmore.

' At Watford the Clarendon is good, and has some capital boxes. Many London men leave their horses there for a day or two in the intervals of hunting days, even when in the habit of taking them backwards and forwards.

' The Essex Arms, when kept by Mr. Barnard, was famous for its hare-soup and pigeon-pie. It is handy for the Old Berkeley.

‘ There are no other quarters I can recommend.

‘ At St. Alban’s, there is good accommodation for horses at Mrs. Marks’s, The Peahen ; and also boxes at The Queen’s, formerly called the Turf, and kept by Tommy Coleman, who built a house in the paddock behind it, where Moonraker and Grimaldi finished their celebrated steeplechase. Poor Coleman did his best to make people comfortable, and no one did more for St. Alban’s than he. ‘ The old ostler who lived with him still attends to the stabling.’

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the signal victory obtained by the Jersey horse-dealer over Lunatique, the faith of his owner, butcher Kenwyn, in the inherent vice of the animal continued firm as ever ; and under the conviction that another fight would ensue, and then probably with a different result, at the cross-roads near St. Katharine, he and many of the Carhaix people struggled after us for more than a league out of the town. The butcher, however, did not enjoy his expected grin ; for, up to that point and beyond the bridge, Johnson and the Lunatique were still trotting after the drag, and seemed inclined to pursue the even tenor of their way amicably together for the rest of the day. They were then lost to sight by the butcher and his friends, who, on their return to Carhaix, expressed their chagrin in no measured terms at the facility with which the horse had been mastered, and their sport marred, by the courage and skill of M. Johnson.

But there was another and a better reason for butcher Kenwyn’s disappointment : relying fully on the vicious habit of the horse, he had agreed to sell him for a lower sum than his intrinsic value, provided that, on trial in the saddle, the animal gave satisfaction ; and, that he was now likely to do so, being a rare stepper, and only five years old, made him all but crazy at the prospect of losing so serviceable a beast. However, the day was not yet over ; and if, smarting keenly under a sense of the imprudent bargain to which he had committed himself, Kenwyn still cherished a hope that the horsedealer would be brought home on a hurdle, rather than on Lunatique’s back, I do not describe, according to Marseillier, the injured pride and vexation of the man a whit too strongly.

Locrist, the fixture at which the hounds were appointed to meet, is, as I have before said, a small hamlet consisting of two cottages and an old water-mill, snugly situated in a valley which, from its beautiful trout-stream and dark hanging woods, is one of the wildest and most picturesque spots in all Brittany. It is scarcely more than two leagues from Carhaix ; and, as the covers abound with wood-

cock, and the river in hard weather with teal and wild-duck, the visits of the town *braconniers*—men who get their livelihood solely by the *chasse*—were by no means unfrequently paid, as may be supposed, to that locality. On the present occasion it was quickly discovered by Louis Trefarreg that, on the previous day, a couple of *braconniers* had drawn every cover in the valley; and, as woodcock were then numerous, had kept up a continuous fusillade at that and other game from morning to night. Our old friend Kledan Kam, too, in spite of his recent wound, had sallied forth with his musket and profited largely by the toil of the men and their dogs on the opposite side of the valley; and, although he with difficulty managed to hobble along on a stick, many a cock and a red-leg fell victims to this crafty dodge of the lame 'Lion.'

Now a fox, in a wild country, is a very wild animal, and speedily takes the hint to be off, if the seclusion in which he lives is intruded upon by an unwelcome visitor; but far more vigilant and suspicious of danger is the cowardly wolf, especially if, by daylight, the sound of man's voice and the report of firearms ring on his ears; wide is the berth he then gives to that hated locality, nor will he return for many a long day to it, even though it be his old haunt and the strongest cover in the neighbourhood. So, when the trusty piqueur, Trefarreg, communicated the aforesaid information to St. Prix, that bright, hopeful look that usually illumined the Louvetier's countenance, when about to draw a favourite cover, assumed a gloomy, portentous hue, and fell suddenly like the mercury in a barometer before a thunder-storm. Then the cloud burst: 'It's no use what-ever,' he said, angrily, 'to waste our time in this valley; as well may we expect to find a wolf in Marseillier's cabbage-garden as in these disturbed covers. What with gunners and wolf-traps, my hounds shall never come near the place again.'

It will be remembered that, on a former visit to Locrist, a favourite pointer of M. de Kergoorlas's had been caught in the jaws of a huge wolf-gin, and that it had been found necessary to destroy the animal on the spot—a catastrophe M. de St. Prix was not likely to forget for the remainder of his life. Holding the appointment of Louvetier—a post expressly designed for the destruction, not the preservation, of wolves—he yet held that to hunt the animal with hound and horn was the only legitimate mode of killing the brute; and he was just as tenacious of his official rights and interests as any M.F.H. in Great Britain could be. A steel-gin was his horror; not solely because he begrudged the summary destruction of a wolf, and the occasional curtailment of sport thereby, but because many a good hound of his had been entrapped in its fatal jaws.

Kledan Kam did well to keep out of the way on the present occasion; for, suspected as he had been in the matter of the gin, and having aided on the previous day in disturbing the whole valley of Locrist, although the intended meet of the wolf-hounds had been made known to him, he certainly would have found himself in the position of a lightning-conductor, on which the fulminations of the

Louvetier would have descended with fearful force, had he not thus adopted the discreet course of avoiding the shock.

To a remonstrance of Shafto's that, being on the spot, he might as well draw Locrist, as it lay directly in the line for Hengoet, the next great cover beyond this valley, St. Prix reluctantly gave way, remarking with no little acerbity, that it would be too surely time and labour thrown away, and that the disappointment caused by a blank must rest on his shoulders. Then followed the usual animated palaver as to the best mode of drawing the line of covers, and the contingencies likely to result therefrom ; so that, before Louis Trefarreg had received his final orders to uncouple the tufters, a good half-hour had been wasted in preliminary talk. This custom of our continental neighbours is, of all others, the most tiresome ; for, no matter how urgent the need of despatch, nor how fierce and inclement the elements may be, the palaver must take place ; and if, at such a time, a party of Indian chiefs (who, when assembled to discuss any important subject, are remarkable for their quiet bearing and dignified demeanour) could only witness the impulsive gesticulation and lively language of our civilized friends, they would conclude them to be little better than a set of lunatics. Wide as the gulf is between the noblesse and the peasantry of Lower Brittany, still, the doctrine of equality and free speech is universally established even in this stronghold of the *ancien régime*, and peasants as well as peers will have their say at the cover-side. Consequently, although the object of the palaver is a reasonable one, it being intended to secure concerted action in the sylvan war, the Babel of talkers suggesting various plans, and each asserting his own plan to be the right one, renders it sometimes no easy task for the commanding officer to decide on the tactics he had best adopt.

Three couple of the staunchest wolf-tufters (and among them were some rare, deep-drawing hounds) were then uncoupled on each side of the valley ; and every acre of gorse, broom, and woodland was steadily drawn, up to the table-land between it and Hengoet ; but, as already anticipated, without any satisfactory result. Not a hound spoke ; nor did there appear to be a whiff left of even a stale scent. More than one fox, however, was viewed, crossing the narrow green meadow from one side of the valley to the other, and inducing a wild shout of 'Ah'r louarn ! Ah'r louarn !' from some unruly peasants ; but the hounds were steady, and held on heedless of riot.

During this long and very tedious process, St. Prix's patience, none of the most enduring, became fairly exhausted ; and, denouncing the *braconniers* of Carhaix and Kledan Kam as the sole cause of the blank, he vowed it should be many a long day before he visited the valley of Locrist again with his hounds. 'If they will mar our sport thus wilfully,' he said, 'let them take the consequences ; the wolves shall teach them a lesson they will not soon forget.'

We had now reached—hounds, horses, and men—a point of the table-land where the main road between Callac and Rostrenen inter-

sects a narrow cross-country road leading direct to Carhaix. It is a wild, lonely district, bristling with granite rocks and endless broom, and is, by its sparse population, almost wholly uncultivated; so, what the poverty-stricken peasants, who are born and bred in this desert, can find to live upon, is a problem I will not pretend to solve. There are trout, it is true, in the brooks, and a certain amount of game in the covers; but of this the wolf gets the lion's share, and the others are only to be caught in the summer season.

Up to this point Johnson and the Lunatique had been travelling together apparently in perfect accord one with the other; the former indulging in quaint and facetious reflections on the tailors of Carhaix, and the butcher's ignorance of horseflesh, while he congratulated himself on the prospect of purchasing so valuable an animal on such easy terms. But he was whistling, as it soon proved, before he was clear of the wood: the Ides of March were not yet over, and a desperate struggle awaited the horsedealer in that narrow cross-road leading direct to Carhaix.

'Forward to Hengoet!' said St. Prix to his chief piqueur, in a curt and decisive tone; 'it is now past mid-day, and we have two long leagues before us ere we reach the outskirts of that forest.'

Louis Trefarreg's knowledge of the Louvetier's temper did not encourage him at that moment to suggest any difficulty—a practice to which, from his long experience with hounds, thorough knowledge of the country, and, above all, his acquaintance with the habits of the wild animals he hunted, he was somewhat too prone. He now, however, most prudently said nothing; but at once accepting the order, dashed off, hounds and all, towards Hengoet, taking the Rostrenen road in that direction. Close in his wake followed the field of chasseurs, peasants, piqueurs, and cavaliers—all save one: our facetious friend, the parti-coloured Johnson, whose horse having no fancy for the Rostrenen route, and preferring much the one leading straight to his stable, had suddenly become a fixture. At first the dealer did what he could to coax the beast forward by gentle measures, stroking and patting his neck, and talking to him in the mildest of tones; but, by such means, he might as well have hoped to move an equestrian statue into action: not a leg did he stir; but he cropped both ears close back viciously, while the white of his wicked eye indicated a temper ripe for a row.

Keryfan and myself dropped instantly back, hoping, by the example of our willing steeds, to induce the Lunatique to follow them towards Rostrenen; but, not a bit of it; his head was turned towards Carhaix, and, if not permitted to travel in that direction, not a yard would he go on the Rostrenen road. But the man on his back had a firm seat and a resolute will; and, finding gentle treatment of no avail, he brought down his heavy whip with a whack that sounded like a pistol-shot on the horse's back ribs. Then the fight began. Up went the beast on all fours, bucking into the air as high as a five-barred gate several times in rapid succession; and ever, as he touched the earth, again plunging forward, as if im-

pelled by a catapult. The man sat, like a Centaur, incorporate with his horse; and, if his knees had been rivetted to the saddle, he could scarcely have gripped it with a firmer hold. Nor did his right hand cease its work for one moment; down came the stinging cuts on rib, flank, and thigh, half a dozen for every plunge, and leaving a weal big as a man's finger after every cut.

For ten long minutes did this fierce struggle last; when the horse, apparently exhausted by his frantic efforts to unseat the rider, reared straight on end, and, coming heavily backward, he fell prostrate, and there lay, not a kick left in him, beaten, dispirited, and groaning on the ground. With the agility of a mountebank had Johnson quitted his seat at the right moment, and, throwing himself off, had rolled through the wet, slushy soil, clear of all danger. He was on his legs, however, in another second, but not before he had been so plastered with mud that every article of his dress, lately so gay and varied in hue, was transformed, instanter, into one sombre colour—that of a mud-casing—from head to foot. Never was a metamorphosis more complete; never a proud horseman more rapidly converted into the form of a grimy brick-burner! Proteus himself might have envied the feat, but for the ugly fall: the consequence of this, however, was merely external, namely, the disfigurement of his person and the damage of his dress. Having long been accustomed to hunt with the Hambledon Hounds, and usually mounted on raw horses, Johnson was well versed in the art of falling, and knew well how and when to quit his seat when his horse was in a difficulty—a secret not sufficiently studied by men in general—hence his escape on the present occasion, with neither a broken limb, nor even a bruised body.

My first impulse, I confess, was to burst out laughing at the strange aspect he had so suddenly assumed; but, on second and better thoughts, the inhumanity of doing so occurred to my mind, and I rushed up with the view of rendering him all the assistance his situation might require. Keryfan, too, did the same, with an unusually grave demeanour; but, before we had fairly ranged alongside him, the horsedealer had drawn a long clasp-knife out of his breeches-pocket, and was coolly proceeding to scrape the mud from his face and clothes, just as he would have applied an iron hoop to a horse's belly in his own stable-yard.

'Not hurt, I hope?' inquired Keryfan and myself, simultaneously, as we reined up our horses close to where he stood.

'No damage done, gentlemen, except to my body-clothes: they were all new last week; and now Samuel Brothers, who supplied the rig, would not know a garment of them again: I'm blessed if he would.'

'Oh, if that's all, they'll be all right again; and all the better, perhaps, for the seasoning,' I replied; being somewhat surprised at finding the man took more thought of the adornment than the safety of his body.

'You think so, do you,' he answered, curtly, now scraping away

at his waistcoat, and bringing out its original scarlet hue, though in a sadly subdued form: 'a spoke-brush and ten buckets of water ' wouldn't do it; at least, that's my opinion.'

During this process and conversation the horse lay imbedded in the mire, still as a log, and apparently utterly cowed by the rough treatment to which he had been subjected; nor, while he was busied in removing the soil from his person, did Johnson vouchsafe even a look at the animal that had brought him into so woful a plight. But that being accomplished, so far as his knife could do it, he lighted a cigar, and, taking the curb-rein in hand, he dealt the horse a tremendous kick in the ribs, shouting at him to 'get up,' and bringing the curb to bear sharply on his jaw at the same moment. The poor brute, however, never attempted to rise, but, in response to the blow, gave one or two audible sobs: the dejection, too, expressed by his eye seemed to say he would rather die on the spot than carry his hard task-master another yard. But the horsedealer had handled in his time many such customers, 'devils at first, and dung-hills afterwards,' as he described them; so, instead of manifesting any concern at the refusal of the horse to rise, he proceeded deliberately to gather large handfuls of dry grass and fern, which, placed under his tail, and set on fire, 'would,' he said, 'bring him on his legs in a twinkling.'

Both Keryfan and myself, however, at once interposed, and declared we would not stand by and see a dumb animal so cruelly treated; and that he must adopt some plan less torturing than that of fire to get the horse on his legs again. A gleam of fierce defiance instantly flashed from the horsedealer's eyes, and, from the attitude he assumed, buttoning up his coat, squaring his elbows, and doubling his spare fist (for he still held his big iron-headed whip in the other hand), I fully expected he would attack us both, there and then, rather than be thwarted in the savage purpose on which he was bent. Notwithstanding this menace, however, Keryfan stepped forward, and with his heel stamped into the wet mire the heap of grass collected by the ruffian—an act that seemed to convince him at once that we, too, were disposed to be as resolute as he was—and, perhaps, the rapid calculation that two to one were awkward odds for that one to encounter had an electric effect in causing him to change his tactics, and, instead of a warlike attitude, to assume the air of a man whose right to do as he liked with his own had been grossly outraged. At all events, discretion stepped in opportunely, and, instead of doing battle with his fists, he satisfied himself by doing it vigorously with his tongue.

'Who's going to pay for this horse, then?' he inquired, sarcastically. 'Not I, let me tell you; not one sou; he's a dead horse, ' he is, if he lies there till he grows chilled and gets inflammation; ' that's certain. And you'll pay for him, of course, if you won't ' suffer me to save his life by getting him, as I best can, out of this ' mire.'

The poor beast's nose was now resting on the edge of a rut, while

his belly was deeply imbedded in the watery slush ; so, as there was doubtless some truth in the horsedealer's argument, I endeavoured to appease his wrath by a soft answer, telling him that, short of fire, we were quite ready to give him all the help in our power ; and that, if he would make another effort, I would handle the bridle, while Keryfan or he cracked him up about the quarters with my hunting-thong.

To this he assented, but evidently against his inclination ; and, as he puffed away briskly at his cigar, he continued his evil vaticination : 'He's a dead horse, I tell you, if he lies here much longer ; and 'there's nothing will move him but fire ; that I know.'

I then took both reins over the animal's head, and patting him gently on the neck, I fancied I could discern a slight improvement in the sad expression of his eye ; and while Keryfan proceeded to touch him up with his thong, the horsedealer gripped him by the root of the tail, and endeavoured to lift his quarters, or pretended to do so, clear of the mire. In an instant the beast sprung upon his legs, and, before I could scramble out of his way, he almost jumped on top of me ; he then set to kicking furiously, clipping his tail close between his legs, and looking like a horse driven mad by rage or pain.

We did not know it then, but shortly afterwards it oozed out that the burning end of his cigar—the actual cautery—had been insidiously applied to the tenderest part of the poor brute's quarters ; exquisite torture was, of course, inflicted thereby, and hence his frantic action the moment he was on his legs. This, however, when the pain had somewhat subsided, did not deter Johnson from again closing with his victim, and vaulting on his back, like a tiger springing on his prey. There was a ferocity now in his expression that I had not before observed ; a vindictive, pitiless look, that seemed to say he'd cut him to ribbons if the beast again proved refractory.

Happily, however, we were spared a further exhibition of brutality ; the animal, now fairly subdued, walked quietly away in the direction of Rostrenen ; Johnson, too, soon regained his natural vivacity, indulging in stable slang, and boasting that he should be able to guide the Lunatique with a packthread for the rest of his life.

After this exciting episode on the highway, we did not overtake the hounds before they had reached Hengoet. St. Prix had already thrown his tufters into cover, and the occasional deep-sounding note of more than one pioneer gave token of a night-scent, not very fresh, but still improving, as the hounds advanced into the hollow glen.

'This is a travelling wolf,' observed the Louvetier, 'probably 'disturbed from Locrist ; and if so, the drag, I fear, will be a long 'affair, and may lead us far beyond this cover ere we come up to the 'wanderer's lair.'

I had just looked at my watch ; and finding the time to be 2.55 P.M., and the glen below looking dark as the jaws of Erebus, I wondered how long and how far he would encourage his hounds to carry the drag, if they failed to rouse the wild beast in this grand forest, the distant boundary of which appeared to be at least a league

away ; so I ventured to inquire the name and distance of the next cover, if this should prove a blank.

‘The stronghold of Dualt,’ said St. Prix, ‘lies about two leagues off; and this wolf being, as I suspect, an old skulker, it is more than probable he has passed on and sought the rocky fastnesses of that vast cover. In that case, the hounds will be encouraged to hold the line of drag to within a short distance of Dualt, then stopped, and taken to Callac for the night. At break of day we shall be at him again (for Callac is on the outskirts of the forest), and then, I trust, we shall get on better terms with this wary customer.’

‘A pleasant programme enough,’ I rejoined, ‘provided the necessary accommodation can be found for your hounds and horses in that primitive little town. Of course *you* will return to Carhaix for the night?’

‘By no means,’ said the Louvetier : ‘M. Thomas’s hotel has ample accommodation for all ; and as it is so conveniently near the forest, it will save us ten leagues of road work if we rest there instead of returning to Carhaix.’

‘That is, doubtless, an important consideration,’ I replied ; and not wishing to appear fastidious about my own personal comforts, when he and others were so ready to rough it for the sake of hunting, I expressed a cordial approval of the plan, though I confess sundry misgivings rose to my mind at the prospect of roosting for the night at a way-side tavern, without a rag of change, or even a tooth-brush to aid one’s ablutions.

An occasional double note from the furthest depths of Hengoet still reached our ears, proving the good hounds were clinging to the drag, though unable, except at intervals, to give hopeful tidings of the foe ahead. The Louvetier’s expectations of a blank day were evidently about to be realised ; and, although such an event was fortunately one of rare occurrence in this country, it was not the less likely to chafe the temper of a man so sanguine and so fiery as he was. We were now threading our way, in Indian file, through a vast broom-field that skirted the cover for a league or more, when one of the piqueurs, advancing to meet us, informed St. Prix that he had tracked a couple of old wolves, apparently in company, to the far end of the valley ; that the track-prints were clear of the cover, and, so far as he could judge, pointing directly for Dualt ; moreover, that he was quite certain one of the wolves had but three legs—or, at all events, carried one which apparently was of no use to it.

The Louvetier, on hearing this, at once sounded his horn, and, pricking forward briskly, clapped the whole body of his pack on the line indicated by the piqueur ; but, well marked as the tracks were, it was only here and there that some fine-nosed hound, giving an extra lash with his stern, was able to throw his tongue on the all-but extinguished scent. The tufters, however, were not far astern, and, as soon as they came up, matters mended a little ; but still the cry, as patiently and perseveringly those skilled pioneers picked up the

scent, making a hit here and a hit there, over the wild, rocky waste between Hengoet and Dault, would have given Kergoorlas the ear-ache, so cheerless was it up to the very edge of the latter forest. There, as the sun went down, the Louvetier stopped the pack, when all, with the exception of Johnson, turned their horses' heads direct for Callac; he and the Lunatique, now fairly sobered and submissive, returning alone to Carhaix. Thus ended a blank day; the only one I was doomed to see in company with St. Prix's hounds.

THE SHIRES—MELTON.

THE past Melton season can scarcely be said to have begun before the new year came to usher in improved sport and increased numbers. Not that the two things necessarily go together. On the contrary, were you to take the voice of surrounding masters and huntsmen, they would tell you that they view with utmost dread the crowd fashionable and unfashionable (after all, it is invariably the latter element which produces the greater mischief and the greater confusion) which marks the dawning spring, and which continually crushes their best efforts and thwarts their fondest hopes. However, there was little or no sport round Melton before Christmas, though there has been much and good since; and it has been rendered before such an audience as few seasons of modern times have produced. Men whose memories date back to the scenes depicted by Mr. Apperley, to whom the 'Melton Breakfast' and 'Sir Richard's Quorn Meet' are but portraiture of personal friends, who knew the famous Marquis of Waterford in his prime, and have even ridden in the wake of Assheton Smith as he burst his way through a country—these will tell you that there is more bold and good riding now than even in those vigorous days; while men whose experience is only of the present generation will tell you that nowhere is it so pleasant to hunt as here. There is a charming sociability and good-fellowship about a Melton field, a community of feeling, a sympathy of taste, and a superiority of tone and temper that strikes you on first acquaintance, and becomes doubly noticeable with daily intercourse. Swollen and overgrown though it may be called, the disagreeableness of a crowd is never present. Such a thing as a selfish jostle or a clamouring voice is never known; and in the most exciting moments 'turn' at a fence is as rigidly observed, and a gate as carefully swung or held, as when merely going from covert to covert. And though there may be a hundred men at the only feasible spot in a fence, all of them boiling over with ardour and excitement, and hounds going away in front, you may always, as it comes to your turn, be assured that time enough will be allowed you not only to jump but to fall. Nor will you ever see a loose horse careering along unregarded while a sportsman is breaking his heart in the humiliating exertion of scrambling

through deep ground in topboots. No sooner is a man down than a dozen good fellows are ready to catch his horse, twenty to pick him up if need be, and fifty to assure themselves that he is not hurt. The chivalry of the middle ages nurtured no more strongly the spirit of honourable competition than does the excitement of a quick burst over the grass; but jealousy is here a very rare vice, unselfishness is present in a marvellous degree; and nowhere is the motto of *Noblesse oblige* so consistently acted up to.

To turn at once to personalities, premising that they shall be neither offensive nor unduly unctuous; and that, being based on practical observation, they shall contain the truth according to my light.

A notice of Melton people could not but begin with him who has headed its small world for half of the present century—Earl Wilton being, with Mr. Little Gilmour, a connecting link with an era that has long passed into history. Both these have not only been famous in their day, but could ride straight and hard years after all their contemporaries had altogether relinquished hunting. Indeed, Lord Wilton has on two or three occasions this season shown that heart and head remain keen and clear as ever, and that seventy-three years and a gout-crippled hand are not sufficient to handicap him where talented horsemanship and finished judgment are required. For instance, in the very severe 'twenty-five minutes from Ranksboro', in January, those in front of him at Owston Wood might have been counted on one hand; yet he started on bad terms—had only just got off a sick bed; and this was a burst that required steeplechasing condition to keep a horse together through it. Mr. Gilmour was so held down by illness all the autumn that he scarcely expected to have hunted again; but the early spring months brought his genial face once more to his old haunts. It has often been observed that the Earl owes his great successes over Leicestershire to the perfect knowledge of pace acquired by practice in riding races; and, doubtless, such experience is eminently serviceable when hounds go their best beyond the fifteen minutes which it takes to find out horse and man. But that it is by no means absolutely essential to first-rate riding is fully shown in the persons of Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Mr. Foster; none of whom, I believe, have ever donned silk. Of course the two things—riding to hounds and riding between flags—are totally distinct; and one might cite plenty of living instances to show that he who shines in one capacity may fail lamentably in the other. But it is undeniable that a few hard-fought races give a man the intuitive power of knowing exactly how much his horse is doing, and *can* do, more certainly than years of practice in the hunting field. Where steeplechase riders so often fall short is in that quickness of eye which gives facility of plan and readiness of purpose. They are so accustomed to find everything cut and dried in their path that they learn to rest their whole faith on making the most of what is under them, rather than on the requisites of sharp perception and an eye forward. Now Lord Grey

de Wilton never lets the leading hounds work unobserved for a moment, the while he marks his spot in the next fence the moment he is over the previous one. Sir Frederick Johnstone may be set down as the quickest hand at a start, and one of the cleverest at keeping it, of the many good men who visit the grass countries. Mr. Foster is equally clever over a country, and has also, with increased success, acquired the faculty of avoiding difficulties, which he had always the knack of surmounting.

On the other hand, the examples of Captains Coventry, Smith, Riddell, and Tempest, show either a natural talent for both pursuits, or the advantage of the combination, all of them being, or having been, quite at the top of the tree, both in the steeplechase and with hounds. The most noticeable feature in connection with their riding, is that one and all excel in the enviable talent of establishing a confidence with their horses, and of putting them at their fences in a fashion that is difficult to describe, and still more difficult to imitate. They can all of them *squeeze* a young or unwilling horse in that quiet determined way that takes no denial, and is infinitely more effectual than the flogging and spurring of an inexperienced. Neither Captain Smith nor Captain Riddell are invariably on made hunters; but their creed is that a horse was born to jump, and jump he accordingly does in their hands. Captain Molyneux also rides a great many untaught ones, and with equal success—one of the chief results of his teaching being the ‘extra penny’s worth’ that is stinted in the education of so many of our fellow men. Captain Barker has been capitally carried this year by his small steeplechasers, some of which skim over the big fences with a swoop that would jump the heart out of a timid man. Lord Calthorpe may easily claim the title of the best heavy weight in Melton (if fourteen stone may be called a heavy weight). Mr. Coupland we will speak of by-and-by, and for some more good names we turn again at once to the military. Colonel Forester is the oldest soldier in the hunt; but the last year’s ‘Army List’ (profound and voluminous as it is) contains no man of better nerve or quicker dash than him. In two of the best things of the season—viz., the first of the two Cream Gorse runs of the Quorn and that of the Cottesmore, from the Punchbowl to John O’Gaunt, he ranked *facile princeps*.

One might as well ask who wrote ‘Market Harboro’,’ as inquire if Colonel Whyte-Melville can ride. So far from late years having degenerated the practitioner into the mere preacher, in the field he has still all the fire and finish that in his writings ever rouse youth to wild ambition, and maturity to hot enthusiasm. Captain Atkinson has figured prominently in more than one good chase; and so has Captain Stirling on his neat, active horses. Captain Boyce sees as much, and sees it as well as ever.

Lord Carrington showed to great advantage during the earlier part of the winter, before the pleasing variety of soldiering brought its interruptions. Mr. Chaplin has enjoyed but odd days this winter, but those days have shown that the man and the horses have adopted

no lower scale at present. Then Sir Henry Hoare should be thought of in the leading rank he always favours. Mr. Westley-Richards has a stud of prize-takers, each addition showing, like his weapons of war, some new improvement. Mr. Adrian Hope is never badly mounted, and often very well carried. Lord Dupplin figures well on a pet chestnut, so does Mr. Pryor, and so does Major Paynter. Mr. H. W. Hope brought a good selection of young ones down from Scotland, though Leicestershire is hardly the country for schooling. The Messrs. Behrens can show a stud as superlative as ever, and are as indefatigable in the field as when the Midlands were a novelty to them—Mr. Horatio, however, meeting with an unfortunate accident in the last six weeks. Mr. Delacour only joined late in the season; while Mr. Vivian took a good place in all the early part. Lord Wicklow brought over a stud of Irish horses, which appeared to adapt themselves at once to the requirements of his Education Bill. Colonel Markham and Sir Henry des Vœux yearly winter and hunt here; and, when I have mentioned Count Erdoudi (do I spell it aright?) and Mr. Baltazzi as representatives of the Continent, I think I have run through the list of the Meltonians of '72-'73.

Among the ladies of Melton there has this year been but little of the stirring competition that was so well worth witnessing last winter, when the problem of

‘How best to manage horse,
And so fill up the gap, where force might fail,
With skill and fineness,’

might daily be seen solved to perfection. Lady Violet Greville only appeared to hunt two days; and Mrs. Sloane Stanley was missed altogether from the field. Still, when Lady Wilton gets into a run, she maintains her place as fully as she did then. Lady Grey de Wilton on certain days was to be seen riding right up to hounds; and on those days (e. g. the long run with the Duke's from Harby) rode remarkably straight and forward. Lady Ida Hope had a bad fall on the same day that Lord Grey de Wilton was so nearly killed, and since then has not been in the saddle. These represented Melton proper; but its neighbourhood could boast of Lady Evelyn Coventry, Mrs. Candy, Miss Hartopp, Mrs. Hall, sometimes Mrs. Musters, and Miss Sherbrook, and Miss Rolleston; while, among the occasional visitors, Miss Cotton was simply wonderful, and Miss Westenra admirable.

Of hard-riding brethren Captain Candy always had a house full, such as Mr. Dansey, Lord Helmsley, &c., &c., and so had Lord Downe; but if I once get over the boundary of the parish of Melton Mowbray, I shall find my subject extending far beyond intended limits.

And now a few short notes on hounds and hunting, commencing with the one subscription pack. Monday from Melton is always devoted to the Quorn and their country on the north side of the Wreak; and both here and from their Friday fixtures—and still more, 'tis said, in their forest wastes—they have

shown most excellent and most consistent sport. No master of foxhounds ever started under greater difficulties than did Mr. Coupland, and certainly nobody ever earned success more fairly. He stepped forward to fill the gap when the Quorn country seemed on the point of dissolution for want of a master; he assumed the position with scarcely acquaintance—much less connection—with the soil; and he had to depend entirely on his own resources to contend against party jealousy, local prejudice, and even lukewarm support. All and each of these he has succeeded in surmounting unassisted; and few people will now be found to deny him gratitude and congratulation. It is not only that he works hard and carefully during the winter, but he is indefatigable through the whole year in his efforts to put the country on a thoroughly sound footing, in attending to every detail and smoothing over every grievance in person. In the field he rides as well to the front as any one in Melton, and he never misses a single meet, even if he has to drive twenty miles into the forest. The hounds he purchased out of the Craven Hunt turned out to be scarcely suitable for Leicestershire, so this again has been somewhat against him, as a pack is no more to be made in a day than Rome was. Still, with the help of the Belvoir draft, and a few other additions, they have shown a wonderful improvement upon last year. Somebody wrote at the beginning of the season that they 'had no idea of putting their noses down;' but this assertion I may contradict most flatly, as the Craven could always hunt, and the fault we found with them was that they dwelt too long on a line, and were wanting in dash. In Tom Firr Mr. Coupland has secured a good huntsman and a good servant. It is, for various reasons, a very difficult matter to say much about a huntsman—to give praise, or to find fault. One can do little good by either, and one may do a great deal of harm. Let it be sufficient to remark, that in the most critical field in England we have heard nothing but encomium passed on his performances, and certainly no season for many years has witnessed such a continued series of fine runs. It seems to me that there are two opposite extremes which it is so difficult for huntsmen to avoid—viz., the becoming wild and hasty from over-anxiety and excess of zeal, and, on the other hand, of becoming slow in the desire to be steady. On a good scenting day, and when close at a fox, he can well afford to be quick and vigorous. Hounds are unlikely to pass over a line at such a time, and he runs a far better chance of killing his fox—for foxes were never killed in this country by slow hunting, unless after having been already well rattled. Again, on a weak, cold line hounds want all patience and encouragement to induce them to keep their noses to the ground, and if he hurries them, he probably destroys their only chance. Here, then, is required the nice discrimination that we can all theorise about, but that is so seldom forthcoming in practice; and it is this gift that, together with promptitude of thought and action, has brought success to the present huntsman of the Quorn.

It may be mentioned that Firr has succeeded in killing more foxes than any of his forerunners ever brought to hand in one season—not even excepting the famous Tredwell, who is recorded to have bagged forty-two and a half brace, while Firr has scored upwards of forty-five. One would hesitate to record this, but that no single instance of wilful chopping or unwarrantable digging has occurred, which is saying a great deal when one considers that blood-thirstiness is an epidemic to which every huntsman is naturally, and of necessity, a victim. Many of their tribe sin conscientiously—or, at the worst, argue their consciences into alliance with their sinful desires. They reason that it is their duty to consider their hounds before their sinful desires. They reason that it is their duty to consider their hounds before everything; and, asserting that these want blood, care but little about the means, or public opinion, so long as a kill is obtainable. And hounds do want blood—but only when young, or after numerous disappointments. In the former case, of course, they require it to teach them what they are hunting, and show them that they have another object instead of hare and rabbit. Give them a few cubs, and you gain your object of teaching them what to pursue, and engraft the true instinct into them in place of their natural one. Hounds will also probably get slack if they *never* enjoy the luxury of a ‘tear-him-and-eat-him’ scene; but it is difficult to see why it should follow, any more than in the case of a pointer, who is just as well satisfied to have a bird shot and pocketed, as he would be to eat him. Besides, running to ground ought to be made quite as much of as—and, indeed, answer all the purposes of—a kill. Most of our best practitioners make as much fuss and stir up as much excitement over a hole as over a worry; and their hounds consequently go away equally contented with themselves, and having derived quite as much benefit. Old Sir Roger de Coverley, according to the ‘Spectator,’ was accustomed to put a pole down between his pack and their hare, and holloa jubilantly over the carcass; and his hounds are said to have been as fully pleased with the performance as himself. At the same time, I confess that the tale has little bearing on the science and practice of modern venery, so the allusion is not particularly *à propos*.

It has long been established as a rule that in a wet season there is sure to be a scent in Leicestershire. But a good scent won’t make foxes, much less will it make good ones; and a great deal of the pleasure of last year was spoilt by the want of them. This season, however (chiefly owing to Mr. Coupland’s exertions), there has been anything but a scarcity—indeed, very many good runs have been robbed of their proper ending solely by an overstock. It may be remarked that it is the most difficult thing possible to kill a fox when once he has gained a covert in which there are fresh ones. Not only is the scent of a beaten fox much more difficult to hold to than that of one just roused, but to discern one from the other with certainty is by no means an easy task, and hounds are constantly holloaed off their game on to a fresh one. A beaten fox, if knowing he is seen, pricks up his ears, pulls himself together, and

goes away as if for a first start—particularly if he has had some time in covert to clean his coat—though, if he thought himself unobserved the same fox would be creeping along with his back up and his brush down. Whips are always expected to be able to decide without mistake; whereas the fact is, that whips, as a rule, know far less about such points than most sportsmen of anything like ordinary observation. Besides, a whip on an occasion of this kind is placed in quite an ambiguous position. If he sees a fox stealing away he is almost *obliged* to holloa if he has any shadow of doubt at all; for if it should be a fresh fox, he will seldom come in for detection and blame; whereas, should it be the run one, and he lets him escape, he is almost certain to get unmercifully rated. Of course this does not apply without the exceptions to which all rules are open—take the well-known instance of one of the Goodalls, who when in Hampshire is said to have viewed something like sixteen foxes over a ride in silence, holloaed the seventeenth, and brought the hounds to finish off their proper quarry. Still it is a melancholy—and, I fancy, undeniable—fact, that at the present moment there is a great dearth of clever whips—at all events in the Midlands they are as scarce as money. Christian is *first-rate*—quiet, quick, and cheery;—Goodall is also excellent; and they are both well up to living with hounds over Leicestershire. Take away these two, and you can but come to the conclusion that the breed of whips is not keeping pace with the times and the improvement in hounds and horses. In fact, they show a want of *quality*. It has been suggested that the why and wherefore of this is that masters will not trouble to choose out the proper material and work it into shape themselves, but prefer to elevate still further some glorified ploughman, who brings nothing but ridicule as his contribution to a crack hunt, and is as much at sea over the grass as he would be in a ballet.

There is an illusion much indulged in by our elders—one that they harp upon more oracularly, and, I think, harmfully, than any other, that I must be allowed to fling contradiction at. This is, that hounds are nowadays bred *too fast for sport*. They will assert that the present generation of hunting men expect a short burst and a kill, and that this is the daily programme, without the fulfilment of which they go home disappointed and grumbling. Now, if records of past times are to be believed, we don't see a quarter of the foxes raced into in the open that they used to. The result of the experience of the last few years is that foxes almost invariably beat hounds over the grass if they only run straight—and from no lack of scenting power in the hounds, but that foxes are the swifter of the two. Possibly the opposite is the case over the plough, which affects a fox more than it does his pursuers, who can thus get up to him as he becomes dragged and soiled; but over clean turf he will, nine times out of ten, run them clean out of scent if he only makes full use of his powers. Let any of my readers look back through the last four or five seasons. How many fair quick kills in the open will he recollect? Some half dozen, perhaps, in all; and of these two or

three at least may be traced back to the fattening effects of a frost, to another late hard struggle, or some other casualty that placed the tussle between fox and hound on an inequality.

The natural inference is, that hounds of the present day, instead of being too fast, are actually *too slow* to compete with the existing breed of foxes. The latter have undoubtedly risen to a very much higher standard of late years, by dint of importation from chosen quarters; and the long, lean Scotchman, is a very different animal from the short pury Frenchman, that used to yield up his brush so readily in front of our forefathers. The race of Reynard would seem to have established such a confidence in their own powers, that upwind or downwind is a matter of utter indifference to them; many of the best bursts of the past season having been right in the teeth of the wind. Certainly they never ran with straighter necks; and with a twenty-five minutes' point in front they seldom failed to beat hounds—at least I can recall no instance to the contrary, where they started fresh and fair. The Vale of Belvoir foxes, perhaps, scarcely come up to the mark; and if some fifty brace were caught up, sent to Mr. Herring's, and replaced by stout northern blood, the country would be no loser by the transaction.

There is one reason that, I fancy, will account for half the first fatal checks that eventually lead to the escape of foxes, and that is, that the young hounds have the speed and carry on over a turn in the line, thus taking the older ones with them, or leaving them to be cut off by the field. Also, the fast hounds blow the others, and so do infinitely more harm than good. A great number of packs are spoilt thus. Now the Belvoir breed and enter such a number of hounds that they can afford to draft top and bottom, maintain an equality of speed, and so carry an almost incomparable head on a scent; but with packs possessing less resources, this is a failing only too common and obvious.

The Duke of Rutland's not only maintain all the breeding and quality, with which they have enriched almost every other kennel in England; but they are still selected with such careful regard to pace and appearance, that to pick the leading hounds in a quick thing would puzzle an Argus—ride he ever so close on their backs. It is worth going the longest journey merely to look at this superb pack; and the essay to live with them for seventeen minutes on a scenting day is worth very much more. Wednesdays, and Saturdays, contain their nearest fixtures for the headquarter centre; though a slackness in some parts of their country belonging to these days has this season caused a falling-off in their usual regularity of good sport close at hand.

The Cottesmore now usually provide quite two days a week for Melton—Lord Lonsdale hunting the whole of his re-established country at his own expense. So wide is its present extent, so varied is its character, and so arduous and difficult are its big woodlands, that it is quite a matter of argument if it is within the bounds of possibility for any one pack of hounds—still less of any one hunts-

man—to work the whole effectually. The hounds have, under his lordship's care, attained a very high standard of excellence—the bitches being neat and bloodlike as racehorses, though, if one may be hypercritical, the dogs, good as they are in the field, still retain in a trifling degree the overgrown and somewhat throaty appearance, which at one time characterised the whole of the pack. The huntsman, John West, too, has succeeded in showing a great deal of capital sport; but to anybody acquainted with the wide woodland tracts of Morkery, and its neighbourhood, and Launde, Wardley, and Co., it must be apparent that these alone would not only find occupation for three or four days a week, but each day would produce better and pleasanter hunting than will ever be forthcoming from rare visits. To go into large woods now and again, is simply to spend the day—and a very uninteresting day—in them; but it is quite different when the stout foxes they contain have been taught to fly at the first cheer. Then these rough glades, and the grand country that surrounds them, form the scene of such fine wild sport as can scarcely be equalled anywhere else in these days of railroads, and of encroaching brick-and-mortar, and cockneydom. At the same time, my remarks must be taken to convey no cavil against the existing management of the hunt in question; for all Melton owe a large debt of gratitude to Lord Lonsdale's liberality and love of sport. They all go out with him on a Tuesday; sometimes he is within reach on a Thursday; while on Saturdays there is generally a choice between his hounds and those of the Duke of Rutland.

Thursday is the most awkward day of the week for men who, as most Meltonians do, wish to hunt on all the six days; and it very often happens that on this day there are no hounds within fifteen or sixteen miles. Mr. Tailby often fills up the gap by meeting within fairly available distance; and as he has of late had some of his most brilliant things in this part of his country, his fixtures therein never fail to draw largely. His three gallops along the Carlton Valley were superb—though, if I remember right, the last (twenty-five minutes from Norton Gorse) was the only one in which the Quornites assisted in any numbers. Of Mr. Tailby's hounds, I spoke in a previous and recent article; so I may consider my slight sketch of Melton concluded.

'THE FAYRE ONE WITH YE GOLDEN LOCKS.'

CHAPTER II.—A STEEPLECHASE STORY.

'Not *quite* class enough to win the "Liverpool," Capt'in, but varry 'near, sir—varry near,' says Twister, as he passes his hand caressingly along Becky Sharp's hard and shining neck. 'Owever,' he continues, 'she's more than class enough to win this here steeple-chase, and 'arf a dozen sich the same day; and I tell Mister John 'that, if he *honly* keeps 'isself quiet on her, and doesn't let her 'av

'er 'ead until three-quarter of a mile from 'ome, when it comes to racing, there's not one of the others will be able to live with 'er. 'Lor' bless you! Capt'in Moore, she can go just as fast as you can clap your 'ands together. You must ride her to-morrow yourself, sir, and then you can judge for yourself what she's made of.'

'Certainly,' Charlie says, 'the mare looks uncommon like business; and, I should say, must have a rare chance of pulling this affair off, though I have seen none of the other intended runners.'

'I 'ave, though,' says Mr. Twister, 'seen 'em hall; and though all the "Hoi polloi," as the hancients call 'em, about 'ere think "Capt'in Cutway's 'oss is the one to put their pieces on," the 'only one—the *honly* one, as I'm afraid on—is La Perichôle, a mare of Mr. Becher's—him as lives at Shenstone, you know, sir. I've seen her out 'unting, with Mr. Becher on her, several times, but I've never seen her jump anything; for Mr. B., though, I'm 'informed, is a rare good judge of 'oss-flesh, never rides any, and Joe Blackbird, 'is 'ead man, is one of the most misterous and 'deepest cards ever I conversed with. Nothing to be got out of *him*. 'Owever, I 'ear, on very good authority, that "Mr. George," the well-known gentleman rider, will steer the mare. If this is so, why Mr. John will have to look to hisself, for it is quite sevin pounds to the good for any horse to 'ave such an A 1 pilot as Mr. George.'

'Yes, by Jingo!' says Charlie, 'George is the boy to shove 'em along.'

'I hope, for your sake, he'll break his mount's back, or his own, the first fence, Master Johnny.'

Hang this Mr. George! I think to myself; what business have such swell riders to come down and put themselves against men who, good across country as they may be, yet have never ridden a race in their lives? I only hope, as Charlie says, he may come to awful grief the very first fence.

At last the important day arrives; Becky Sharp is as fine as a star under Mr. Twister's training; and, as for myself, I never felt so fresh in my life, for Charlie has made me 'knock off my baccy,' as he calls it, sent me to bed early every night, and looked on at my gallops on Becky every day; so, altogether, after all the combined advice and encouragement of him and Mr. Twister, I feel remarkably confident of my prowess.

I come down to breakfast on the important day, which is to 'make' or to 'mar' me, feeling rather seedy, for I have not been blessed with too much sleep in the course of the night. My mother and Charlie have already begun. Notwithstanding their combined entreaties, I make an indifferent feed of it; and I envy Charlie, who has cleared off no end of devilled kidneys, and is now going in for potted char, ham, oatcake, and marmalade, as if he had never had anything to eat for a week. I don't feel properly wound up until I have taken the Plunger's advice, and drunk a glass of curaçoa and brandy—not to say two. 'Nothing like it, old man,' says Charlie, helping himself to the same seductive mixture.

'Adieu,' to my mother, and then off we start in my phaeton for the scene of action.

The day is very bright and fresh, and there having been a slight frost in the night, the air is keen and exhilarating—indeed, my spirits rise to the occasion, and I feel as if I could ride at anything, or with anybody—even the great Mr. George himself. Even the horses shake their heads, and step along as if they enjoyed the fun.

'Mornin', sir ; mornin', Capt'in,' says a jolly voice, the owner of which, cantering along the grass at the side of the road, has overtaken us. It is Dick Welby, jolliest and most sporting of farmers. 'Riding 'over to see Mister John win Capt'in ? Capt'in,' says he to Charlie, 'I see Becky pass our house this morning, and precious well she 'looked, too. My missis runned out, and had a look, too ; she'll be 'quite off her head, Mister John, if you win the cup, and on tittups.' Dick, his cheery, red face beaming with broad grins and good humour generally.

Here's Doctor Mackintosh bowling along in his half-gig half-dogcart, accompanied, as usual, by his man, in the seediest of hats and coats. The worthy doctor generally manages, I notice, to steal a few hours from his numerous patients when there is anything in the way of sport going forward. Next we overtake a dingy-looking brougham, drawn along by a Roman-nosed, flea-bitten old grey—Mrs. Rammaquin's, surely ? Sure enough it is ; and that old cat, Mother Rammaquin herself, is inside, for she pops her wizen old head out of the window as we pass, and, as she sees me, nods like a Chinese mandarin. I see her pretty, timid little daughter along with her. Her artful old mother makes a dead set at me always ; for what a catch it would be for darling Lucy, she no doubt thinks to herself.

They do say she bullies the said Lucy awfully. She would like to pull up now and talk, if I gave her the chance, which I don't—'not 'if I know it.'

Now we pass Shenstone Priory, Mr. Beecher's place, and, as I live, the owner of La Perichôle is just turning out of his lodge gates as we pass by. He waves his whip to me ; and I see a sporting-looking man with him in his well-appointed dogcart. Charlie spots him directly.

'By Jove ! that's the great Mr. George,' says he ; 'that's the 'fellow you'll have to keep your eye on to-day, old boy.'

Here we are at Bedbury. That stupidest of towns is all alive, O. Carriages, gigs, dogcarts, and nondescript vehicles of all sorts crowd the principal street. Men on horses, men on foot, cardsellers and sharpers, and every sort of blackguard, all going to the same destination. Another mile, and we reach the course.

Jolt, jostle, jig-jog we go over the uneven ground, and at last take up our position by the ropes. A dozen cads descend upon us to help take the horses out, and turn the carriage round.

As I look about me, I see that close by is General Dashwood's carriage, containing the old soldier himself, his fair daughter, and her

faithful sheep-dog. They are placed immediately opposite the artificial water-jump, so they ought to see plenty of fun.

Just at this moment up comes Twister, big with importance. 'Our mare's over there,' says he, pointing to the other end of the field, 'and I've sent Tom with your dressing things to the room in 'the stand.' 'All right,' I reply, 'I'll join you directly;' and off I go to pay my respects to the Dashwood's carriage. I am very graciously received there, and Blanche blows me up sky-high for never having been near her since the ball.

'I've a good mind not to speak to you all day, sir,' says that lively young person. 'But, Johnnie, how horrid, and large, and nasty this 'brook looks!—it looks like a lot of mud and straw and water, all 'mashed up together. And I have seen Becky, and how nice and 'pretty she looks; and, Johnnie, let me tell you, sir, I've backed you 'for no end of gloves, so you really must win; and look what I've 'brought you to pin in your jacket—a little, tiny bunch of purple 'and white violets—isn't it a pretty attention on my part?—it's 'more than you deserve, sir. Will you wear them, Johnnie?'

'Wear them, Blanche!' I exclaim. 'Oh, how kind of you!' I forgive her everything from that moment, and am in the seventh heaven of delight. I don't care a button for *any one* now. 'But 'time flies. I must be off; so, good-bye, for the present, Blanche.'

'Luncheon will be ready for you after the big race, remember,' says the General. And as I turn away, I really think Blanche looks a little pale and anxious.

Now for Becky. I find her walking about, looking very smart in her bran-new purple and white clothing (my colours), surrounded by a host of my farmer friends, headed by old Ben Jovey, the farmer who bred her and sold her to me. Old Ben is very red in the face, and, I think, has already had several glasses of brandy and 'warrer,' as he calls it. 'I've got my fi'-pun' note on, Master John,' says he; 'I hope you'll pull it off, sir. The mare looks uncommon; *that* 'she do.'

'Well, Mr. Jovey, if I didn't know 'ow to turn out an 'oss for 'sech a game as this, I did ought to be ashamed of myself,' remarks Mr. Twister, eyeing old Ben with much contempt.

Becky Sharp herself takes things with the greatest indifference, staring about her with that wild eye of hers as if she had been used to the game all her life.

But, hark! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle: there's the bell for the first race.

'Come on,' says Charlie, collaring my arm, and off we go to the stand, to see what's going on. My own affair is the third on the card, so there is heaps of time to look about one.

A 'Selling Handicap Steeplechase' this is, of 40 sovs., only three runners, and here they come—and, 'my eye,' precious groggy-looking runners they are. Mr. Abram's, The Kinchin, is favourite—a pretty hot one seemingly, but, as far as looks go, there's not much to choose between the three. Tinkle goes the bell; they are off the

first attempt, the redoubtable Kinchin shuffling along the last of the trio. They only go once round, so have only two miles to do ; and now they come to the water-jump. 'Hoosh,' over they go, all together. The Kinchin gives a decided peck on landing, though, which his blackguard-looking jockey reminds him of by giving him a savage wrench of his mouth, and a cut over the head with his whip. Two more fences well over, and then The Kinchin suddenly drops back. And yet he don't look beat either, says Charlie, who has his glasses up.

'Why, what the blank's he a-doin' on?' shouts a burly ruffian at my elbow. 'There's that Blanky feller a pullin' of the blanky 'orse a'ready ; and, there, I've took ten blanky suv'rins to height 'about 'im ;' and, sure enough, his money looks anything but safe, for a regular roar goes up from the stand as the three horses come up to the final hurdle. It is plainly a *bond-fide* case of Captain Armstrong, for it is very evident The Kinchin, bad as he is, is far the best of the lot, and could win anyhow, if his jockey chose. But Mr. Sloper's Light of other Days wins in a canter, cooked as he is ; whilst the villainous-looking rider of The Kinchin makes a show of a finish with the other brute, amidst a regular howl from his infuriated backers ; he makes a straight run of it into the inclosed place, knowing what he may expect if he is caught, for the enraged populace would murder him, then and there, if they could.

However, under the circumstances, he knows exactly what to do, and he and the owner of The Kinchin—a Jew publican, hailing from the Haymarket—will take their departure quietly, whilst the next race is going on.

'Come on, "old chap," and get your togs on,' says Charlie, 'for 'the next race, they say, will be a "walk over," and there won't be 'much time afterwards.'

So off I go ; and, having duly dressed and weighed, don my great-coat, and wait for *the* important event of the day.

TURTLE TURNING AT ASCENSION ISLAND.

READER, did you ever turn turtle ?

I do not mean by this question to ask if you ever capsized a punt upon the Isis, Cam, or Thames, but did you ever take by the flappers and turn over upon her back a real green, fat turtle, weighing anything between four and six hundred-weight ? if your reply be a negative, then I can tell you that there is at least one sport which you have never enjoyed.

Soon after the war with Russia I was appointed first lieutenant of the guardship at Ascension ; and although for a young officer it was not a very desirable appointment, yet, as the Navy List was overcrowded with aspirants for employment, I made the best of it, consoling myself with the reflection that the climate was good, and work

easy, little anticipating that, upon what an American writer describes as 'a cinder-heap utilised by the British Government,' I should enjoy better sport than many more cultivated parts of the world afford.

The island of Ascension, situated in 8° S. and 14° W., has the peculiarity of belonging to the Admiralty, and is used principally as a sanitary station for the vessels of war employed upon the West Coast of Africa. It is of volcanic origin, and vegetation only exists upon the highest peak, called the 'Green Mountain.' In addition to the crew of the guardship, it has a garrison of about three hundred royal marines, a number of dockyard mechanics, and a number of kroomen. It has a small factory, victualling yard, and naval stores, and the only person permitted to reside upon it, not belonging to Her Majesty's service, is the keeper of a sutler's store, who has to pay 'their lordships' a goodly rent for the privilege of keeping it. It is a wonderful change to go from the garrison to the mountain, and see the sudden transition from ashes and volcanic clinkers to luxurious vegetation, whilst the change in the temperature is something astonishing. The garrison was first formed on it during the time Napoleon was a captive at St. Helena, but previous to that date was often resorted to by Dampier, and other 'gentlemen of the 'free trade,' as those more than semi-pirates called themselves; and the only spring on the mountain still retains the name of 'Dampier's 'spring.' Tradition says that a large treasure is hidden in a ravine on the south-east side of the island, called 'Black-rock Ravine,' but if so, it has defied all attempts to find it, although from the fact of two crosses being deeply cut in the rock on either side of the upper end of the ravine, which seem as if they are, or were intended, to mark some particular spot, most of the officers (myself included) who have been stationed there are disposed to place some credence in the yarn, and the ravine has been dug and explored time after time, but as yet without any one being fortunate enough to light upon the pirates' hidden store.

The game on the island consists of pheasants, partridge (*Tetrao rufus*), guinea-fowl, wild goats, and rabbits, all of which give good sport, but goat stalking is, on account of the terribly rough nature of the ground, deemed hard work, nor are guinea-fowl to be got, except by sheer hard work. On the Queen's birthday we used to have great fun in running down a goat by the whole garrison; and I remember on one occasion, after we had separated a splendid old billy from the herd, and after a most fatiguing day's work had got him 'rocked' on a pinnacle of rock, when the circle of hunters closed round, and all hands thought we had got him safe, the plucky little beggar jumped clean over the men's heads, and made good his escape, amidst the curses both loud and deep of his baffled pursuers, who were one and all far too much used-up to follow him again. The chase, however, had been so good a one that the extra allowance of grog, usually given on the capture of the goat, was served out, much to the delight of the done-up 'jollies.'

The reefs round the island abound with fish, and the bonetta, piper, rock-cod, and conger, give excellent sport, as does also a fish something like a bream, which I used to take alongside the guardship, with an artificial minnow, spun as for trout. But of all the productions of the island, the turtle is par excellence the chief; none of your 'hawk's-bill' of fifty or sixty pounds' weight, but the true turtle, the delight of London aldermen, rich with green fat, and never less than four, and very frequently full seven, hundred-weight! plump and round as the typical alderman's stomach; and it is to the capture of these beauties I purpose to introduce my readers.

Twice a year the female turtle frequent the sandy creeks and bays of the island for the purpose of depositing their eggs, which they do to the number of eight hundred or a thousand each, in shallow holes scraped in the sand. After finishing, they cover their nest over with a foot or so of sand, and leave to the rays of the sun the duty of hatching their numerous progeny. To get rid of their eggs they pay three visits to the beach, on successive nights, and it is on the last that they are captured by parties sent from the garrison to watch the bays during the laying season. The males are never known to leave the water, and I believe that amongst the many thousands of turtle that have been captured on the island, no single instance is known of a male having been taken, excepting on rare occasions when one has been caught when hauling the *seine* net for fish. The eggs are about the size of a tennis ball, or rather larger, and instead of a shell have a tough leathery outside of a dingy white colour; they are by no means bad eating, either roasted or boiled. When the eggs are hatched the appearance of the beaches is most peculiar, being thickly covered with baby turtle about the size round of a five-shilling piece, scuttling down to the water by thousands. It is a question as yet unanswered by naturalists, what becomes of them from the time they leave the nest until they in turn return to deposit their eggs, or how long it takes them to attain mature weight; but one thing I can aver, they are never seen from their babyhood until they are, at the least, three hundred-weight. By an Act of Parliament any person, not belonging to the island, taking or destroying them is liable to a fine of 10*l*.

One evening a party of us embarked in one of the guardship's boats, and after a pleasant beat round the island, reached South-West Bay, which is the best turtling beach. Landing, we at once took possession of the hut, usually occupied by the men watching the bay, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Of course we had not forgotten the requisite creature-comforts; and after doing justice to a turtle and wild-fowl stew—a combination not by any means to be sneezed at—pipes and grog became the order of the evening, and many a jocund song and merry tale went round. As the night fell, the majority of the party stretched themselves on the floor of the hut, to snatch an hour or two of sleep before the time for action arrived; but not feeling that way inclined, I undertook to watch the beach, and call my friends at the proper moment.

It was a splendid and most enjoyable night ; the trade wind had died away almost to a calm ; the sea was perfectly smooth, and such a total absence of sounds I never experienced before or since. There was no running-water, hardly a breath of wind moved, no bird or reptile stirred, no insect hummed : it was an oppressive stillness, as if the silence could be felt, while the clear bright light of the moon silvered the sea, and caused the black and rugged rocks and cliffs to stand out in strong bold relief, and the stars were blinking and winking as if enjoying some pungent joke.

About eleven o'clock the first turtle slowly 'flopped' herself out of the water, and, with many a heavy long-drawn sigh, dragged herself over the sand, and on arriving at her nest, by a quick movement of the fore-fins, threw off the covering of sand from the eggs previously deposited, and, with a kind of satisfactory grunt, settled herself down to her maternal work. In a short time several others followed her example ; and having given them an hour's grace, I roused my sleeping companions, and we prepared for our part of the play.

Cautiously approaching our prey, we waited in couples near each one until they commenced their retreat to the sea, before beginning which they carefully scattered sand thickly over their nests, and then making a rush upon them, the fins on one side were raised, and twisted forwards towards the head, a sharp strong heave given, and over the turtle goes on her back, a position from which she cannot extricate herself, and in which she is perfectly helpless. They seem to know this ; for once turned they appear perfectly resigned to their fate, merely emitting from time to time their peculiar heavy sigh.

In approaching turtle, great care must be observed not to get behind them, as they can and do throw the sand up with their hinder fins with sufficient strength to cause considerable pain to the face, as also the chance of blinding the person foolish enough to do so.

Having secured seven beauties, we returned to the hut, had a 'tot' and a pipe, and slept till daylight, when the hardest part of our work began. This was to embark our captives for conveyance to the garrison. To do this a selvegee strap was made fast round the hind-fin ; to this a strong hauling-line was made fast, and madam was hauled to the water's edge. The boat was then veered in from her anchor, as close as possible, the end of the hauling-line rove through a snatch-block on board, and then, with a run, the turtle was hauled through the surf and alongside ; a tackle was then hooked to the strap, and with a 'heave oh ! heave !' she was tumbled over the side, and deposited on her back in the bottom of the boat. Care must be taken, when they are once on board, to keep your toes clear of their beaks, as the strength of a turtle's bite, and the tenacity with which they hold on, is no joke.

Our game on board, the anchor was weighed and sail made, and with a fair strong wind we quickly rounded Pyramid Point, and, running alongside the jetty, our seven victims were quickly hoisted out, and deposited in the turtle-ponds to await their turn for the butcher's knife.

F. W. B.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—April Amusements.

THE 'gentleness' ascribed to spring, which would seem to make the mild poet of the seasons, as existing in the mediæval times, when woods were 'merry' as well as 'green,' when people went 'a-maying,' wine was always 'sparkling,' gold always 'red,' and ladies generally 'gay'—has long been, we know to our cost, a delusion and a snare. Still April behaved itself this year not altogether unkindly in its opening days, and though there was more east wind than we altogether cared about, there were the proverbial showers of the month to temper it to the shorn lambs, valetudinarian and otherwise, who grumble if they cannot have their summer, like their early asparagus, forced, and expect to bask in the Row, and sun themselves on the Ladies' Mile, full six weeks before such luxuries are due. Town looked unusually lively long before Easter, and the block system was in early play in Bond Street and Piccadilly. Mrs. Gladstone's receptions filled Waterloo Place at night with prancings of horseflesh and cries of linkmen, though they were hardly so crowded as those which her husband, in concert with two distinguished members of his government, held in Sloane Square. The political horizon, so much overcast in the previous month, was now happily cleared, and the inestimable blessing of a 'popular' government still belonged to us. A social scandal here and there gave a fillip to society, which society, rather hard up for something of the kind, keenly appreciated. No lady had run away from, or with, anybody else for full three months—a state of things over which the oldest inhabitant of ——'s bay window sadly shook his head, and which was generally felt to be 'very tolerable,' and not to be endured. So, on the whole, the gentle spring may be said to have deserved well of its country, and we settled down to our season's work, our junketings and revelries, our farms and merchandises, our marryings and elopements, our sweethearts and wives, with about our usual appetite and zest.

At the risk of being thought guilty of cruelty in riding a beaten horse to death, we must refer again to the doings of the Lord Chamberlain, for they are mysterious, to say the least. The curious bent of mind that for a long time hesitated to license 'Frou-frou,' but gave a rapid acquiescence to the *double-entendres* of 'Tricoche et Cacolet,' and similar Palais Royal productions—that denies us 'Paul Forestier,' but doses us with the 'Grand Duchesse'—and that, while thus interdicting some of the best productions of the modern French stage, allows several versions of 'Jack Shepherd' to run riot, fairly, we confess, puzzles us, as it does doubtless a great many other people. And yet all of this has Lord Sydney done. Having assisted at two exhibitions of the Newgate drama in question—one at the Adelphi and the other at the Queen's—and from both of which we came away lost in astonishment at a variety of things—at the hardihood of the managers who could venture to exhume, and the adapters who could venture to adapt it—at the easy salving of the official conscience by the substitution of one set of names for another set—and, most of all, at the imbecility of the public who came to see the spectacle. True, the public did not come in any great numbers, and at one of the theatres in question nearly stayed away altogether; but still there was a sufficiency, aided by 'paper,' to in some way warrant the 'brilliant success' and 'crowded houses' that the bills announced. Being unfortunately old enough to remember *the* 'Jack Shepherd,' of never mind how many years ago, when Mrs. Keeley and poor Paul Bedford created rôles that redeemed an otherwise

dull melo-drama, to have now to sit out a yet duller adaptation without either wit or humour in the dialogue, and without any talent in the delineation, was pain and grief indeed. Miss Hodgson certainly stood out at the Queen's a bright particular exception to the rest of the cast, and made of the hero a rather fascinating scamp. But, oh, the dreary representative of the defunct Blueskin, the Bartlemy fair Sir Rowland Trenchard, the wooden Jonathan Wild, the ineane Thomas Darrell, how did all these weary and vex our soul! The costumes, too—that of Sir Rowland Trenchard in his ancestral mansion especially—from what Holywell Street collection was it taken? In one of Dickens's sketches of the drama, as represented at a transpontine theatre, he says the villain was immediately known by his boots, which justified, by their appearance, the very worst theatrical suspicions that could be formed of him. The costumier at the Queen's had evidently had this in mind when he dressed the villainous baronet, and, in addition to a pair of the highly nefarious articles in question, had added a coat conceived out of the inner consciousness of Holywell Street, but which was suggestive to the smallest boy in the gallery. How everybody mouthed and roared through five weary acts, which, but for the scenic effects, would have been unendurable, need not here be told. Over the Adelphi version, with its elegant title of 'The Stone Jug,' it would be kind to draw a veil. It has disappeared from the bills, and the treasury, we trust, is the gainer thereby. We have dealt thus long on the subject, because it illustrates some of the startling inconsistencies of our dramatic censorship. We must not have 'Paul Forestier,' but we may have 'Stone Jugs,' 'patter' songs, and 'Mint' slang. But, after all, managers are the people on whom the great onus of blame must rest for presenting such stale food, and so unsuited to modern palates. What pleased us thirty years ago, the empty benches of to-day show has lost its savour, and though we think that public opinion is the best censor (and indeed has proved itself so in this case), we could almost find it in our hearts to wish that Lord Sydney had for once in a way acted sensibly, interposed his authority, and interdicted Jack Shepherd's reappearance on the stage. Sure we are the theatres would not have been the losers.

The racing season began with a great flourish of trumpets on the part of the Turf writers, which has been as yet hardly borne out by the result. From the leading journal downwards every one plumed their pens, dipped them in roseate ink, and took the most cheerful view of everything. Grave, respectable papers devoted leading articles to the dawn of the season and its prospects, and we were informed that the year would be a very remarkable one in the annals of our national pastime. It *may* be so; but there is nothing as yet, save in the imagination of the writers, to indicate it. Lincoln was a *ridiculus mus*, after the labours of the mountain, and Liverpool was, as usual, only its steeplechase. Northampton turned out a little better than was expected, but Warwick and Nottingham were poor beyond description. Every one was glad to see Northampton brighten up a little, for last year its prospects looked doleful in the extreme. Still, though the sport was good, the company, that great feature of Northampton—the blue blood and the bright eyes of the brood shire, which used to fill the subscription stand, and was found on many a drag on the course—that showed a lamentable falling-off. The Northamptonshire Stakes, too, was cut down to a mile and a half, but the alteration was 'a success,' alas! and if it had been cut down to three-quarters of a mile, the 'success' would no doubt have been greater. In the Northampton of the future, 'The Great Northamptonshire Stakes, about half a mile, 365 subscribers, 5 of whom 'paid 5 sovs. each,' may yet gladden the eyes and hearts of 'sportamen!'

The race this year, we are bound to say, brought out a slightly better field, and Mozart was in everybody's mouth, particularly after Peto's run in the Borough Handicap. Mr. Payne fancied Flurry a little, but an illustrious stranger appeared unexpectedly in the person of Pax, whom we had not seen since that Tuesday in April, last year, when he was going to astonish the world in the City and Suburban, and didn't. We all thought him then the dufferest of the duffers, if we may be allowed the expression; but here he was, with 'Mr. Richmond' in attendance, to say nothing of William Day, with the reputation of having 'done a great thing with Catherine,' and backed freely at 5 to 1. It is, perhaps, needless to say that he was again nowhere, and we heard something about his knocking down one post and going on the wrong side of another; but our opinion of Pax is, that if they had given him a quarter of a mile start he would have had a difficulty in winning. Mr. Chaplin must have shared our sentiments, for he declined, with thanks, the offer of the brute from his owner for a steeplechaser. Ruby followed up her Lincoln success by winning the Pytchley Plate for Mr. H. Pigott; and Defence, one of Mr. Baltazzi's small but first-rate stud, made an example of his field in the Kelmarsh, and was objected to by the owner of Wilmslow, the second horse, on the score of incorrect nomination, but the objection was overruled. The Colonel, who was made such a favourite for the Newmarket Nurseries last year, had been disappointed in the Borough Handicap on the first day, and so his chance was overlooked by the clever people for the Spenser Plate on the second; but, with little Newhouse on his back, he jumped off the lead, was clear of his horses on the top of the hill, and won before the others knew where they were. A satisfactory six lengths' win, pleasant to see at a 100 to 9 chance. York, who, it will be remembered, won the Maiden Plate at Ascot, the year before last, and showed great speed on more than that occasion, came out from his retirement, and ran second here. He will doubtless win a good race some day if the handicappers will allow him. There was not much else in the racing, with the exception that Wilmslow won the Tally-Ho Stakes, beating the two favourites, Pitteri and Duc de Beaufort; and the Woodyeates stable had a cut in with the Senseless colt, in the Selling Plate. Altogether, it was a good meeting though, and we hope that Northampton may brighten still more in the future.

The Newmarket Craven was very delightful in point of weather, and alightly dull in point of sport. It is always such a treat, however, to find oneself in the prettily situated little town once more; to hear the rattle of one's brougham over the stones of the Rutland yard; to smell fresh paint, and be conscious of whitewash and general cleanliness (which is always the case in the Craven week); to be on the dear old heath again, with the Admiral, looking this time as every one, gentle and simple, was glad to see, upright as a bamboo, and wonderfully fresh and cheery; to meet in the Birdcage the familiar groups and faces that we parted from in the Houghton, and to hear the no less familiar talk (only with here and there a change of name); to brush the dew upon the upland lawn of the Warren Hill, and look at the teams of 'Mat' and 'Joe,' returning to breakfast with what appetite we may not tell; all this, we confess, is quite good enough for us. There is some racing in the afternoon; there was some, indeed, on this occasion, worth coming down purposely to see, and though it may not be altogether very brilliant, good racing does not always depend on the size of the fields. There was a good deal of plating, it must be confessed, and some of the terribly high-bred cattle at the metropolis of the Turf must be of a badness almost inconceivable, but here and there there was something of a higher calibre served up for us; and then there was the weather

and the morning gallops—Kaiser and Paladin, Hochstaphler and Flageolet, Somerset and Chandos, and all the wordy war which their going and appearance evoked. We did not see the great Paladin nor Flageolet, but Kaiser was going, on the racecourse side of the town, in a way that left nothing to be desired; while our old favourite, Somerset, was tearing at his bit up the Warren Hill, and giving the most powerful of our jockeys a taste of his quality that rather astonished the jockey. Custance told us, that the morning he rode him in his gallop his arms ached again from the exertion of holding him. Somerset, we may add, though he has not grown much, has thickened considerably, and is quite big enough to win a Derby, if he is only good enough. He seemed to want time, and we wished, as we looked at him, that the Two Thousand was a week later; but this is idle speculation. The race will be run while we are at press, and before these sheets meet our readers' eyes, they will be wise with the wisdom that follows the event. As to the others, why we all saw the public trial of Hochstaphler, also of Chandos and Negro, and every one could draw their own conclusions. There were very few dissentient opinions on the subject of Hochstaphler being a Derby horse of the first class, and the way in which, untried and unfit, he walked away from The Colonel and Hurlingham, impressed most people. The malcontents objected that he beat nothing, and it will probably turn out that The Colonel is only a handicap horse, and that Hurlingham is worthless, but still the way in which, when Custance let him go, Hochstaphler came up the hill with the most perfect ease, going within himself while leaving his opponents standing still, show him to be a very good horse indeed, and fully warrants his position in the Derby betting. Negro is not much longer than a walking-stick, has bad quarters, and is altogether a commoner in appearance, and yet we must not underestimate the way in which he collared the hill in the Biennial, and beat Andred and his field. Negro does not *look* a Derby horse, and has very little that is taking to the eye about him; he is, however, a sturdy, strong, little animal, and both Mr. Lefevre and Fordham are, we believe, very fond of him. Whether he is worth taking 12 to 1 about for the Derby is a point we are not called upon to discuss. The win of Chandos in the Bretby Plate was, in our opinion, something more like Derby form, for he squandered his field; and, taken together with his forward running in the Middle Park Plate, we would rather have 50 to 1 about him than 12 to 1 about Negro. But tastes differ.

The great race, however—the one to true sportsmen the most exciting—was the meeting of Prince Charlie and Vulcan, in the Craven Stakes. It was one of those events worth the whole week's programme, and one we shall not often see again, in this or any other season. We do not breed Prince Charlies and Vulcans every year, and we cannot always be matching them if we did. The meeting of the giants of the Turf have to depend upon many circumstances not always fitting, and so when they do come together, and when there are such giants in the land as the above two, proportionate is the interest. Both were looking as well as they could be made look; both owners and trainers were very sanguine. Mr. Lefevre and his trainer considered that Vulcan had the best of the weights (they were running at 6 lbs.); and Tom Jennings said to us, just before the race, 'We shall win; but, if not, we shall be beaten by the best horse,' a proof of how well he thought Vulcan to be, and that the race was a fair trial of the merits of both. Prince Charlie is yet a grander horse than he was last year, and, we believe, he is quite seventeen hands. Our opinion of him is too well known to the readers of the 'Van' for us to repeat it here. From the first moment we saw him on the Middle Park day, two years ago, we considered him the handsomest horse that ever looked

through a bridle, and the result of that race prepared us to believe that we had a wonder in him. We have never wavered in our faith under defeat and disappointment, and when, at Doncaster, last year, he smothered one of the speediest two-year-old ever foaled, we were the more convinced that Prince Charlie, over his own course, was invincible. We all know what Vulcan is, and that Prince Charlie, in meeting him, was set to do a task by the side of which the defeat of Chopettes and Cremornes was child's play. But he carried the confidence of his friends and backers bravely, and when, in the Abingdon Bottom, he closed with Vulcan, and, just roused by French, shook off his opponent with great ease, it was a sight to see indeed, and one that might have well called forth all our enthusiasm. But we were but a handful of spectators, and English people are not, as a rule, demonstrative. Still there was a cheer for the bonny chestnut, as he came back to the inclosure with scarcely a hair turned, and looking as quiet and composed as if he had just had a gentle canter; and again did the thought occur, what a pity that so grand an animal should be cursed with such an infirmity. The rest of the racing, save to record the wonderful success of Mr. Lefevre, calls for no comment. That gentleman's colours were seen in the van of battle ten times, in addition to four walks over; and while the good fortune of such a thorough sportsman as Mr. Lefevre is matter for congratulation, we must say it does not speak much for the quality of some of the Newmarket horses. Mr. Lefevre told us his winners were very moderate, and, indeed, the form of some of them we knew to be, and yet they squandered, or something very like it, their fields, and one of them (Roquefort), though probably he is a tolerably good horse, gave an animal, called Seringa, very nearly four stone, and beat her head off! Here is something like deterioration with a vengeance.

We regret to say, that the dullness of the meeting was increased, and the gaiety of nations eclipsed by the absence of Mr. William Nicholl, who was in the far north, looking after Barnard Castle. Newmarket, and the end of the Rowley Mile, what are they without 'Billy?' and we put it to him, whether he does not owe it as a duty to his numerous friends and admirers not to be absent on these occasions. No little badinage or agreeable chaff, delivered from the top of the brougham on this occasion—no interchange of small talk with flattered and delighted members of the Jockey Club. Brown could not repeat to Jones the *mot* which convulsed a select circle in the pauses of betting, nor could Jones detail to Brown one of those many choice stories of which Billy is the hero, and which we much regret our ignorance of the Esquimaux language prevents us giving the readers of the 'Van.' We trust the Nottingham Town Councillor will consider what we have said, and remember that popularity, like property, has its duties.

Knowest thou the land where the whiskey and blackthorn are emblems of deeds that are done in that clime?—but of course you do. Or, if you have never, degenerate Saxon, crossed St. George's Channel, you dare not pretend ignorance of Ireland's capital, and the names and places therein that are historic. You have read of 'Morrison's'—you know 'Sewell's'—you are aware that there is such a man as McGrane? You are conversant with the shops of Grafton Street, their treasures of Irish 'point' and poplin, bog oak, and Balbriggan stockings? and you see, in your mind's eye, the pretty girls with whom it abounds? And moreover, and above all, you know Punctestown? 'The Double'—'The Herd's garden'—'the Brook'—'the Wall'?—do you mean to pretend you have never heard or read of them? You dare not for your life. And if, as it is just possible, you may be one of those middle-aged duffers who have never seen all these glories with the eye of the flesh,

repent you before it is too late ; before you creep on to the years when 'breaks' and 'doubles' will have lost their savour, and when from the recesses of your easy chair you hear your favourite grandson confidentially informing a friend that, great and good sportsmen as you were supposed to be—"Do you know, old fellow, *he never went to Punchestown!*" So come next year if you have not been this ; though, perhaps, you were an item in that mass of warriors and civilians who helped to send out of Euston Station on Punchestown Sunday (a movable feast not mentioned in the Anglican calendar) one of the largest mail trains ever despatched from thence—a cargo which, when taken on board the *Connaught*, must have been a great weight on its captain's mind, and caused him some uneasiness for the fate of his vessel. A wonderful crowd, only seen at such a time ; and one for which Dublin carmen were even then preparing, and railway porters were dreaming of in the watches of the night. A crowd that will help to swell the high holiday that Dublin keeps this week, and for which the old capital has furbished and brushed itself up in a surprising way. 'Baily' readers must have studied their 'Van' to small purpose if they want to know our opinion and thoughts about Punchestown by this time. It is *the* expedition that, among all the rushings to and fro upon the earth of the 'Van' driver, he looks forward to with special pleasure—one of those breaks in a sometimes dull routine—that helps him on his long journey 'across the flat.' There was no falling-off on this occasion, and, though here and there the fields were small, the quality we thought was quite up to the mark. There were all the Punchestown *habitués*, men we have seen there for the last eight or ten years, with a few faces new to the scene. Buyers and sellers, and here we are happy to say that on all sides the idea of scarcity of horses was ridiculed. Those best qualified to give an opinion (who knew the country well, and where to look for what they wanted—and we will mention one name, that of Sir George Wombwell as an example) were convinced that, though dear, like everything else, there was no lack. Be prepared to give the price, and you would get the animal. When the subject was first ventilated, and Lord Rosebery made his alarmist speech, we were inclined to believe this, and are now glad to have our belief strengthened by those better qualified than ourselves to form a correct judgment in the matter. To be sure, some horse-dealers that we spoke to on the subject took a different view ; but, then, with all deference to them, are they perfectly impartial and unbiassed judges ? However, we are not called on to go into the scarcity question. Further on, in one of the parcels with which the 'Van' is packed, it will be found treated of by an able contributor who takes a somewhat different line. Let our readers form their judgment.

But Punchestown, if you please, with a brilliant show of what they call, in Ireland, 'the quality,' with my Lord Lieutenant, and also my Lady, with the immediate Vice-regal circle, including (we were especially glad to see) Lord and Lady Coventry—neither of them looking any the worse for what might have been a very severe accident—with all the notables, English and Irish, the soldiers, and the ladies (somehow, one always couples them in Ireland). Mr. Thomas in the Conyngham Cup, and Captain Middleton in the Grand Military—what shall we say about all this ? Perhaps there have been more people at Punchestown, but rare have been the occasions on which there was better sport, or when everybody more thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The weather was cold, it is true, but dry ; and though a cruel edict had gone forth from the Horse Guards abolishing the luncheon huts and marquees of the soldiers, yet with well-victualled coaches, in an inclosure Lord Drogheda had set apart for them at the rear of the Stand, we got on very well, and drank the

Horse Guards' good health, with our best wishes for Mr. Cardwell. They made Rufus a wonderful favourite for the Prince of Wales Plate, and scarcely backed anything else among the sixteen runners; but, though Rufus ran a good honest hour, the weight told on him at the finish, and Shylock ran very easily from Cigar. Scots Grey, who, perhaps, next to Rufus, was as much fancied as anything else, ran but indifferently, and Star of the Sea, who looked uncommonly well, and had Mr. Thomas to ride him, could only get third, favourably weighted as we thought he was. Waterford was by far the best-looking horse in the Grand Military, and he did not forget to win either, for he was always in front, and came in hands down. Colonel Ainslie, too, had a clever one in this race in Champion. But the winner took the shine out of them all. There was a pretty little case of sharp—*very* sharp—practice on the second day in the Farmers' Race, when a Mr. Bull sought to bring discredit not only on himself, which would have been of no importance, but on his brother farmers and the meeting generally, by a clumsily contrived piece of villainy. Mr. Bull rode his mare Mdle. Schneider, and was second with her, though it was pretty evident that she could have been first if her jockey had chosen. But that was not Mr. Bull's game. He could not afford to win and let his mare be sold by auction, so this clever young man thought a clever shunt would exhibit the mare's form and get a good bid for her by private contract, thus avoiding the auctioneer's hammer. Allspice, however, who came in first, was proved to have won a race on the flat, and so was disqualified; and Mdle. Schneider was declared the winner. Imagine Mr. Bull's feelings. So overpowered was he that he disappeared with his mare for some time, and when, with difficulty, found, and the mare led into the paddock to be sold, it was seen she was lame! But there were keen eyes and keen intelligences around the auctioneer, and, her bandages being removed, not without much objection on the part of Mr. Bull, a piece of wire was discovered tightly bound round the poor animal's leg (see to this, John Callam, if you please), while there were indications that Mr. Bull had freely used the scissors to cut off the hair about her knees. Pity that such a would-be clever young man should fall into his own trap; but, of course, on the cause of the lameness being discovered, she was speedily sold her price, 160 ga.—30 ga. of which only fell to Mr. Bull. We need scarcely say that the greatest indignation was expressed at his conduct, and the Stewards of the Irish National Hunt mean to have him up before the Committee of that body. To their justice we may safely leave him.

But the feature of Punchestown was the win of Mr. Thomas, on Star of the Sea, in the Conyngham Cup. Three fences from home the three placed were alone in it, and at the last fence it looked odds on Courtown. But Mr. Thomas was behind him, and though his horse had been in difficulties soon after jumping the wall, he answered gamely to his rider's call, and, coming with a rush in the straight run in, overhauled Courtown, and, by sheer riding, got his neck in front of the latter as they passed the Judge's chair. It was a very brilliant exhibition of riding; and everybody was glad to see Mr. Thomas a winner. Of the rut of the racing our space will not permit us to say much, nor indeed is there much necessity. It was a very enjoyable Punchestown; good company, good fellows, good sport. To Lord Drogheda belong, as usual, the honours of success, a success for which he labours hard, and in which Mr. Waters has a decided share. May they go on and prosper!

Our limits, we regret to state, will not permit us to make use of three-fourths of the contents of the budget which our Commissioner sends us, anent the presentation to our 'right trusty and well beloved' George William, Earl of

Coventry, M.F.H. At a hunt breakfast, given by Lord Northwick, at his seat near Blockley, Worcestershire, on Saturday the 22nd of March last, the portrait of the Earl and his Countess was presented to his Lordship, as a mark of appreciation of the very liberal and sportsmanlike manner in which he has hunted the North Cotswold country for six seasons. The event excited the greatest interest throughout the district; and the gathering which took place was in every respect worthy of the occasion, and a complimentary testimony to the Earl as a Master of Foxhounds. Those who had the pleasure of hunting with his Lordship assembled in large numbers. Several other hunts were represented at this important gathering. It is well known that Lord Coventry has, during the past six years, hunted the country in the most efficient manner, and, with generous liberality, has borne the whole of the expenses incident thereto, except that a few members, at their own wish, have contributed to a small fund for defraying the cost of earth-stopping. During his mastership, which is now concluded, Lord Coventry got together a pack of hounds which is acknowledged to be one of the finest in England; and his large stud of hunters has long been the subject of admiration and envy amongst hunting men. Good feeling always characterised the hunting of the country under his Lordship's mastership, and general regret has been expressed on all sides that he has been compelled, by the state of his health, to resign the post which he has held so long and so satisfactorily. On his retirement it was determined to present his Lordship with a portrait of Lady Coventry and himself, painted by Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy. Subscriptions for this purpose were spontaneously given by all classes, especially by those residing within the limits of the hunt. No less than 245 noblemen and gentlemen sent in their contributions, and a very handsome sum was thus collected, and, we need not add, a splendid work of art obtained.

The presentation took place in the presence of a very numerous, distinguished, and 'representative' company. The meet was fixed for half-past ten o'clock, and by that time the lawn was crowded. Lord Northwick himself received the guests in the hall in the good old English fashion, shook hands with all visitors, and 'compelled them to come in.' An elegant breakfast was laid out in the splendid picture gallery, which is filled with the most rare and valuable works of art; while the beautiful floral decorations lent an additional charm to things 'made with hands.' The company numbered over 900. Among these were the Earl and Countess of Coventry, Lord Deerhurst, the Hon. Charles Coventry, Lady Maria Ponsonby, Lord and Lady Northwick, Hon. Caroline Rushout, Miss Rushout, and Miss Warburton. Lord Redesdale, the chief and patriarch of all mighty hunters, and the living contradiction to the impudent assertion, that 'Nature made for every sportsman an inferior set of brains,' was there, looking well, and as hard as nails; Sir Charles Rushout, Bart.; Sir Edward Lechmere, Bart., who railed from home with his hunter, starting at the ungodly hour of four A.M., in order to be in time; Mr. Algernon Rushout (the present Master of the Hunt); Mr. A. Brassey (the new Master of the Heythrop), with the Hon. Mrs. Brassey and Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P.; Mr. Geo. C. Talbot, of Temple Guiting, 'the long, stern swell,' of whom Macaulay speaks: The best big 'un over walls, according to Lord Coventry—and an excellent preserver of foxes, on his compact chestnut horse, for which no bridle is too small and no girth too long; and with him his honoured guest, Mr. 'Tom' Arkwright (Master of the Herefordshire), bent on getting a good tune out of Bagpipes; Mr. E. T. Godman, ready to support the honour of the Heythrop against all comers; the Hon. B. Bingham; Colonel Bourne; Mr. R. P. Amphlett, M.P.;

Mr. 'Tom' Wynniatt, one of the best representatives of the expiring art of waggoning; Mr. Reginald Wynniatt; Mr. F. Ames (the new Master to the Worcestershire); Mr. Theophilus Gist, spoken of as the future Master of the Cotswold, whose horse, like himself, thinks it a pride and a pleasure to gallop along; what providence sends them they take in their stride, there's nothing too big, or too wide, or too strong. Mr. Hattill Folla, Justice of the Peace, who likes a seat on the pigskin better than a seat on the Bench—and who becomes both—with his charming and accomplished daughter, who, while she witches the hunt with noble horsemanship, never is in the way, was never known to ride over a hound, and knows how to open a gate for herself, when the pace is too good for the exercise of drawing-room manners—and to jump one if need be. Mr. Isaac Averill, the Secretary of the Hunt, a just magistrate and perfect Christian, but given, we think, to regard Nimrod as 'the God of Isaac;' Mr. F. P. Serjeant, a good fox-preserve, but might be a better; Little Miss Taylor, from Wickamford, and her pretty little mare, who is as clever as she is pretty; Mr. Wm. Higford Griffiths, the lawyer from Campden, whose increasing bulk betokens the indulgence in the good things of 'the Wicked World'—got 'out of proportion by 'fat,' as we heard his very facetious friend and occasional opponent from Cheltenham remark. 'Non est qualis erat.' 'He ain't nearly so erat-ic as he *was*. He don't go now, as he used to do, when he could tie up Bob 'Chapman's shoestrings, and hang up an occasional dozen to dry.' The Messrs. T. and C. Hyatt, from Snowhill; Mr. Wm. Taylor, from Little Buckland; Mr. Tyso Smith, from Hinchwick House; Mr. Tom Cooke, the best riding farmer on the hills, and, if it comes to that, in the vale too, who knows where he's going, and means to be there; and near him, got up quietly, and looking as if he was not picked out as the best parson in Gloucestershire next to the Rev. Joseph Pitt, of Rendcombe (whom God preserve), the Rev. B. Witta, of Temple Guiting, of whom the poet of the Cotswolds says—

'A pastor good, a pilot tried,
Who well can preach, and fairly ride;'

whose quick twenty minutes in the pulpit is enjoyed by his flock as much as he loves a fast twenty minutes in the open; and behind him his brother Fred., given to winking occasionally at his clerical relation, on Tommy Dodd, the euphoniously named. It is an encouraging sight to see this young gentleman going down the steepes of the Cotswolds, like the swine of old—cocktail and without a crupper—but without the slightest idea of committing suicide or of swallowing a devil. But there are such a lot of notables, we should want a Homer to describe them, their merits and achievements. Let us, therefore, ask pardon for omitting the rest of the company, and get on to the business. After breakfast Lord Northwick made a speech, as a matter of course, and at the proper time, by a bit of adroit string-pulling, disclosed to view the beautiful picture which was presented to Lord Coventry 'as a token 'of friendship and regard for himself and the Countess,' amid the enthusiastic cheers of those present. An address, accompanying the presentation, was read by the speaker, who added, with much feeling:—

'My Lord, I trust that you will long be preserved in health and 'happiness, and that this picture will be handed down to latest posterity as 'an heirloom in your family, that generations yet unborn of your house may, 'when they look at it, regard it not only as one of the noblest specimens 'of English art, but also as a memento of their ancestor, who, as a sports-'man, a gentleman, and a neighbour, endeared himself to the North Cotswold

'country, to which he leaves, after holding the mastership of the hounds for six seasons, one cause of regret—that of parting.'

His Lordship, who had to wait a considerable time for his hearers to let off the steam of their enthusiasm, said—and we must record the greater part of his speech *in extenso*—that he neither expected nor deserved such compliments as were paid him. 'For the six years,' said he, 'during which I have hunted the country, you have given me every encouragement and the truest welcome, by preserving an abundance of foxes. You now add to your many acts of kindness by presenting me with this picture by one of the first artists of the day. I need not say that I shall value your gift very much, and treasure it as an heirloom, so that those who come after me may, by seeing this painting and this long list of subscribers, feel themselves irresistibly drawn towards the noble sport which makes so many friends to those who engage in it. I regret that circumstances compel me to relinquish the hunting of the country, and I take this opportunity of thanking the landowners and farmers who have supported and encouraged me during the term of my mastership. I wish specially to include in my thanks those non-sportsmen throughout the country, who have foxes upon their land, for the very friendly feeling with which they have regarded the sport. I have found none who were not anxious and willing to contribute to the amusement of their friends and neighbours. You will, I know, excuse me if I do not address you at great length. I can only say that it is very painful to me to take leave of the country in which I know so many old and new friends, who have looked with leniency upon my many shortcomings, who have sympathised with me on bad scenting days, who have given me a true and honest support, and whose kindness and friendship will never be effaced from my memory.'

There was some cheering at the close of this address, *et nullus error* (as the old bookseller of Cheltenham observes), and we are not certain that there was not something to rhyme with 'cheers' seen on some of the faces there; but toasts went on, and plenty of good liquors kept the pot boiling. The health of Lady Coventry and young Lord Deerhurst soon brought the guests on their legs again, and then there was a rush to take a close view of the picture. The painting is one of Sir Francis's happiest productions. The likenesses of the Earl and Countess are most faithful and striking. The former is dressed in hunting costume, and is mounted on his favourite black horse, 'Colenso,' with which he has hunted for so many seasons. The portrait of this splendid animal is exceedingly life-like. The Countess is seated on her bay horse, 'Sir Charles,' well known in the hunting field, whose recent death we shall mention directly. Distributed around are eight favourite hounds, namely, 'Roman,' 'Aimwell,' 'Manager,' 'Rosemary,' 'Templar,' 'Ranger,' 'Singer,' and 'Chantress,' all favourite and valuable hounds selected for this honour.

There was a lawn meet at noon in front of Northwick House, and about 500 men and ladies assembled. It was a big field, and with champagne to the head it was rather a hazardous experiment to draw for a fox. But, as the huntsman observed, having taken stock of the significant gestures of his hounds, 'If they do find one to-day you won't over-ride em.' After drawing Sedgcombe and Cadley blank—during which probation there was a little irregular larking going on—a fox was found at the Rock Cover in Batsford Park, and the hounds, as predicted by the huntsman, settling down to him, sent him along through Bourton village, passing in front of Sezincote House, where he turned to the right over the Stow Road, and on for Dunnington

Mill; thence he pointed for Swell Hill, but being headed at the Stow and Tewkesbury Road, he turned back and ran a wide ring round Bank's Fee back to Dunnington Mill. Up to this point Tom Cooke, of Taddington, had had the best of it, barring Lord Coventry himself. Close to him came Mr. Geo. C. Talbot, six foot three in his shoes, whose toes catch every wall unless his horse jumps a foot above them. And not far off, the redoubtable Bagpipes of Mr. Arkwright, who—if not in horsey parlance, a musician—played the very devil with the stones, among which—if he did not discourse eloquent music—he made a deuce of a rattle. Jemmy Adams, on arriving at Dunnington Brook, scorned to go out of his way for a bridge, and soused in up to his saddle-tree. Farmer Burrows—for a moment stimulated by Lord Northwick's pluck-compelling liquors—hesitated on the brink. 'Go it, Burrows,' said Lord Coventry. 'Don't be beat.' But Burrows shook his head. 'That there *Adam's* ale,' said he, 'may do for washing hosses' legs, 'or drowning jockeys: but I don't mean to mix my liquors, my lord.' And so he spake, and, speaking, kicked his old mare in the side, and, with a dry coat on his back, rode headlong from the tide. From this point the fox went up the valley towards Hinchwick, and was pulled down at Dibdin Bank after an hour and five minutes, at a good pace throughout, and over a very pleasant and practicable country. Another fox was found at Bourton Wood. Unluckily this was a vixen, and she yielded up the ghost after a sharp run at Norcomb Gorse.

The Earl of Coventry, and his Countess, came to grief on the 3rd instant, while hunting together. In a quick burst from Elmley Castle, his Lordship jumped over a hedge, into an old stone pit of twenty-six feet in depth. His Countess on Sir Charles—the horse selected for honours on canvas mentioned above—rode up to the hedge over which his Lordship had disappeared, intending not 'to leap, but to look;' but Sir Charles was too eager to follow his stable companion, and, jumping out of hand, fell with terrific force clear of the prostrate Earl, who escaped with a severe shaking. Her Ladyship, luckily, was not more seriously injured. Sir Charles having broken his back, had to be destroyed.

The last blasts of the horn come to us from the shires. They are loth to hang it up; and the Pytchley prolong the echoes for a while in the woodlands. Mr. Tailby went to Misterton on the 5th by special invitation; and as the season had drawn to a close men came from the uttermost parts of the earth. Many hunting countries were represented. Melton sent a special train to Ullesthorpe Station laden with swells who evidently had a *penchant* for flowers—*Messieurs aux camellias* we may call some of them. Harborough sent forth the followers of Mr. Tailby; Rugby its regular unpretending contingent; Leamington its staunchest fox-hunters, who preferred to ride over grass themselves to seeing the chasers do it on Warwick Common; London was represented by a very keen gentleman well known with the Baron; Cheltenham gave 'the pink of dealers and the pet of swells;' but all were disappointed, for up to four o'clock it was the dreariest day of the season. A fox was found at Misterton old Gorse, but was chopped; then came cub-hunting in Shawell Wood; then further disappointments. Men were dejected, hounds ditto; and if each had had a tin kettle tied to his tail, nothing could have been slower. Mr. Tailby was really an object of pity, for twice had he come to Misterton, a fixture which generally shows sport, and each time he had had none.

We must mention, though at the risk of its being thought old news, an extraordinary fine day's sport with Mr. Dear's harriers on the 13th of March.

The meet was on the Winchester Race Course, and the attendance very large, with many ladies out. A bright sun and cold wind seemed unpropitious for scent, but that mystery remains yet to be solved, and there was a first-rate one. The day commenced with a very good fast three-quarters of an hour, with a kill, followed by a good run, and lost near the railway. By this time most of the field had gone home, but Lord Gardner and a few more remained, and were signally rewarded, for near Hook Pit Farm sprung up the straightest-going hare possible. She first made towards Winchester, but, changing her mind, crossed the Andover Road in the direction of Littleton, near which a slight check occurred; but the gallant little pack soon hit him off again, and ran him to Cranley Plantation, in which, owing to a fresh hare springing up, she was lost, after a capital run of between six and seven miles. Besides Lord Gardner, Major Lawson, Major Williamson, and a few more remained to the end. Nor must we omit to mention a small boy in a fur cap, on a pony, who, though least, was by no means last, and who, whether with foxhounds or harriers, generally contrives to be in the first flight from find to finish. This was a brilliant day, but not the last; for on Monday, the 17th, they met at Worthey Park Lodge, and finished their season by a very good and straight afternoon run, killing their hare in the water meadows.

The Hambledon finished their season on Wednesday, April the 9th, and they have had a very satisfactory one, especially taking into account the fearfully stormy weather. They had a very good day on Wednesday, April 2nd, from Barn Green. They found in one of Mr. Thistlethwaite's coverts, and had a most capital forty-five minutes, going over the old Waterloo Steeplechase Course, and killing in Hurst, at Bedhampton farm. They have killed more foxes than for many seasons past, numbering nineteen brace—a great contrast to last season, when there were only five brace and a half brought to hand. All is arranged to go on the same for 1873 and 1874, much to the satisfaction of all parties.

And our hunting and other friends enjoyed a perfect carnival in miniature on Monday, the 21st of April, at Bexhill, Hastings, when full advantage was taken, far and near, of the excellent management the promoters of the East Sussex Hunt Steeplechases exhibited in their choice of trysting ground and general arrangements, setting an example withal to many 'noble youths in arts and arms renowned.' With glorious weather, proverbial punctuality, the course—all turf, except one corner piece of arable—a brilliant *réunion* of the fair sex, presenting an array of beauty and fashion that would have warmed the 'Van' driver's heart, had he been there, and an entire absence of wrangling or other annoyances, the seven events were disposed of to the credit of all concerned, several very close finishes adding to the excitement of the yokels. We would suggest that, next year, the flags should be placed so as to give a more gradual sweep in the field above the stand, as several refusals were caused by the suddenness of the turn round, and the far too close proximity of the next fence down hill, which had to be taken, just after the bend, at an angle of 45, causing horses to run out, much to their owners' and the public disappointment. The cheers which greeted the genial Master of the East Sussex Foxhounds, on his first win that day, were such as an Egerton must have appreciated, especially in doing justice to a farming friend (Mr. Falconer, jun.), whose mare, Miss Walker, the worthy Master rode with consummate patience and judgment, scoring to his neighbour's fortunate lot the Farmers' Cup. The East Sussex Hunt Cup produced a repetition of the hard fight between Mr. Egerton's Gamesome (owner of) and Mr. W. Watta, The Widow (Mr. Staples), which the Ringmer Course had witnessed, but the verdict was not reversed.

We hope to see him another year win with his Bride, though disappointed by a Widow, at most times uncertain. Lord Neville rode Descou admirably, and popular indeed would have been his success for Mr. Starkey, could it have been achieved. Should we not have been entertained at the Victoria in royal style? Perhaps we may taste the turtle, and sip the Perriet Jouet next year. The remaining races produced good struggles, Captain Stevenson's Harbinger winning the Open Hunters, Mr. Hartigan riding for him; Mr. Egerton being himself a third time triumphant with his young horse Grenadier, who carried off the Kent and Sussex Stakes; Mr. T. Foreman winning the Galloway race with Little Wonder, and Mr. E. Frewen, M.S.H., the Selling Stakes with Flirt, a suitable and exceedingly appropriate title, too.

The Bramham Moor hounds have had a capital season, and not only killed their foxes handsomely during the fine wet hunting weather, but continued to do so to the dusty end. Their last day was the 25th of April at Bramham Park—an immense gathering in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. The dog pack looked like business, and ended with blood on their noses. We gather from the sporting Bramham Moorites, that no change takes place in this establishment. The huntsman, Kingsbury, is considered a very rising young man. Mr. Lane Fox was heard to say that he was well satisfied with the condition of the pack, and, from all accounts, he goes the right way to work to prove it, for short days are unknown in that country. These hounds killed one hundred and seven foxes, and ran forty-seven foxes to ground; hunted one hundred and nineteen days. In March the Master was presented with a very handsome good-toned 'horn,' by a few good-hearted sportsmen who hunt on foot. Another instance of the feeling in favour of the 'noble sport,' and anxiety to support the Master, which prevail throughout the land; no 'infernal swells' here forbidding the hounds to enter the covers early in the season, for fear of disturbing a hare, and forbidding them again, at the end of the season, because the pheasants are 'getting married.' When I say *no* 'infernal swells,' I may be wrong. At any rate, the Bramham Moor Hunt is a very happy land.

The past coursing season has shown no falling-off, and the followers of the leash continue to multiply. Greyhounds, like other things, have increased in price, and Mr. Clark's sale at Aldridge's in December was a caution, the kennel of 75 lots making 1,714 guineas.

Almost from the start in October up to the finish the elements have made outdoor sports unpleasant, and seldom has the courser escaped getting a wetting. The ground has all along been terribly wet under foot at most meetings this season. Frost spoilt sport for a few days, and at the end of January the Ridgway Club had to put off their meeting until after the Waterloo. This year and last the generality of the dogs have been moderate, and the puppies have not shown among them a McGrath, Bab at the Bowster, or Brigade. We guess it will be a long time before we see three such youngsters out together in one year, as when Lord Lurgan's dog scored his first victory.

The announcement that Lord Lurgan retires from the coursing field will be *felt*, as he was a *gentleman* and a *courser*, ran for sport, and for sport alone. We want a few more like his Lordship, and cannot afford to lose him. We have this year lost the emperor of coursers, Mr. A. Graham, the well-known chairman at the Waterloo banquets; he died shortly before that meeting.

The Waterloo Cup of 1873 will long be remembered for the display of feeling against Peasant Boy and his party, and the mobbing of the judge. Peasant Boy brought the Vaynol Squire into notoriety with a vengeance, and Mr. Assheton Smith no doubt a thousand times wished he had had

nothing to do with the dog. No pity for the Squire. However, had he done as Lord Lurgan does—let the public know his intentions—Peasant Boy, same as poor McGrath, would have been the *dog of the day*. Mr. Asheton Smith has soon retired from coursing, and was not present at the Waterloo meeting to see Peasant Boy run. This dog is now the property of Mr. F. R. Hemmings, Bentley Manor, Bromsgrove, who gave 600*l.* for the kennel before Waterloo; it was to be another 100*l.* had the black won. Muriel, the winner of the Cup, is the property of Mr. R. Jardine, M.P.; the prize could not have fallen to a better sportsman. She is a fast greyhound, but does not keep close enough with her hare to be ranked as first-class. Speculation is beginning to be the curse of coursing. It was, no doubt, the betting element that caused the row at Waterloo on the Friday. We had G. Musgrove of Glasgow, and J. Peddie of Edinburgh (both large betting commission agents), represented in the Waterloo by Royalist and Amethyst. This can do no good.

There has been a wonderful lot of Cock Robin puppies out this season, but they have not come up to expectation. Most of them are thick in the shoulder.

The Newmarket fixture was a great success; and the other large open meetings, such as Brigg, Lurgan, Ashdown, and South Lancashire, have been first-class gatherings.

Yorkshire has come out with a great many meetings. Mr. Chaplin had a meeting at Blankney, in Lincolnshire—a success; and next season it will take a lead with our best gatherings. Messrs. Hedley and Wentworth are both coming to the front as coursing judges; and we shall see their names prominent in the fixtures next season.

In the South, the South of England Club is making great headway, and has already a long list of members. The Altcar and Ridgway Clubs still hold their own.

Coursing in Scotland, thanks to such liberal supporters as the Earl of Stair, Mr. R. Jardine, M.P., and others, who give their lands and preserve hares, flourishes. The Scottish National wound up the season with one of the most successful gatherings ever held at Lanark.

What a mania—we use the word not in a depreciative sense—is there for coaching. How advertising-boards catch the eye at Hatchett's, on which are held out lures of pleasant drives through pleasant scenes, and the counties of Kent and Surrey are laid under contribution in the coming summer. First comes what we may call now the 'old established Dorking;' only this year there are to be two Richmonds in the field, and an afternoon edition is to leave Hatchett's at 4.15 each day, beginning on the 1st of this month. There are great things expected from this afternoon venture, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. Scott, to whom is due all praise for the indefatigable zeal (albeit it is zeal begot by love) with which he has worked up all the details of this and the original Dorking, to say nothing of his first love, the Brighton. He has secured about the best men and the best coachman for the new coach that could be secured. Captain W. H. Cooper undertakes the whole affair, and is determined that in every respect it shall be thoroughly well done. Every horse will be a good one—'for good horses are pleasanter to drive than bad,' says the Captain—and, with the exception of the Squire, we really believe he who is known to the sons of men as 'Billy,' is about the best whip of the age. As an old friend of his and ours remarked the other day, speaking of the coach, 'Why, it's worth all the money to see such a man as Cooper 'drive'—aye, and sit on the box, too, he might have added. Let us add, too, that you may set your watch by the Captain. When he is off

'the bench,' it will be occupied by Edwin Fownes, who began life, we believe, at the age of fourteen, as guard on the 'Tunbridge Telegraph,' from which post he in time came to the front, and took a good degree on the road until the steam horse knocked him out of time. This afternoon coach will specially appeal to business men. It will give the Government official, the hard-worked Treasury clerk, the young man fresh from contact with the Home Secretary, or who has been brought down to a certain Chief Commissioner's grindstone, a much-needed relaxation and wholesome change. He will be able to enjoy a three hours' drive through the pretty scenery of Cheam, Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, and Mickleham—not forgetting Box Hill, and will be quite ready to appreciate a nice little dinner at the Red Lion; and, from credible information received, we hear he will be able to have a *very* nice little dinner at the hostelry in question, which is kept by Mr. Wallace, formerly of the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park. We hope to verify that statement ourselves some afternoon in 'the leafy month.' Let Greenwich and Blackwall tremble. Then the City men, too, will be picked up at Charing-Cross and Westminster—men who have left their offices a little before four, and whom the convenient Underground will have disgorged at either of the above-named stations; and they, too, will enjoy the drive and the dinner, and clear the cobwebs of par, premium and discount, three-quarters and seven-eighths, out of their brains. Those who like a night out of town can sleep at the Red Lion, and come up by the morning coach, which is due at the Underground station at Westminster punctually at 10.30; so City or West-end offices may well be reached by eleven. The morning coach—the original Dorking—will be worked by Major Withington and a noble Lord, who desires to be *incog.* for the present, Sir Henry de Bathe resting this season. John Thorogood will be the professional whip—a nephew and pupil of Thorogood who drove the 'Norwich Age'—a quiet, respectable man, and first-rate coachman. Both coaches work together, as regards the 'changes;' and there is mutual good feeling in both concerns. We most cordially wish them all success.

And there is going to be a coach, too, for the special requirements of the soldiers at Aldershot. Men who run up to town, after the duties of the day in camp, to have their hair cut, or make a call or two, had to depend on a certain ghastly-freighted train that left Waterloo about 12.30 or so, for their return. Now Lord Guilford and Mr. Reginald Herbert are coming to the rescue, and intend starting a coach to leave town at 3 a.m., which will get down to Aldershot in ample time for parade. It will enable men who have come up in the afternoon to have their hair cut, to enjoy their club dinner, their ball, or what not (a great deal may be got through before three in the morning), and a pleasant drive on a fine summer night will be very enjoyable. It is not yet decided where they will start from, but they will take up at the Arlington, the Rag, and the Raleigh. Somebody has suggested a booking-office at Cremorne, but that is under consideration.

The Earl of Rosebery's Committee, to inquire into the supply of horses, held several meetings previous to Easter, and examined—Mr. Phillips, of Knightsbridge; Mr. McGrane, the great Irish dealer; Capt. Price, the manager of a Government breeding establishment in India; Col. Nigel Kingscote, and other witnesses: but the evidence has not yet been published.

The following is from an esteemed contributor to 'Baily':—'The letters of Admiral Rous to Lord Rosebery are not to the point. The Admiral looks upon the English horse solely as a racehorse, and his proposal to take the tax off racehorses would not in any way affect the supply of military,

commercial, or social purposes. Some consideration, however, is due to the argument put forward by the Admiral that, in the course of the last hundred and fifty years, the thoroughbred horse has greatly increased in stature compared with the Arab stock from which it is descended—the average height of the Arab being between thirteen and fourteen hands. This result is in consequence of good feeding upon English oats, beans, and hay. 'Half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.' But is it not equally true that, as the horse has increased in size, he has deteriorated in soundness? There are twenty roarers at the present day for one twenty years ago. How sad that such a magnificent animal as Prince Charlie should be a banging roarer. But the Admiral's "improved breed of horses" has not shown itself to advantage between the steeplechase flags. Let those who remember, as we can, Grimaldi, Vivian, Lottery, Gay Lad; Peter Simple, Vanguard, Sir Peter Laurie, and fifty more that we could mention if need be (grand horses, sound and fit for any purpose, any one of which could draw an omnibus by himself), compare them with the steeplechase horses of the present day. It will not bear discussion. We say nothing of such horses as The Switcher, British Yeoman, or Vain Hope; because excellent as they were, yet not having the scope of the others, we should only place them in the same class as The Lamb. In the hunting-field we have looked in vain for the three hundred weight carriers that Lord Granville told us were to be seen at the meet of any crack pack of hounds. True it is that fine horses may be met with in the stables of wealthy men; but they have been got together regardless of expense, and, being picked up in the course of years, many of them would be found to be somewhat long in the tooth. As for getting a stud of good horses together in a hurry it cannot be done, whatever price you may be prepared to give. And what does Mr. East, or Mr. Withers, or Mr. Sheward say as to carriage horses, or harness horses with fair action? That they are getting more scarce every year. Where are the clever hacks and nice riding horses? Certainly not, where you might expect to see them, in the Row. When we come to the more "useful" sort, Mr. Church, the Manager of "The London General Omnibus Company," writes to say that he has been compelled for the last year or two to draw his supply of horses from the foreign market; and Mr. Phillips is reported to have stated in his evidence that, for the Autumn Manœuvres, he shall have to depend entirely upon the same source. With these facts before us, we can only come to the conclusion that the major part of the horses of this country are weeds, bred from scratchy mares, put to the cheapest and nearest stallion, and the foals reared anyhow.

Even if we are to suppose that there are as many horses bred in these islands as formerly, there are not so many bred of a superior class. The main reason is, that the breeders have been tempted by the foreigners to part with their best brood-mares. The agents for the foreign market used to buy geldings, and an occasional stallion, but for many years past they have picked up every fine roomy mare that they could lay their hands upon, and, moreover, have given a little more for them than others were prepared to give, and in crisp bank notes too. Thus the goose that used to lay the golden eggs has been killed.

There is no question that the law or custom of warranty is a discouragement to breeding. The breeder sells his colt in the fair to a dealer; days, and perhaps weeks, pass by, when the colt is returned to him with the certificate of a veterinary surgeon, that he has some symptom of incipient unsoundness—spavin, cataract, or what not—and the seller has to choose between taking the colt back, with a damaged reputation, or to stand the chance of a lawsuit. This custom of warranty, too, has encouraged the system of buying upon credit: the

gentleman does not pay the dealer, and the latter, in his turn, keeps the breeder out of his money for months. And yet this is the customer upon whom the breeder has mainly to rely to dispose of his produce.

'The inclosure of waste lands and commons, where the mares and their foals used to pasture, at little apparent cost, has caused many a man to part with his mare and give up breeding. Young things require a good scope of ground to develop their muscles. Land thus reclaimed, and let at 35s. or 40s. an acre, is a formidable addition to the expense of rearing a foal.

'Country stallions at the present day are of a very inferior class. The price of a leap of a high-class horse is not within the reach of the farmer. There are no hunter sires at the present day to compare with Julius Cæsar, Vampire, President, Carbonaro, or Belzoni of past times.

'If, then, England is to continue to be a horse-breeding country the remedial measures to be recommended by the Committee must not be of a half-and-half character. Let a duty of 10*l.* be imposed upon the export of mares. No doubt some people will say that such a step would be contrary to the principles of free trade. But the question is whether the trade is to exist at all, and not whether the only means of preserving it is contrary to this or that theory. Such a step would be approved by the whole sporting community, it would be most beneficial to the country at large, and it is no time for reason to give way to a merely sentimental objection.

'Let an alteration be made in the law or custom of warranty, so that the deal should always be closed the moment the bargain is struck. How often the cold that ends in roaring has been caught in travelling in the train from the fair where the colt was bought? As this is a legal point we must wait until we have obtained the opinion of our friend, Mr. Henry Hawkins, Q.C., as to the best mode of carrying it out.

'Let the money that is now wasted upon Queen's Plates be used in giving prizes to the best stallions covering at a low fee—say, three guineas—in ten or a dozen of the principal breeding districts, soundness being an indispensable condition.

'Breeders, who break and ride their own horses, ought not to be liable to the payment of horsedealer's licence.

'These would be the measures the most likely to give an impetus to breeding; but our military authorities must not imagine that they are to get horses for less than it costs to rear them. Breeding will always be a very risky business; and although farmers may be tempted to embark in it for the high prices that "horses of luxury" command, they look for something to fall back upon in cases where their young things do not quite come up to that standard of excellence. Government will have to give 60*l.* for a cavalry horse, and that will be quite little enough remuneration for the breeder.'

We have to record the death of the Earl of Hopetoun, a thorough sportsman, especially taken from the hunting view of that term. 'He lived to 'hunt,' said some one who knew him well, and we believe it was strictly true. Becoming Master of the Pythley, shortly after leaving Oxford, he took to the duties of his office most energetically, and few went better over that difficult country. He took no subscription, and was indefatigable. He always rode great, big, fine horses, which he sold at the end of the season, generally at a good profit. He went very long distances to meet hounds, after he had in 1856 given up the mastership—latterly, during his residence at Papillon Hall, sticking to Mr. Tailby. Lord Hopetoun was much missed in Leicestershire when he left, and his reign over the Pythley will be long remembered.

The death of the Hon. Henry Coventry, too, has left a void in hunting and general society which can be ill supplied. He had a seizure at the latter end of March, at his residence near Melton, from which he never recovered. One of the most popular of men, whether at the covert side, the drawing-room, or the club's bay window—his removal comparatively before his time is much regretted.

A very good Lincolnshire sportsman has also gone from us in Mr. J. Welfitt, of Tathwell Hall, near Louth. Few better known men in the steeplechase world than Mr. Welfitt; and many a good horse has he owned. As an exhibitor, too, he was very successful, and show yards knew him quite as intimately as the paddock. He had been at Melton steeplechases on the 4th of April, and, after returning to dine with some friends, was found dead in his dressing-room.

An example of the ruling passion that came under our notice the other day is worthy of a place here. Old George Carter, who lived for years with Assheton Smith at Tedworth, and was pensioned off not very long ago, celebrated his eightieth birthday, by putting on his old scarlet coat and blowing his horn. Very characteristic this. Moreover the old man, complaining of cold and chilliness towards night, said he would sleep in the scarlet coat, which he did, got warm directly, and complained no more!

Does any one want to know all about pheasants for either covert or aviary, their history and management? Let them consult a work written by Mr. Tegetmeier, and now publishing in monthly parts, in which the history of that very popular bird from the moment of his hatching, until, to use the words of the author, 'his final disappearance between the lips of the gourmet' is pleasantly and succinctly told. With many an amusing anecdote are the pages studded, and the work, profusely illustrated by Mr. Wood, is almost a *sine qua non* in the library of a country gentleman or woman.

The Polo Club we mentioned in our last, has taken root beyond expectation. The number of playing members, limited to eighty, is already complete, and the ground at Lillie Bridge is ready for the opening day on the 1st of this month. There is a lawn inclosure for members, with pavilion, &c., and stabling also is provided for those who may wish to have their ponies on the spot. There is a separate list of non-playing members, who will enjoy all the privileges of playing ones—playing alone excepted. Each member will have the power of introducing a certain number of friends, and the whole *régime* will be, in fact, that of the majority of other clubs. The ground leaves nothing to be desired, and is but ten minutes' drive from Hyde Park Corner. On Two Thousand thoughts intent, we shall not be able to be present at the opening, but it has the 'Van' driver's good wishes, which we trust may be realised.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
840
84



Langston

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD CARINGTON.

WE are at the highest tide of the season. The Ladies Mile is one long procession of carriages, and the meets have commenced at the Magazine. 'The music in three feet of tin' is heard in Piccadilly; and those who delight to stir such Olympian dust as our not over-watered roads can furnish, have every opportunity afforded them of so doing. The coaches are so numerous, that the most knowing park *flaneur* is puzzled to tell to whom belong all the spanking chestnuts, the dappled browns, the business-like greys and roans, that make such pleasant music as they trot along the Serpentine or debouch down Grosvenor Place. Our Four-in-hands are now one of the sights of town, and it is right and fitting, therefore, that the pleasant portrait of one of the ablest coachmen of the young generation, whose name is identified with such a thoroughly national pastime, should, with all the blushing honours of the Coaching Club upon him, adorn 'Baily's' Gallery.

Charles Robert Carington, third Baron, was born in 1843, and succeeded his father in 1868. His mother, the present Lady Carington, was the youngest daughter of the late Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and is, with the Dowager Lady Aveland and the Marquis of Cholmondeley, co-heiress to the honours of Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England. Lord Carington was educated at Eton, and from thence passed to Trinity, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1863. Boating had been the sport of his boyhood, but he was more identified with horse and hound at Cambridge, where he kept the drag during his stay there, and gave promise of the future form that he has shown over Leicestershire. He had an apprenticeship to soldiering for two years in his father's regiment of Buckinghamshire Militia, and was gazetted to a Cornetcy in the Blues in 1865, taking his seat as Member for Wycombe the same year, and remaining in the House until his father's death, three years later. Lord Carington has hunted from his boyhood, and the most kindly feelings exist between him and his tenants, who hold some of the finest parts of

Mr. Selby Lowndes's country. The never-failing coverts of High Havens and Mrs. Villiers's gorse are upon his Buckinghamshire property. Gayhurst, however, is wide of the best meets, and hunting from home entailed a long drive before and after the day's sport, and latterly Lord Carington has made Melton his head-quarters during the season, where his carefully selected stud have well held their own among that press of keen sportsmen and hard-goers. This winter the Prince of Wales honoured Lord Carington with a visit at his hunting-box, and the brief *séjour* was not, we have reason to believe, among the least pleasant of those which H.R.H. has spent this season.

To Londoners—the loungers of the Park and Piccadilly—Lord Carington and his chestnuts are familiar sights. His Lordship bought the team from Mr. Coupland, the Master of the Quorn, about three years ago, and they certainly are *facile principes* (if we may use such an expression) among those of the Four-in-hand and the C.C. They worthily lead the van in many a field-day of the latter club, of which Lord Carington is Vice-President; they are looked for down the road among the *cognoscenti*, and the meet loses some of its attraction if the chestnuts and their coachman are not to the fore. Lord Carington's fondness for 'the road' was shown two or three years since, by his starting the Windsor coach in conjunction with Mr. J. B. Angell, which he worked with a will, showing himself no fair-weather whip, but one who could take the rough with the smooth of coaching life, a worthy pupil of Tim Carter and Charles Ward, the Gamaliels at whose feet he learnt his lore.

Endowed with all those qualities which the vast majority of Englishmen esteem so highly, a smart soldier, a bold rider, a skilful coachman, and a fair shot, Lord Carington possesses also that charm of manner which, in social intercourse, carries such weight, and few among the young men of rank and station of the present day have made for themselves so many friends, or are so popular in society as the subject of our present sketch.

'FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.'

OF all the lights and shadows which flicker about the path of him to whom racing pursuits are dear, and who would fain trace the fortunes of the Turf's doughtiest champions 'from the cradle to the grave,' there are none cast in pleasanter places than those which throw out in bold relief the home-life of the stud farm, and illustrate those quieter phases of the racer's existence which contrast so strongly with his public career. Dear to our hearts it may be to assist at the toilet of the crack, to watch him sweep past in his canter, and strain our eyes for a glimpse of his well-known jacket first round the turn, amid the deep roar which swells upwards, fraught with the outspoken hopes of a nation; but give us rather

the calm, green retirement of some sheltered paddock in the merry springtide, when the distant sheep-bell usurps the place of clanging summons to the fray, and the black parliament of rooks cawing dignified applause from those leafy alcoves in the elms above, contrast well with the Ring's hoarse roar. It is here that old acquaintances are renewed, and first friendships made, amid that curious picture of dignity and impudence presented by a coterie of mares and foals grouped together under some spreading tree, or scattered in charming confusion over the broad, deep pasture land, radiant with the 'daisies 'pied and golden king-cup fine,' and 'faint, sweet cuckoo flowers' of an English spring. The purest blood, the highest lineage, the brightest achievements, are here personified, and in wellnigh all of those shapely forms, now enlarged to such matronly proportions since we knew them on the racecourse, are to be recognised old friends, whose points and performances have furnished theme for many a long and erudite discourse, embellished by all those subtle and convincing arguments to which racing minds are prone. By their sides a younger generation frolics incontinently, each rough unkempt little bantling suggesting fresh theories as to its parentage and upsetting many previously formed as to the various markings, shape, and action conferred on their stock by different sires. That broad, blaze face, whose derivation from the illustrious Blair we unhesitatingly declare, derives its origin from the quality chestnut of old Orlando's line, beloved of the great Eltham breeder; and the thick-set, short, cobby-looking young hopeful yonder, so far from owning Saunterer for its sire, comes of a totally different strain; while the rather staid and sleepy-looking bay, nosing its mother's udder, boasts of relationship to the great father of the faithful awaiting us at his levée in yonder palatial structure. Oh! for a painter's hand, that we might do justice to that elegant chestnut matron, with flaxen mane and tail, so well thrown out by the deep, cool green of the hedge just bursting into a snowy crown of May, as she turns with her mouthful of rich young grass to see how the little pledge she brought away from the far North is taking his first gambol by her side; or that we might outline the grand old bay mare wantonly cropping the budding leaves of an overhanging tree, while her foal turns its head round with pricked ears like a startled fawn, scared for the moment by a butterfly's flight over the hedge. Two youngsters look as if they were going down to the post for a quarter of a furlong spin, their heads and tails jauntily up, and intelligent little heads cast on either side in mute wonderment; their starter, the wall-eyed, hollow-backed old mare with swish tail and drooping quarters; and the judge, a clever-looking young brown, pokes her head lazily forward to see whether they have got to the post. That post is a tall clump of yellow broom, reminding us strongly of Mr. l'Anson's colours: and stalking about the course in defiance of all regulation are a whole colony of rooks, who claim their 'right of turbarg' here, and decline to be warned off the course by any authority whatever, excepting their own sweet will. One foal, all by himself, like some 'mitherless bairn,'

indulges in the somewhat undignified occupation of a roll on his back, and seems astonished at being able to regain his legs; another is stretched out in the sun, trying in vain to flick away the flies with that apology for a tail which, haply, he may one day show to many a scattered field.

A pleasant road winding by hill and dale, past woods and copses in all their spring glory, over wild heaths yellow with the bursting gorse, and along the boundaries of deep pasture land or waving tracts of corn, led us at last through the quaint old-world village, and across the meandering Mole, to the collection of treasures of the animal kingdom over which the mighty bald-faced chestnut holds sway. With him many a nursing mother of the famous Eltham tribes has journeyed over the wilderness which lies between his old home in the garden of England and the new Jerusalem to which the tribes have come up. As for descriptions of the 'best horse in England,' have they not been written by commissioners, correspondents, and envoys, special and extraordinary, and sown broadcast over this nation of sportsmen? and have not pilgrims by hundreds and thousands journeyed down from the modern Babylon to take stock of him, as he stepped proudly round that sloping meadow on those pleasant Middle Park Saturdays, the like of which we shall never see again? So, after a salaam to his highness and mightiness, we turn from his palace gate to the reception-room of another Derby winner, over whose fortunes poor 'Jack' White watched so tenderly in days when the primrose and cherry were in the heyday of renown, and Chattanooga was drawing milk from Ayacanora instead of the British public. Macaroni has made his mark surely enough with his Macgregor and Frivolity, and a score of others, whose endurance has hardly equalled their speed; but there is time enough yet for the Sweetmeat horse to achieve what other fathers of the stud have only accomplished in their later years, and to leave behind him some 'great warrior' as a stud landmark. The neat quality bay was all amiability and condescension, and not one bit reduced either in muscle or spirit by his spring labours of love. And among the beauties of Cobham his chance will be undeniable, and may he get many more 'feathers in his cap,' down South, appropriate as was his former connection with the 'cheese' county.

Marsyas put out his tongue for a friendly shake, and there is apparently life enough in the 'old dog' yet to beget another Albert Victor. Always of a nervous, fretful temperament, no change of air or scene can be expected to avail him much in his old age; but for his services at the stud it may be said that he got many up to his own standard, and one or two beyond it, which must be taken as a compliment, if we bear in mind the many notorious failures advertised in the 'Calendar.' Argyll, who has undertaken the unenviable post of 'walking gentleman' of the establishment, and who 'never 'is, but always to be, blest,' was rubbing himself, appropriately enough, in his box as we passed by; and in the distance we could descry the 'infant school,' as they took their afternoon airing round

the playground, with tutors and governors in attendance, and the head-master in the centre of the ring superintending the movements of the string. Round and round they went, now passing sedately and showing themselves bravely, now trying to break the ranks, at a signal given by the most skittish of the band, and taxing all the strength and skill of their leaders in their endeavours to tear away for a game of 'high jinks' among themselves. We thought there could be few prettier 'bits' of English sporting life than this parade of yearlings in all the pride of their youth and strength, treading under foot the wild flowers in their prime, and dancing to an accompaniment of wild birds' notes, while in the intervals of music one might catch the deep, soothing note of the wood-pigeon or the dreamy caw of the rook from the leafy alcoves above. The background of the picture, too, was worthy of a Claude or Gainsborough to depict : sombre pines breaking the monotony of beechen glades, and mingled with the lighter tresses of the lime and coyly-budding ash ; the oak breaking into gold against a soft blue sky, and rolling waves of landscape bathed in warm sunlight, with a tower or steeple rising here and there like lonely beacons by the deep, and shadows of thin white clouds sweeping over all.

The young ladies of the establishment first claimed our attention, whom we found just in that transition state from the untidiness and hoydenhood of the school-room to the more refined manners and dignified bearing of the drawing-room. Vastly different will their rugged, unkempt coats look when they are led into the ring to make their introductory bow to a discerning public ; that ring over whose court Mr. Tattersall presides as Lord Chamberlain, and gives his cards of admission to none but of the purest blood. Young Melbourne and Slumber are the parents of a very taking and symmetrical brown, with all the characteristics of her sire, and sister to Struan, will set other heads besides that of Mr. Crawford a-nodding. But the owner of Gang Forward, whose motto might with equal appropriateness be 'Straight Forward,' is not to be stopped when he means business, and we take it, somewhere about this time next year, the bay will be wearing scarlet, and have got accustomed to Chaloner's handling. Alcestis, too, has a very near relation to Devotion, which may also attract the attention of some supporter of Fyfield ; and those fond of the General Peel line will find a demoiselle out of Mathilde worthy of their notice. Swallow's youngster will hardly make Gladiateur's summer ; but there is hope for the big bay in Essex yet, if he is properly persevered with, and the rather exorbitant price for his favours reduced. A bay Marsyas filly out of Delight quite filled our eye as queen of the second lot of boarding-school misses, and Foible had given a neatish sort of pledge to Thormanby, but somehow or other breeders have fought shy of the chestnut lately, as his forsaken haras at Moorlands amply testify. The Blair Athol out of Esther filly will be good to know by her silver mane and tail, and she looks like showing the latter to many a scattered field. Some people are greatly in love with a sister to Bête

Noir of handicap memory ; but we rather preferred the Saunterer and Minna Troil combination, and there was a sister to Lord Gough rather spiritedly fought over at Middle Park last year.

Among the colts there was nothing like the Druid's half-brother, and the Stud Company did well in adding Coimbra to their many adventurous purchases. The Gladiateur out of Rose of Kent colt recalled Grand Coup to our memory ; but the Frenchman should turn out something better to give him the lift his really grand breeding and unexceptionable performances deserve. Atherstone showed two very fair specimens of his get out of Lovelace and Chiffonière, and, as most of his stock can go fast enough, they will not hang heavily on Mr. Tattersall's hands. Hermit's son out of Kate Dayrell is really a credit to a somewhat neglected horse ; but breeders are apt to fight shy of sires whose credentials, though of the highest, have come to be considered unreliable by reason of in-and-out running during their Turf career. Many animals—such as Beadsman, for instance—have hung fire for years, until their true merits have been unearthed, and their high position duly recognised. Brother to Gamos, should he escape the 'headache' to which his fair sister was so liable, is likely enough to give Saunterer the lift he is so sorely in need of ; but of all the juveniles 'in tail male' commend us to the Victorious colt from Merlette, who cannot be passed over by any, even casual observers, as one likely to repay a liberal outlay. Dundee is a horse for whom, despite his infirmities, we entertain a very sincere respect, and Armada seems to have 'nicked' thoroughly well with the luckless game 'un, whose Derby defeat was as glorious as many victories. Papoose, Circe, and Queen's Head were well chosen consorts for the Malton pet, and he seems to set his 'mint-mark' (as the 'Druid' would say) on all his progeny alike, from whatever source begotten. July has always been going to do something grand, but old Marsyas seems to have suited her sunny temperament better than many a younger and more ardent lover, and the 'last fruit of an old tree' may be its best. For the rest, we cannot linger over them as we would, time and space both opposing our inclination.

From the rustic seat on yonder grassy knoll you may look down upon the happy pastures stretching away far beneath, and, like the prophet of old, contemplate the tribes dwelling thereon. The home division is strongly represented ; but intermingled with that stately throng are many forms of illustrious strangers whom the fame of the sultans has attracted to their seraglios. Names celebrated in Turf or Stud history are wellnigh as plentiful as the buttercups which sprinkle the pilgrim's feet with golden dust, or the myriad insects Spring's first notes have awakened to dance in its sunshine. The matron, doomed for a season to the curse of unfruitfulness, gazes jealously over hedge or rail at her more fortunate compeer, over whose quarters the foal leans his head so lovingly, or flies for protection under her beautifully arched neck. Sometimes there is a mild passage of arms between two of this aristocratic bevy, and high

looks, if not high words, are interchanged, and a stampede is the result. But quiet and order are soon restored, and with a contemptuous whisk of the tail the former belligerents sheer off, with their young hopefuls in attendance, to different corners of the pasture. Woodcraft has an own brother to Lord Falmouth's Derby winner at foot, and close by Curaçoa fondles a bay Macaroni pledge, to keep him company on some future day in the Heath House boxes. Princess of Wales has come back to her old love, Marsyas, from the smiles of Lord Clifden, whose image is stamped truly enough on her bay bantling, and then we come upon a goodly company of those who knew the Eltham shades and the voice of their kind master so well. Coimbra has a bonny bay, of most precocious manners, a worthy son of Blair, whose size and shape he inherits as surely as his dam's colour and markings. The sleek, black Alcestis roams moodily about with a love-child of like parentage, and Nukuheva and Kate Dayrell might stand to Harry Hall for portraits in the stud book of beauty, did such a work exist. Celerrima is another exquisite study, and far away in the distance looms the raking form and white markings of Bess Lyon. Molly Carew takes a melancholy stroll round the lower pastures, followed at a respectful distance by her Alma Mater, but nothing sports at their side this season, and Merlette, the 'last of the Barons,' whose Victorious pledge *must* set more than one clever head nodding on the opening day, bears them company. Crinon and Margery Daw make up another family party, and Chiffonière picks up something better than refuse in the deep clover pasture under the lee of the hedge. Ellermire, 'the property of a lady,' has come on a visit among her old associates once more. Papoose looks even more magnificent than ever, in the full pride of matronhood, and abounding with all that sweet quality Newminster never failed to bestow. Lovelace lingered about the ponds as if she contemplated suicide, and Reginella, looking disappointed at Cobham's Chester performance, strode moodily away towards the solitudes of the upland. Fairwater was among the barren lot, and so was that little wonder, Shannon's dam, who strode inquiringly up to inspect the intruders on her meditations, with the ancient and renowned Tomyris by her side. Her daughter, the slashing Hester, was in another paddock, rejoicing in a blaze-faced King o' Scots foal; while the fen-farmer's stud queen, the incomparable Eastern Princess, held court in solitary state in the home pasture. Lady of Lyons looked most like a 'maiden all forlorn,' pacing uneasily up and down the sloping meadow, in the distance of which is The Hurricane gathering grass, while Lucy Bertram and Indian Princess followed one another as they were wont to do of old in the sheeted string on some 'gaudy summer morn' over Beckhampton downs. Rose of Kent was blooming alone near the blossom-laden garden, while Circe threw her enchantments round as fair a scene as England's fairest home country can show in the richly-wooded glades of the park. Many others, too, were lounging away the sunny hours, whose titles, pedigrees, and performances we would, fain

narrate, did not time summon us from the playground to sterner duties in the schoolroom at home.

The company have our best wishes, hereinbefore and elsewhere expressed, for the success of its undertaking, and much will naturally depend on the start made this year. They have many circumstances in their favour, and only a few of those drawbacks inevitably concomitant on the launch of a new undertaking. They have purchased liberally, and, we think, with judgment: the prestige of much of their property is ready-made, and likely therefore to influence prices in their favour; they have secured a first-rate site for developing their scheme; and they have placed the conduct of affairs in the hands of a manager of well-trying experience, who brings in addition to his task those qualifications of courtesy and attention which go so far towards rendering the undertaking successful. There has been a great clamour for a National Stud, and the public have now the opportunity of showing more than merely passing interest in a concern whose fortunes they may, as proprietors, in some measure control. They will now have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the actual profit and loss of a breeding establishment, and hard facts and plain figures will furnish accurately enough some solution of the mystery hitherto attaching to private enterprise. Some very mistaken notions have arisen concerning stud farms and their success or failure as commercial speculations; but these will speedily be dispelled once for all, as soon as the existing company have been allowed time to settle down into fair working order; for it would be obviously unfair to argue of their future promise from a first season's balance sheet. The ground is being rapidly cleared for them by the failure or retirement of breeders for public sale and private use, while the demand for horses seems to be greater than ever, and high-class animals command prices almost as remunerative as formerly. Last year was a year of outlay, and magnificent dividends cannot be expected for some time to come; but judicious management both in the paddock and the treasury will command public support, and, that desideratum once secured, the company has only to go on and prosper.

AMPHION.

LORD ZETLAND.

DIED MAY, 1873.

"And record, Masonic wardens, in the archives of each lodge,
The triumph of your master, who ne'er stoop'd to cross or dodge."

THE DRUID.

ANOTHER noble spirit laid to rest;
Another landmark of a bygone age
Uprooted: his the brightest name and best
Emblazoned on the Turf's recording page.

Thus like a dream the ancient order fades,
Glasgow and Derby, honour's double stars,
Long set beneath the melancholy shades ;
And Scott, reposing after trophied wars.

Now, ne'er unfurl'd save in true cause and good,
The crimson spotted flag has ceased to wave ;
Like trusty blade bedewed with generous blood,
That rusts within the parted warrior's grave.

Spring in the bursting glades of Aske's high woods,
Deep pastures' breadth, and far resounding wolds,
On Swale's romantic trout-bedimpled floods :—
Winter within their cherish'd lord enfolds.

True to the end—like some majestic ark,
Through storm and calm holding its steadfast sway,
That sees the wreck of many a gilded bark,
And painted sail of transient summer day.

Did men, mistrustful of a sordid age,
For Glory's self mistaking Glory's wraith,
Demand some beacon for their pilgrimage,
Some rock on which to fix a wavering faith :

His was the bright example ; setting forth
Clear, broad, unwavering, one consistent line,
True to itself, like needle to the North,
And leaving nought for error to define.

So, as the North beheld, with loving pride,
His loadstar colours to the winds unfurl,
The Southron turned him from defeat aside,
To cheer the coursers of the blameless Earl.

Their names—Fandango, Voltigeur, Vedette—
Are they not graven on each Yorkshire heart ?
Dearer than ever, now that sun has set
Whose living rays such ardour could impart.

His vanished worth a county's tears attest,
A nation's pastime mourns his bitter loss,
Who bowed alone to Honour's high behest,
Disdained to dodge, and “ never stooped to cross.”

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XXI.

HAVING sojourned for two seasons in the least-frequented and remotest towns of Lower Brittany, mainly for the sake of the wild sport obtainable in that country, my acquaintance with the hotels, of which there is at least one more pretentious than the rest in every small town, is almost as extensive as that of a *Commis-voyageur*, hailing from Brest or some other neighbouring seaport. At M. Thomas' I had frequently halted for the night; and, well knowing the extent of his bedroom accommodation, it puzzled me not a little to imagine how he could possibly contrive to stow us all comfortably away, as St. Prix declared he was able to do, within the limits of his narrow domain. Besides our own party, consisting of Keryfan, Shafto, the Louvetier, and myself, four other gentlemen had joined us, not one of whom had the slightest intention of returning to his home till the hounds were taken back to their kennels near Morlaix. Three bed-apartments comprised the total amount of stowage-room available for night guests; and, although a couple of small bedsteads, the furniture of which was clean and white as the driven snow, stood confronting one another in each chamber, two more were still wanting to supply the needful accommodation for all the party.

While this difficulty was under discussion, M. Thomas stepped forward and proposed a solution of it that, at all events, did him infinite credit as an obliging, if not a disinterested, host: he proposed that Madame Thomas and he should vacate their own apartment and occupy a room on the ground-floor. Now, on the Continent, especially among the French and Germans, the *rez-de-chaussée*, under the impression of its unhealthiness during the night-season, is usually occupied only by those whose circumstances compel them to sleep below stairs. This offer was at once accepted; though, in order to show his full appreciation of the sacrifice which the worthy couple were so ready to make, St. Prix made as many apologies to Madame Thomas for dispossessing her as if he were addressing the first duchess of the land. I discovered afterwards that the 'room on 'the ground-floor' was no other than the kitchen, and their sleeping quarters a hole in the wall, some six feet above the floor of the apartment—a recess originally intended for the *batterie-de-cuisine*, but now converted into a dormitory, not unlike in the form of its excavation to one of those *loculi* in which a couple of skeletons may be seen reposing side by side, sleeping the long sleep of death, in some Italian catacomb. But Thomas and his spouse were anything but skeletons; and how on earth the outside sleeping partner contrived to hold his or her own in such narrow quarters, without tumbling overboard, will remain a mystery to me to the end of the chapter.

This arrangement, however inconvenient to them, not only gave our party the needful accommodation, but also insured the early rising of the host and hostess—an important result, seeing that he performed the office of cook and she of waiting-maid to the establishment—and this, too, with an efficiency I have rarely seen equalled. Accordingly, before the peep of day, a substantial breakfast of mutton cutlets, omelets cooked to a second, and hot coffee smoked upon the board; and even Keryfan, who had been considerably disconcerted by the absence of his usual toilet accompaniments, was ready to endorse St. Prix's character of the hostelry, and declare that, modest as were its pretensions, he had met here with better fare and less discomfort than in many of the largest hotels in Brittany.

The hour of seven had just been announced by the old-fashioned clock in the *salle-d-manger*, and our meal so far dispatched that, on every side, pipes were being lighted and horns slung in the immediate prospect of a start for Dualt, when Louis Trefarreg, entering the apartment, brought the startling intelligence that a carrion horse, killed for the hounds on the previous day, and lying within twenty yards of the kennel door, had been devoured by wolves in the night, and that nothing but the bones of the beast remained to tell the tale.

'I wondered,' said the piqueur, 'to hear the hounds baying so wildly in the dead of night: and more than once was tempted to rise and find out the cause of the disturbance. Had I done so, I might have saved the flesh and restored peace to the kennel.'

'Aye; and the hounds would have been all the fresher for their day's work,' said the Louvetier, greatly excited by these tidings.

'Quite true,' answered the wily piqueur; 'but still the wolves, having had time to gorge the whole of the carrion, will find themselves heavily weighted when the chase grows hot; and this advantage, methinks, will strike a telling balance in favour of the hounds.'

'What's a half-starved Brittany pony among half-a-dozen hungry wolves?' responded the Louvetier; 'for there must have been a pack of them, or they never would have ventured on so daring an act of aggression during the present open weather.'

'There were only a couple; and, what's more, I'll be sworn they were the same we hunted yesterday through Hengoet; at all events, the tracks were precisely similar; one was an old dog-wolf and the other a bitch going on three legs.'

'Then we must kill them both, Louis,' said the Louvetier, 'or that crippled wolf, unable as she now is to chase and catch her wild prey, will turn her attention to domestic stock, and, with the aid of her mate, will do more damage in a month than half-a-dozen other wolves in a whole year.'

'That's quite certain,' said Shafto; 'just as a mangy old tiger betakes himself to villages and "cantonments" and becomes a man-eater, simply because from age and infirmity he is no longer a match for the sambar or the swift Indian antelope.'

This information of the piqueur's rendered a change of tactics at once necessary; and instead of trotting them off to the forest of Dault, three couple of the steadiest old hounds were laid directly on the hot drag within a hundred yards of the kennel door. Over the first fence they broke abreast, every hound throwing his tongue and dashing into the adjoining *genêt*, with bristles up and in full cry. 'Let them all go,' shouted Shafto; 'with such a scent they're not likely to change; and the stronger the pack, the better head will they carry between this and Dault.'

St. Prix either did not or would not hear him; for he instantly gave Louis Trefarreg orders to make the best of his way to that forest with the body of the pack, and to hold them in couples till the signal was given for slipping the first relay. This, as it soon appeared, was sound advice; as, while the drag-hounds were carrying the scent at a rattling pace through a thick gorsy cover, overhanging the brook on the south side of Callac, a fox and a brace of roe-deer broke away in the very face of the hounds, the scent of the latter being a temptation which none but the staunchest old tufters are ever able to resist. But, strangely enough, in addition to this chance of riot on view, the roe-deer took exactly the same line with the wolves, broke the fences exactly at the same spot, and finally entered Dault within fifty yards of the granite clitter over which the wolves had passed in the gloom of that early morn.

Never could the sense of discrimination evinced by these hounds have been better tested; nor the steadiness with which they cleaved to the grosser game more admirably displayed. Not for one instant did they appear perplexed by the double scent; for, whenever a divergence of the two lines occurred, the savage manner of the hounds and the angry tones in which they spoke indicated, as truly as the piqueur's tracking eye, the line taken by the wolves. Then what a real hunting treat it was to see them, when at fault, casting themselves to recover the scent! with heads and bodies lowered to their work, how they twisted and turned like snakes over the ground! and then, the hound that caught it, how he dashed ahead! and what a struggle it created to catch him again! A neck-and-neck race between horses, be it on the Downs of Epsom or the Curragh of Kildare, gives, to my mind, but a faint and artificial picture of emulation compared with the ardour of hounds struggling for a lead on a scent they love; with these Nature is the jockey; but, with the other, steel and whalebone are too often needed to bring their heads to the front of the fray.

Happily, it was most of it open moorland between Callac and the forest of Dault; or, fairly mounted as we were, little should we have seen of many an interesting passage in that rapid drag. The pile of rocks was now gained, some of which, great granite slabs, stood on end, like giants on guard, barring access to the forest beyond; while the mass lay recumbent, forming natural cromlechs and dolmens of mighty size and grotesque shape. Over these the hounds clambered without difficulty, in full swing and melodious cry; but

for the horses to follow them was now simply impracticable. A little *détour*, however, down-wind, in which Keryfan undertook the pilotage, soon brought us within ear-shot, though rarely within sight, of the leaders of the chase—for all was now dense forest for miles—and, except in small patches cleared by the charcoal-burners, or in the wider space occupied by clumps of beech trees that crowned the heights and suffered no vegetation to flourish under their wide-spreading shade, we could only, ever and anon, catch a glimpse of the hounds forging ahead, but still on drag-scent.

At length the tone of the hounds changed; and a sharper, less prolonged note, quickly doubled, and more hurrisome, set my heart a-throbbing, like a sledge-hammer battering against my ribs. At the same moment St. Prix, leaning forward over his saddle, and with his ear turned in the direction of the hounds, had thrown Barbe-bleu back on his haunches. 'By St. Hubert!' he exclaimed, 'that's a find; and we need hold hard for a second to hear which way they turn.'

The old horse, too, seemed to understand, as well as his master, the change in the hounds' tongue; for, like a war-horse when he hears the trumpet sounding the charge, his ears were pricked forward, his eyes dilated, and his very attitude appeared to say, 'That's the signal for strife; and now the battle begins in earnest.'

So it did; the game was roused, and coming directly, as the cry indicated, for the clump of beech trees under which we then stood. St. Prix, on Barbe-bleu, holding his hand aloft to enjoin silence, was motionless as Marcus Aurelius in the piazza of the Capitol! he scarcely seemed to breathe! Nearer and nearer came the cry; and, as every eye peered keenly into the various short vistas formed by the beech trees, suddenly, and transient as an electric flash, a brace of wolves lopped across an open space, and instantly disappeared in the dense cover, to which they at once turned. The view was enough, however, to enable us all to distinguish that one was a cripple and the other a gaunt brute of unusual size. They, too, had seen us; for they separated at once, like two scoundrels at the sight of the police; the bigger villain quitting his partner at a tangent, and, in a few strides, leaving her in the lurch, as if 'the devil take the hindmost' was the only thought uppermost in the brute's head.

'That's a lucky turn for us,' said the Louvetier, trotting rapidly forward, and clapping the tufters, as they streamed in sight, close on the back of the crippled wolf. At the same time (for as *yet* not a hound of the relay had been uncoupled) he put his horn to his lips, and sounded a lively signal for the first batch: but, before these had time to catch us, the tufters had driven the old haridan back to the rocks, and there brought her to bay under a granite ledge that protected her on every side, except in front, from the attack of her enemies.

Quick as thought St. Prix was out of his saddle, and Barbe-bleu made fast by his chain-halter to a convenient tree: but, intent as he was on saving his hounds, and bounding, as he did, like an ibex, from rock to rock, over chasms, fissures, and such like obstructions, he

was unable to reach the ground in time to save old Cæsar from his usual fate. The brave old hound had gone in alone at the formidable foe (the passage to the holt being so narrow that it was impossible for more than one to enter at a time), and in the desperate fight that ensued he had come out savagely mangled about the head, which was literally a mass of blood. Notwithstanding this punishment, however, the very moment he caught sight of St. Prix springing to his aid, he dashed in again without a scruple of fear; then, locked together, jaw and jaw, the wolf and the hound renewed their terrible struggle at the mouth of that narrow den. Two bulldogs never encountered each other with more fury; the courage of the hound, notwithstanding the immense superiority of the other in point of weight, muscular power, and length of teeth, giving the old hero a decided advantage over his cowardly foe.

At the risk of our lives in getting forward Keryfan and I were soon standing at St. Prix's side, and able to lend him a hand as he dropped into the narrow arena occupied by the two combatants. The Louvetier's *couteau* never missed its mark; and with one stroke the gaunt wolf, though grip and grip with old Cæsar, fell dead at his feet. The fore-arm of the brute, on being measured just below the elbow, proved to be no less than ten inches in circumference; while the canine teeth, or holders, independent of that larger portion buried in the socket, were at least an inch and a half in length: so sharp and formidable were they, and so powerful were the jaws of the brute, that it was quite a marvel how the hound escaped with his life.

Then commenced the funeral obsequies of sounding the *mort* over the prostrate carcase, now raised to the surface, and stretched out at full length on a table-rock hard by; and, although the Louvetier knew perfectly well how important it was to get on with all despatch after the other wolf, he would as soon have omitted this ceremony as a Galway peasant would a 'wake' over the body of some departed friend. But there was another business claiming the immediate attention of the Louvetier besides sounding the *mort*; that business was the extrication of old Cæsar, who lay bleeding and disabled in the fore-leg at the bottom of the fissure into which he had followed the retreating foe. This, however, was a far more difficult matter than might be imagined: the hound had a surly, savage nature of his own, and, at the best of times, would not suffer any one to handle him, save his master or Louis Trefarreg. The latter had not yet reached the death-scene; and as the several blasts, sounded both by Keryfan and St. Prix, had failed to produce him, no other hand but that of the Louvetier could venture to tackle the old warrior in his present condition. So, as time was precious, St. Prix, running the thong of his whip through the keeper, and descending into the pit, adjusted the loop gently and carefully over the hound's head; then, twisting the thong securely round the handle, which Keryfan and I grasped simultaneously from above, we landed the hero alongside his mortal foe amid a roar of growls that

would have terrified a gladiator. The very moment he caught sight of the company he was in, forgetting his wounds, and by way of venting his ill-humour, he dashed at the wolf's throat, and never relaxed his hold till St. Prix, after wiping the blood from his face with a pocket-handkerchief, commenced pouring some brandy into the gashes with which his head was seamed. The torture inflicted by this treatment made him let go at once; and then came another roar, angry and fierce as that of Cerberus when Hercules rescued Alceste from Pluto's dread domain. But it was of short duration, that roar of agony: a few gentle words from the Louvetier seemed to satisfy the sagacious old hound that it was all done for his good; and, lifting his head, he licked his master's hand with a touching air of gratitude and affection.

While St. Prix still persevered in sounding the *mort*, for neither Louis Trefarreg, nor Shafto, nor the other chasseurs had as yet answered the signal, nor had a hound of the relay reached the rocks, it became evident that something must have occurred to take them in an opposite direction, and that, too, beyond the reach of the Louvetier's horn.

‘ And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;’

but echo alone answered the prolonged notes; and even they, growing fainter and fainter, soon ceased to disturb the silence of that lone forest for many a rood around.

‘ I see plainly what has happened,’ said St. Prix, boiling over with impatience, and weary of delay: ‘ the hounds have crossed the line of the dog-wolf, and gone away with him nobody knows where.’

‘ Except those lucky fellows, Louis and the rest of them, who are now enjoying their turn of luck, as we have had ours,’ said Keryfan, affecting to hide the keen disappointment he felt at being shut out of a run that bid fair to be *the one* of the season.

‘ Killing a three-legged wolf may be of service to the community,’ Keryfan; but it has been sorry sport for ourselves, I confess,’ said the Louvetier: ‘ our friend Frank, too, knows so well what a flying fox is, that I should like him to see, ere he quits Brittany, what a flying wolf can do, when he sets his neck straight, and goes for a cover in some far-distant land.’

‘ Let's be up and after them,’ I said in response; ‘ our horses are fresh; you know the country—and we may yet “nick in” for a fine run and a glorious finale.’

In five minutes from that time we were up in our saddles again, St. Prix, on Barbe-bleu, leading us by short cuts and with rapid strides to the far end of the forest eastward. By this manœuvre leagues of cover had been avoided; and so lucky and judicious was the cast, that we had not reined up our horses for half a minute, before we heard the hounds running hard and coming directly for us in full cry.

‘ We are over the scent, or we shall head him to a dead certainty,

said the Louvetier, in an agony of despair. And scarcely were the words uttered when the hounds, flinging over the scent, came to a sudden check within a hundred yards of the spot on which we stood. True enough, we had headed the wolf back; the wily brute, hearing the clatter of our horses' hoofs, had turned short, and instead of breaking, as he meant to have done, sought again the darkest depths of that trackless forest. Not a word was spoken as the pack, bursting like a shell around us, felt eagerly for the scent; every hound doing his work as if the recovery of the line depended on him individually! Wider and wider they swept over the ground, busy as bees on every side, till a noble hound called Talleyrand, dropping his stern, threw his tongue like a clap of thunder. Then, what a scurry it was to catch him; and what a grand peal burst on the ear as the whole pack, getting together, rattled along with a roar of harmony that made the old forest rock to its very centre.

'That was a trying moment of suspense,' observed the Louvetier, whose countenance had indicated intense anxiety during the check; 'but I really think the untoward act of heading the wolf may yet turn to our advantage. Had he broken where he intended, his point would doubtless have been the rough covers of Bourbriac, some six leagues away; but now, he may put his head for Hengoet and give us a better chance.'

So he did; and although some of the chasseurs, who carried their carabines and professed to know Dualt as intimately as their own pockets, rode hard for a shot at several points, the old villain never gave them a chance; but went, like an arrow, straight for the western side of the cover, and, breaking at the exact spot on which we had stopped the hounds on the previous night, he led us to Hengoet at a pace that would have blown a mountain fox. The jays screeched and the magpies chattered, migrating in dismay from their old secluded haunts, as the chase swept through Hengoet, pointing over the dreary waste direct for Locrist. The long-winded horns were now useless; indeed, an incumbrance to the chasseurs: the hounds, driving like fire over a prairie, needed not their aid, and the men had enough to do to manage their steeds and live with the cry.

'Go along, Frank,' said Keryfan, observing my cob still travelling as sweet as oil over the roughest ground; 'go along! we've got a tartar before us, and if they don't stop him in Locrist he'll take us either to Trefranc or Conveau to a dead certainty.'

'I only hope he may,' said the Louvetier, as, clearing a bank higher than a parish pound, he landed in the road, where the fight took place between the butcher's horse and the Jersey dealer. At this point, however, the wolf turned; apparently mistrusting the safety of Locrist as much as the Louvetier; and, leaving that valley to the right, he traversed the rough table-land, for many a mile overgrown with heather and stunted broom, direct for Trefranc. Thus far, but for the lanes and unfenced wastes, it would have been

impossible to have lived with the pack; six horsemen, however, thanks to St. Prix's pilotage, were not only well up, but were able, on descending the hill, to view the brute as he entered Trefranc not a hundred yards ahead of the hounds. Stout as he was his heart must have quailed, as the Louvetier reined up his steed, irresistibly impelled to blow his horn and sound '*La Vue*' even in mid-chase. The three chasseurs, who carried their carabines, now separated, and galloping directly for the far side of the cover hoped to intercept him, if the wolf attempted to break away from this strong cover. For this fell purpose happily they were too late; though just in time to sound '*Le Débuché*,' as the pack broke away, ten couple together, and every hound in his place, straight for Glomel, a cover of M. de Saisy's on a spur of the Black Mountains.

But, he was doomed to fall ere he reached that sheltering retreat: a charcoal-burner, as the chase approached a small outlying coppice, snatched up his gun and firing at him in close quarters shattered one of his hind legs, just above the hock; the hounds were on him in another minute, and after a terrible struggle, in which the peasant took an active part, the strong beast succumbed to numbers and died fighting fiercely, but mutely, to the very last.

FAREWELL TO THE HORN.

'Tis the Horn, I can hear her, she breathes her last sigh,
And Echo sings softly, 'Good-bye! ah, good-bye!'
For no more on the breezes shall sweetly resound
The musical clamour of Horn and of Hound;
'Tis the last day of hunting—Good-bye! ah, good-bye!
Hark! she breathes her last song, Hark! she sobs her last sigh!

Farewell to the woodland, farewell to the hill,
Tho' silent thine echoes shall live with me still;
The season is ended, and leaves me to mourn
For my true love the Hound, and my mistress the Horn;
Yet no more on the hills shall thy melodies swell,
Sweet-voiced charmer, Good-bye! farewell, ah, farewell!

Thou shalt live in my dreams till the winter draws near,
The monarch of seasons, the king of the year,
Till the lords of the forest their garments shall spread
One rich golden carpet for Winter to tread;
'Tis the last day of hunting—Good-bye! ah, good-bye!
Hark! she breathes her last song, Hark! she sobs her last sigh!

R. E. A.

'THE FAYRE ONE WITH YE GOLDEN LOCKS.'

CHAPTER III.—A STEEPLECHASE STORY.

'Who's that young chap?' I overhear a horsey-looking customer, in a heavy white great-coat and a blue bird's-eye tie (the latter article showing off the brilliant crimson colour of his countenance to much advantage), ask his friend. 'I niver see 'im afore to my knowledge. 'Can he ride any?'

I *try* to look as if it was anything but my first appearance in silk; but I fear the attempt is rather a failure. 'Hang it! I wish I 'hadn't smoked those two cigars last night,' I think to myself. I wonder if Charlie has got a flask in his pocket; I feel as if I should like some jumping powder. Tingle, tingle, tingle, goes the bell again close by. It is the second race; and Charlie was right when he prognosticated a walk over. The dreaded Mr. George rides him, too. Here he comes, and very business-like that gentleman looks—a short stumpy man, with reddish hair and a pair of twinkling eyes that seem to take in everything in one comprehensive glance. Need I say he sports a most elaborate white tie, wears undeniable boots and breeches, and is altogether the perfect model of a gentleman rider.

He just trots his horse gently down the course to beyond the gorse-topped hurdles, and then, turning sharp round, sets him going, and jumps them in his stride, cantering home again, rising in his stirrups and patting his horse's neck, in all the pride of masterly horsemanship. I think there is no finer sight in this world than to see a real good horse striding along in his canter, with a *horseman* on his back, the pair seeming made for each other. One can almost fancy the quadruped saying, as he goes sweeping gracefully by, 'I am going 'this pace merely for my own amusement, gentlemen. I *like* it. By- 'and-by you shall see how I really *can* go when I mean business.' But to return to our story: Mr. George having finished his walk over, the fun of the fair is about to commence.

'Halloa, Temple!' says a voice behind me. Turning round, I behold the great Cutway. He, like myself, is ready dressed for the fray, his bright jacket being concealed beneath a huge rough coat, which reaches down to his heels. 'How do you feel, my boy?' 'They are walking my bay favourite over yonder, they tell me,' says he, pointing, as he speaks, to Tattersall's ring. 'You know 'your mare's a good 'un, Temple,' he goes on; 'but not quite 'enough of her, I don't *think*, for this journey. I've the measure 'of all the others, more or less, and I don't think, I don't really 'think, between you and me and the post, that it is six to four against 'my horse.'

I notice Charlie, who has come up, and has been listening to all this, prick up his ears, and when Cutway has said his say, begins very quietly, 'I want to back my cousin's mare for a trifle, old 'fellow. Do you feel inclined to lay me the odds?'

'Yes, I will, old man,' rejoins the ex-plunger, pulling out an elaborate betting-book, 'with pleasure. I don't mind laying you eight 'ponies, or fifties, whichever you fancy.'

'What say you to hundreds?' says Charlie.

'Very well, I'm equally agreeable,' he replies, evidently thinking it real good business. 'Eight hundred to a hundred,' he mutters, as he puts it down. 'Now, Temple, don't you want to back your 'mount?' he goes on, turning to me. 'I'll lay you the same odds 'to fifty, if you like.'

I feel rather 'cock-a-hoop' for a moment at seeing such a clever fellow as Charlie backing me; so I close with his offer, and immediately afterwards think what an ass I am, as Cutway shuts his book up with a slap of satisfaction, as if the money was already in his pocket. He then swaggers off, to put another century on his own horse, as he says.

'By Jove! Johnnie,' says Charlie, looking after him, 'that fellow 'will look blue before the day's over, you see if he doesn't. Halloa!' he exclaims, 'they are putting the numbers up;' and, sure enough, up they go, with a slap, to the top of the telegraph-board.

Nine runners instead of the expected baker's dozen. All the better for me, I think to myself. Let us see who they are.

1. Mr. Becher's 'La Perichole' (Scarlet and white chevrons). Mr. George.
2. Captain Cutway's 'Lord Lovel' (White, yellow belt and cap). Owner.
3. Mr. Martin's 'Sir Harry' (Rose). Owner.
4. Captain Healey's 'Lady Jane' (Brown and blue cap). Capt. Hounslow.
5. Mr. Temple's 'Becky Sharp' (Purple, white belt and cap). Owner.

Unhappy thought! No. 5 am I. Hope I shan't be No. 5 at the finish.

6. Mr. Greene's 'The Farmer' (Mauve, black cap). Owner.
7. Mr. de Boote's 'Sir Roger de Coverley' (Blue). Owner.
8. Captain Scroggin's 'Betsy Baker' (Orange, blue cap). Captain Jones.
9. Mr. Muffyn's 'Jam Tart' (Green, black belt, and cap). Owner.

'Now then, let's be off, and get to the mare,' says Charlie, taking my arm. 'There's George going to get up already.' We hurry off to find Becky.

'There she is, sir,' says an excited farmer, evidently one of my backers, pointing to a small crowd not fifty yards off on the course. Twister has already adjusted the girths, and is giving Becky the final polish as we come up, amidst a buzz of admiration from a numerous bevy of acquaintances.

'Now then, Johnnie, time's hup. Off with your wrap-rascal,' exclaims Charlie. 'By Jingo! though,' he adds, with a grin, 'we 'must pin that 'ere bunch of violets in your jacket first; it would 'never do to go without them, eh?' He accordingly suits the action to the word, and pins them in for me.

'I wonder what gal guv'un that booky?' remarks an observant cad.

Off comes my greatcoat. Another second, and I am in the saddle.

'By Jove!' says Charlie, patting the mare's neck as we move off, 'the pair of you look uncommon. I shall be off, and put a bit more on on my own account. Twister, mind and see him safe to the start, will you? Bon voyage, Johnnie,' says he, shaking me by the hand; and off he goes into the ring.

We walk quietly past the stand, Twister marching along at Becky's head, big with importance. What a row the 'Genii of the Ring' are making!

'Ere's two to one on the field for the 'Unt Cup,' shouts one, at the top of his very powerful voice.

'Four to one, bar one,' bellows another.

'I am very *anxious* to bet on the field for this race,' shouts a good-looking man, with a pair of wild-looking eyes and a pointed moustache, flourishing his betting-book as he speaks. This is Mr. Charlie Nutt, the well-known leviathan bookmaker.

Now a quiet old country gentleman is considerably astonished by being pulled short up by a dusky-faced, dirty-fingered betting man, with the stentorian inquiry of, 'Wot do you want to do now?' On due consideration the old gentleman is of opinion that the sooner he is safe in his own carriage the better, and takes himself off as soon as possible.

'Hi, hi, hi!' Becky pricks her ears. 'Make way there!'

It is 'Mr. George,' taking his preliminary canter, La Perichole going like a steam-engine. Then follows a shout of laughter from the crowd. The cause of it is Mr. Greene's horse, The Farmer, who declines to jump the hurdles, at any price. He is amusing himself by shaking his head and turning round and round like a teetotum, Mr. Greene, the while looking most supremely unhappy.

'He wants to go 'ome to the ploo,' shouts a rustic Joe Miller, amidst a roar of laughter from the company.

Just then a farmer comes up, armed with a hunting whip, and giving the brute a tremendous cut behind, sends him over the hurdle as if he was shot, and away the other side, Mr. Greene having his reins all loose, and one foot out of his stirrup.

That performance over, Twister takes us down to about fifty yards from the hurdles, and turning round, away we go. No refuse about Becky; she jumps them like a cat, and we do our canter in fine style.

'That's the winner, for a crown,' says a white-coated cattle-drover to his pal as we go by. I only hope he may be right. As we go by the Dashwoods' carriage I just catch a glimpse of Blanche, sitting on the box seat. She waves her handkerchief to me. I feel duly encouraged, and, by the time I pull up and join the other horses, am ready for any emergency.

'Now, sir, you're all behindhand,' says the starter, as I pull up. 'Please get in line, gentlemen, and don't be in a hurry; you can't go until I drop my flag, you know.'

I am on the outside, next to Mr. George, and we are in a beau-

tiful line, like a squadron of cavalry. Twister, who has galloped up on my hack, has barely time to whisper a last word of advice in my ear, when down goes the flag, and we are off.

Becky gives my arms a good wrench at starting, but soon settles down quietly to her work. George makes the running, at a great pace, being several lengths in front of the rest of us. We all get well over the first fence without a mistake, and away over the large pasture beyond. The next is a teaser, rather—a wide ditch and bank with a rail on the top and a ditch the other side, and plough to land in.

'Woh, you brute!' says a voice close to me. It is 'Mr. Greene' again, whose lively horse, The Farmer, is galloping with his great head in the air, as if he was star-gazing. I pull Becky back a little, and it is lucky I did, for The Farmer, not rising an inch, takes the rail with his knees, and turns a complete somersault, rolling up Mr. Greene in a very uncomfortable way on the other side.

The rest of us get well over, Mr. George taking a pull at his horse over the plough, and looking all the while out of his eyes, as if he knew to an ounce how we were all going. The next four fences are all very easy, and we jump them without a mistake. Now we cross a wheat-field, and over a small fence on to the racecourse, and then comes the water jump. It's a case of hardening hearts now in earnest. Cutway suddenly shoots to the front, a deuce of a pace, and soon is quite ten lengths in front of us. He is close to the jump now, and is just pulling his horse together for the effort when, Yow, yow, yow! out rushes an excited dog from the crowd, snapping at his horse's legs. Lord Lovel stops as if he was shot, nearly sending Cutway over his head. I am well out of his way, luckily. 'Come along, Becky, old girl!' I holloa, driving her at the brook. She pricks up her ears, and over we go, with lots to spare, amidst a shout from the crowd. George jumps it alongside of me. Only five of us in the hunt now, for, looking back, I see that besides Cutway's horse, Sir Roger de Coverley and Betsy Baker have both refused.

What's the betting *now* I wonder? Scarcely anything of importance to jump, and Becky going as strong as a lion. Four more fences well over, Mr. George and I both together, five lengths in front of our field. Now for some plough again, and a stiffish fence out of it, with a ditch and drop the other side. De Muffyns, passing us, sends his horse at it fifty miles an hour; but poor Jam Tart, being blown, comes down a burster, breaking his own neck and considerably damaging his rider. I manage to pull Becky on one side in time, and only just. As it is, we land badly, and are very nearly down. Mr. George is still in front, and I am close to his heels; and can it be? La Perichole looks as if she had had enough of it. No more plough now, thank goodness. Crash we go through a small fence into a plantation, which we cross like a flash of lightning, and over a post and rail, and a drop the other side. George is obliged to wake his mare up, and gets over very slovenly. Lady Jane and Sir Harry cannon in the air, and roll over just behind us. Now for the

tug of war! Only three more fences. I let Becky out a bit; and, by Jove! George is obliged to ride La Perichole to keep near me. She answers the call gamely, and is only just behind at the final hurdle. Becky has got lots of go in her, and jumps it quite clean; not so La Perichole, who smashes it like paper, and nearly comes down. 'She's beat! She's beat!' roars an excited farmer. Whack, crack, smack! with a running accompaniment with the spurs. Mr. George is making his last effort. The good mare answers as well as she can; but it's no go. I shake Becky Sharp up, and leave her, as 'Bell's Life' afterwards expressed it, just as if she was standing still. I look back, and see that George has given up all hopes of catching us, and has eased his mare. Another second or two, and I canter past the Judge's box, easiest of winners, a good fifteen lengths in front of La Perichole.

Heavens! what a row the ring make as I pull up! and well they may, for they have what is elegantly called 'Skinned the Lamb;' that is to say, scarcely one of them has laid a farthing against Becky, whilst a heap of money had gone on La Perichole and Lord Lovel.

'Well done, sir!' says Twister, meeting me as I walk back to weigh. He is quite pale with excitement. 'I thought you'd do it, 'old lady,' he goes on, addressing Becky, and patting her neck; 'but I certainly never did think it would be such an 'oller performance 'as this.'

'Hooray! Three cheers for the young squire!' shouts out old purple-faced Jovey, former proprietor of Becky, nearly wringing my hand off at the same time.

'Hooray!' echo a crowd of admiring countrymen.

'Well rode, Johnnie!' says Charlie, who has rushed out to meet me. 'Page himself couldn't have ridden better. Why, the mare's 'not beat at all,' he continues; 'but La Perichole's had her gruel, 'though. Look at her sides.' And as she comes up close to me I see the great crimson marks where the persuaders have been applied, whilst her drooping head and heaving frame show how done she is. Becky, on the contrary, though she has had quite enough, is comparatively fresh, and has not a mark about her.

I look down at Blanche's violets, and they, too, are all right, and as fresh as when they were given me. Charlie and Twister escort me to the inclosure in triumph; and, having jumped off, and taken my saddle to the weighing-room, there soon comes forth to the expectant ears of my backers the welcome sound, 'All right!'

Changing my things as quickly as I can, I walk off to lunch with the Dashwoods, having to run the gauntlet of lots of congratulating friends on the way, consequently I am some time getting there.

'Here the "conquering hero" comes!' exclaims Blanche, clapping her hands, as I walk up. 'We're all so pleased you've won, Johnnie, 'aren't we, papa?'

'Well done, boy, well done!' says the jolly old general, shaking me heartily by the hand. 'Never saw a thing better done in my life. You

'ought to be in the cavalry. As for my little Blanche there, you've quite turned her head with your horsemanship, eh? Ha, ha, ha!'

Blanche blushes, and good old Miss Budder, her amiable sheepdog, looks at me with a sly twinkle of her eye that very much encourages me in my future hopes.

'Now, papa,' says Blanche, 'I am certain Johnnie must be nearly famished, and I am sure I am. Johnnie, sit next papa, and Captain Moore, I advise you to sit on the box.'

The luncheon is speedily unpacked, and galantine, pigeon-pie, chicken, and tongue are soon being heavily laid siege to. I never sat down to a luncheon with such an appetite in my life, and certainly never enjoyed that cheerful meal so much, for I felt I had really earned it well.

'Yes, I'll have one more glass of champagne, Johnnie,' says the "Fayre One," in reply to my request, 'if it's only to drink dear Becky Sharp's health. When I saw you galloping up to this horrid, muddy jump, oh! I was so frightened; I thought you must break your neck; and do you know, sir, I saw my violets pinned in your jacket quite plainly when you came over, and I really believe it was wearing them made you jump so prettily.'

Dear Blanche! I should like to drop my plate, and hug her on the spot.

'And that horrid Captain Cutway, Johnnie,' she continues; 'oh! how I laughed when his stupid horse refused. He got in such a rage, and tried to jump the brook standing, and they both tumbled head over heels into the muddy water. You should have heard the people all laughing at him.'

I really felt so happy when Blanche told me all this, that I quite pitied Cutway.

'Blanche, are you ready to go home, my dear?' says the General. 'If you are, we'll have the horses put to.'

Blanche agrees, and tells me to be sure and be early at the ball. She also tells me that she won't give a dance away until she sees me. I never was so happy in my life; everything is *couleur de rose*.

'Good-bye, Blanche, and *au revoir*. Good-bye General;' and, lighting a cigar, I walk off in search of Charlie. I soon succeed in finding him, and following the Dashwoods' example, we get our horses put to and are soon jolting away from the course, bound homewards.

'Well, Johnnie,' says the plunger, as we trot along, 'we haven't had a bad day of it altogether, have we? I landed nearly nine hundred on your race, and a hundred on the next, when you were discoursing your ladye love. Cutway lost the best part of fifteen hundred, laying against you, and backing himself. I wish you had seen him when he got out of the brook. You never saw a man in such a beastly mess in your life, and as savage as a bear. One of a lot of cads, who were chaffing him, caught it, for Cutway rushed at him, and gave him such a facer as he never had in his life before, and another chap such a cut over the face with his whip as didn't

'improve his beauty, I can tell you. I watched the "Fayre Blanche," too, when he came down, and she laughed immoderately. His chance is out there, depend upon it.'

We reach home just as it is getting dark, much to the delight of my mother, who had fully expected that a broken neck would be the result of my steeplechase. Charlie and I accept a cup of her tea, and while away the time by taking forty winks apiece until the gong sounds, telling us to dress for dinner. How I pitch into it when it comes! I have been living very abstemiously lately, to keep myself in proper trim for the race, so I make up for it now by taking a proper allowance of everything, both eatable and drinkable. After dinner, when my mother has retired upstairs, old Binns brings in a bottle of my late father's very best claret, warmed to perfection; and as it disappears under our combined attack, I begin to think to myself that if I don't win Blanche Dashwood to-night I never shall. Charlie buzzes the bottle with an air of satisfaction, and I ring the bell for another. Binns appears as if by magic.

'I thought you'd want another bottle, Master John,' says he, 'so I had one all ready for you; and I will bring in some devilled biscuits directly, sir.'

'Binns is a very sensible fellow,' remarks Charlie, helping himself to a bumper.

Apropos of this claret, I remember once, when I was a small boy, coming in to dessert one night, and there was a cousin of mine, Frank Leicester of the Rifle Brigade, staying in the house, one of the coolest fishes that ever lived.

Well, my father and he were sitting by the fire, over their wine, and my parent, who was particular to the last degree about his drinks, and also about the temperature of his claret when put on the table, asked Frank how he liked that wine. Master Frank took up his glass, honoured it with a stare and a gulp, and a smack of his lips, and then said, in his drawling way, 'Not bad clar't; doosid *good* indeed, but wants warming, don't it?' My father jumps up, and gives such a pull at the bell as frightens old Binns out of his life. He said afterwards he really thought my father was in a fit. 'Here!' shouts my father, purple with indignation, 'here! take this claret out, and, damme, *boil* it! D'ye hear me? *Boil* it for Captain Leicester.'

Binns stared, as well he might, and, taking up the claret-jug, is leaving the room, when the imperturbable Frank, who all this while has not moved a muscle of his countenance, says, 'Oh, by-the-way, Binns, while you *are* about it, just put in a lump or two of sugar and a little nutmeg; it is rather sour.' This is too much for my poor governor; he gets up, slams the door, and retires to his snugery, growling like a bear, and does not appear again the rest of the evening. Binns, I need scarcely say, did *not* boil the claret, but brought it in again, and Frank calmly finished it whilst he chatted to me.

Just as Charlie and I finish our second bottle, the faithful Binns

puts his head in, to know what time the carriage is to come round to take us to the ball. In a quarter of an hour's time I tell him. Just one whitewash of sherry apiece, to wind up and set everything straight, and we retire to our rooms to put the finishing touches to our respective toilets. 'Good-bye, Johnnie!' says my mother. 'Don't stay too late, for I'm sure you must be dreadfully tired;' and downstairs we go, and jump into her comfortable carriage. Bang goes the door, and away we roll to Bedbury, where, in the Town-hall, is annually held what is called by the natives 'The Steeplechase Ball.'

Notwithstanding Charlie's lively talk it seems to me we are a dreadful long while getting there. At last we roll over the stones of the little town, and pull up in the rear of a long line of carriages; after about twenty minutes' slow going we reach the Town-hall, and jump out. We are in capital time, and they are just in the middle of the fourth dance, which happens to be the lively 'L'Œil Crevé' quadrille, as we enter the ball-room. I look round in search of Blanche, but can't see her anywhere. As I gaze about, old Mrs. Mouser, who is sitting the opposite side of the room, with her three very plain daughters, spots me with that hawk's eye of hers, and beckons playfully to me with her fan. Not *this* time, old lady, I think to myself. A tap on the elbow rouses me presently, and, turning round, behold Blanche and her father. 'We came just behind you,' says she, 'and you jumped out of your carriage in such a hurry, you did not see us, though I tapped at the window as loud as possible.'

'Now, Blanche, you must give me this dance, a waltz—won't you?' say I.

'Well, I don't know that I will,' replies this little bully. 'However, as they are just beginning, and I may not get another partner directly, perhaps I had better say Yes. Good-bye, papa! I shall be at the end of the room with Mrs. Bandoline when you want me.'

Coote and Tinney's band strike up one of Gungl's lovely waltzes and away we go. After that is over, I carry off Blanche to have some tea. She promises me two more waltzes and a galop, and before five minutes are over has filled her card completely up with the names of her numerous admirers. She is such a pretty girl, and such a good dancer, that she is always in great request. But hark! they strike up the first bars of the 'Lancers.' Young Rasper rushes up to claim Blanche, so I betake myself to the doorway and look on, in company with a whole lot of others, all chattering like so many magpies.

'Halloa, Cutway!' says one, as the bold captain lounges up, still looking rather glum. 'Why, I never expected to see you here to-night, after that mud bath you indulged in to-day. Weren't hurt, I hope?'

'Hurt! no!' growls Cutway. 'I'll tell you what, if it had not been for that dog, I must have won, sir—I *must* have won! Doosed lucky for you, Temple, that brute making my horse refuse

'in that way; depend upon it, if he hadn't I should have been level with you at the last hurdle.'

The 'Lancers' finishing at this moment puts a stop to the conversation, and Cutway goes off; and by-and-by I see him go and shake hands with Blanche. She has one dance disengaged, late on in the evening, so she gives it him; only one, thank goodness—quite enough for him though, I think to myself. The next three dances I dance with other young ladies of my acquaintance, and then comes a galop with Blanche. After that is over, the supper-room is thrown open, and I ask Blanche to come down with me; she very graciously assents, as, she says, she thinks I ought to be made much of after my feat of winning the Hunt Cup. We go through the usual routine of chicken and tongue, champagne and seltzer. Just as she is putting on her gloves, she suddenly remembers she is engaged for the next dance to young Duffie, a gentleman, son of an enormously rich Brummagem manufacturer, and endowed with considerably more money than brains.

'Oh! he's *such* a stupid man, Johnnie!' she exclaims, 'and *such* a bad dancer! What shall I do? How can I avoid him?'

'I'll tell you, Blanche. We'll go and sit in the tea-room; he'll never think of looking for you there.'

'That will do capitally!' says she; 'let us be off now, or he will be coming in here after me.'

Off we go, and find the room empty, except a waiter and a maid, who are conferring amiably together in a snug corner behind the tea-table.

'Well, Blanche,' I begin, 'are you not sorry poor Cutway did not win to-day?'

'Now, Johnnie, that is *too* bad of you. You know I wanted nobody to win but you; and even if I did not care about you yourself, I should not like to have seen Becky Sharp beaten. Oh! I am so fond of her, dear old Becky! I sometimes think, do you know, she ought to have me for a mistress instead of you for a master.'

'Ah, Blanche! dear Blanche!' I whisper, 'won't you say you'll be Becky's mistress for good and all? You don't know how much I love you—I do indeed! You have teased me dreadfully ever since I came back from abroad, and I did not know how much I loved you till then. Say, Blanche, yes, or no—will you be my wife?'

'Oh, you bad boy!' replies Blanche, looking down and blushing very prettily. 'What must I say to you? You seem to think, because you have won this horrid race, you are to have everything your own way.'

'Oh, Blanche! please don't tease me. Am I to go abroad again, and leave you for ever? Don't be so cruel: tell me my fate. Do you love me?'

'Yes, dear,' Blanche replies, her little white-gloved hand which is in mine giving me a squeeze. 'I love you dearly, Johnnie, and you

'have made me very happy, you bad young man! I could cry. Don't kiss me, sir!—here, there's that horrid waiter laughing at us.'

'You have made me so happy, Blanche! I may come over to-morrow morning and see the General—mayn't I?'

At this juncture, one of Blanche's unfortunate partners pokes his nose into the tea-room; several of them have been drawing for her, but he is the only hound who has not drawn blank.

'Been looking everywhere for you, Miss Dashwood. Our dance this time, I think;' and he carries her off. I rush off to find Charlie Moore; he is not dancing, luckily.

'Halloa! young man, says he directly he sees me, 'where have you been to, and what have you been a doin' on? There's something up I can see by your face. Well, has the double event come off?'

'Come off! yes. I've won in a canter for the second time to-day. I'm the happiest man in England, and I'm dreadfully thirsty; come and have some champagne.'

Off we go; and after one more dance with Blanche, and a very tender 'Good-night!' Charlie and I take our departure; and I fear that my mother's carriage, by the time we get home, smells rather like a cigar-shop.

The next day, directly after breakfast, I rode over to the Dashwoods, saw the General, who received his future son-in-law with open arms, and had a very delightful *little-à-little* with Blanche.

My story is finished. Three months afterwards, if you cast your eye down the marriage column of the 'Times,' you might have seen the following:

'On the 17th June, at St. Anne's Church, Cackleton, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Porchester (uncle of the bride), assisted by the Rev. Samuel Slow-boy, M.A., John George Arthur, only son of the late John Temple, Esq., of Ryslip House, Bedbury, Blankshire, to Blanche Maud, only daughter of Major-General Dashwood, K.C.B., of The Mulberries, near Bedbury.'

Of course Charlie was my 'best man' on the occasion, and a very good one he made. As we were discussing affairs a day or two before, he told me Cutway's horses were all up at Tattersall's to be sold on the following Monday. 'He was very hard hit on the Two Thousand,' says Charlie; and he continues, 'I think I shall bid for the brown horse he rode in that steeplechase of yours.'

To wind up: Becky Sharp is never going to be steeplechased again: she has become a perfect ladies' horse, and in future is destined for the sole and entire use of the 'Fayre One with ye Golden Locks.'

BRYANT DE BUTCHERBOOTES.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

FOR a maid fair and young to the portal was led,
 For her pastime one morning, a bay thoroughbred;
 At once with light step to the saddle she bounds,
 Then away to the crowd which encircled the hounds.

'Mid the many who mov'd in that bustle and stir,
 There was one, one whose heart lay a-bleeding for her;
 One who thought, tho' as yet he approach'd not her side,
 With what care, if need were, he would guard her and guide.

To and fro waves the gorse as the hounds are thrown in,
 'Tis a fox, and glad voices the chorus begin;
 That maiden's keen eye, o'er the crest of her bay,
 Was the first to detect him when stealing away.

As she shot through the crowd at the covert-side gate,
 'Tis the same gallant fox that outstripp'd us of late,
 'The darling old fox!' she exclaimed with delight,
 Then away like a dart to o'ertake the first flight.

Tho' he took the old line the old pace was surpass'd,
 (He will own a good steed, he who lives to the last,)
 Her own she press'd on without fear, for she knew
 She was mounted on one that would carry her through.

She had kept her own place with a feeling of pride,
 When her ear caught the voice of a youth alongside,
 'There's a fence on ahead that no lady should face,
 'Turn aside to the left—I will show you the place.'

Women mostly, they say, love to take their own line,
 Giving thanks for advice which they mean to decline;
 Whether women accept the advice or oppose it,
 Depends, I think, much on the man who bestows it.

That voice seem'd to fall on her ear like a spell,
 She turn'd, for she thought she could trust it right well;
 To the field on the left they diverted their flight—
 At that moment the pack took a turn to the right.

'Persevere,' said the youth, 'let us gain the beechwood,
 'The old fox will assuredly make his point good;'
 Knowing scarce what she did, she still press'd on the bay,
 Nor found out till too late, they were both led astray.

Youth and maid they stood still when they reach'd the wood-side,
 Forlorn, then, the hope any further to ride;
 In despair they look round, but no movement espy,
 Not a hound to be seen either distant or nigh.

Both silent there stood they—indignant the maid,
The youth stung with grief at the part he had play'd ;
Still he thought, from the wreck he had made of the day,
That some treasure of hope he might yet bear away.

Thus the silence he broke : ‘ Until hunting were done
‘ I had hop’d, dearest maid, this avowal to shun,
‘ Till the season were over to practise restraint,
‘ Nor to vex you till then with a lover’s complaint.

‘ But the moment is come, and the moment I seize,
‘ Those glances of anger let pity appease,
‘ Leave me—leave me no longer in anguish and doubt,
‘ While I live you shall never again be thrown out.’

‘ Is it thus,’ she exclaim’d, ‘ that a bride can be won ?
‘ Wretched man that you are, you have lost me my run !
‘ Farewell ! nor the hand of a huntress pursue,
‘ When the whip which it grasps is deservedly due.’

Though that lover rode home the most wretched of men,
Though that maid vow’d a vow they should ne’er meet again,
Love laughs at the quarrels of lovers, they say,
When the season was o’er, they were married in May.

THE ROAD IN 1873.

‘ HISTORY repeats itself ;’ and here are we in this railroad era taking to coaching as lustily, and with as good a will as did our forefathers, when the fast coaches seemed to them the acme of speed and perfection in locomotion.

‘ Let the steam pot hiss till it’s hot,
But give me the speed of the Tantivy trot,’

is a rhyme which we may now all quote to our heart’s content, if we will ; and were a poet in the present day to sing—

‘ O now for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ; farewell content !
Farewell the loaded coach, and full way-bill,
That make ambition virtue ! O farewell !
Farewell the impatient steed and the shrill horn,
The ready running rein, the well-poised bar,
The rattling pole-chain ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious roads,
Farewell ! The coachman’s occupation’s gone.’

We could say to him, go to Hatchett’s and recant ; while we much question if Nimrod, when he went to the Bull and Mouth to see the teams start, had a greater treat than may now be enjoyed any morning during the summer months in Piccadilly.

The cause of this is not far to seek. All Englishmen love the

horse, and, above all things, love to see him handled well; and, while perfectly appreciating the value of a first-class carriage in an express train, with its comforts of rugs and foot-warmers during the frosts and snows of winter, or when in a special hurry, are by no means disinclined, in other and milder seasons, to indulge themselves in the pleasures of a drive through the beautiful scenery of their native country, and snatch a few hours of real enjoyment from the hurry and turmoil of business. There are no greater appreciators of coaching than our City men, who contrive to have a pleasant ride on the afternoon Dorking, and be back in good time for their business the next morning. Then the ladies go in for coaching with a will, and, take which road you may, you are pretty well sure to see several fair faces, not cooped up as inside passengers, but on the top, where they can enjoy the ride and the scenery. Not only is the taste growing, also, amongst those who have time and means to indulge in an occasional journey, but with the general public, as may be seen any day by the crowd round Hatchett's from ten to eleven in the morning; while on the roads traversed we could name many who daily make a point of so timing their constitutional as to see 'the coach pass.' Dickens has in more than one place depicted forcibly enough the miseries of coach-travelling when undertaken, as it were, perforce; but he would have had another tale to tell, had he lived to see coaching taken up by the million as a pleasure and a sport, and the old mails, which he depicts as rotting in some long-forgotten, neglected back-yard, transformed into the bright coaches of to-day, and conveying their light-hearted, merry loads daily to and from London. We have not now to tell of the queer 'bo-kickers who will not pull an ounce up-hill or hold an ounce down,' but, when well tooled, can gallop on the flat at such a pace as to quite overturn the minds, if not the bodies, of nervous passengers. We do not now, as we book our places, entertain any fear of having to sit behind three blind 'uns and a bolter, as our less favoured forefathers but too often did. Moreover, we may feel sure that we are not at the mercy of any young sprig, who, having secured the box-seat, and well tipped the coachman, wishes to try his 'prentice hand at tooling a team. Safe men are on the box, and the law against allowing an outsider to take the reins is as that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Our forefathers rode on coaches and made voyages in sailing vessels because they could not help themselves, in fair weather or foul; we, more fortunate, can fall back on the steam-packet and the express, in case of need; but there is no reason we should object to a sail in a yacht, or a drive behind a well-appointed team, when the chance is offered us—and we do not.

'Let steam do her worst, there are swells on the road,
Whose slap-up four-in-hands she never can explode.'

Thanks to the pluck and determination of a few gentlemen, coaching, from very small beginnings, is once more established amongst us; and men who love the sport, but have not the means to indulge in it at their own expense, have it now placed within

their reach at a very trifling outlay. In fact, coaching has become one of the recognised sports of the London season, and, as such, deserves its place in 'Baily,' where the driver of the 'Van' has always from time to time held out the hand of fellowship to his brother whips, and made a record of their doings. Now, however, we propose to give its history more minutely, and show how it has been gradually brought to its present state of popularity.

1862 was the last year of The Age, the property of old Clarke, which ran to Brighton during the summer months, the route being through Kingston, Leatherhead, Dorking, Horsham, &c. It left London at 10 o'clock, and spent the whole day on the road, arriving at Brighton at 6 P.M. The coach 'dined' on alternate days at Dorking and Horsham. The principal supporters, men who helped it with horses, were from time to time the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Charles Lawrie, and Mr. J. Eden, who now owns the Wycombe Coach. Mr. Lawrie had a picture painted and published for Clark's benefit, and copies may now be seen in Fores's window in Piccadilly, altered, however, to suit the colour of the Brighton in 1869. One of the original pictures hangs now before the bar of the Swan at Leatherhead. Mr. Lawrie's good intentions, however, met with but little success.

After this came an interregnum, when a coach, except in out-of-the-way places, where they conveyed passengers, with shaky vehicles and worse horses, from one line of railway to another, was as rare as a dodo, until the summer of 1866, when a coach, called the 'Old Times,' was started by a joint-stock company, in shares of 10*l.* each. The principal promoter was Mr. C. Lawrie, before named, assisted by Captain Haworth and Mr. Fitzgerald; and amongst the more prominent shareholders were Mr. Chandos Pole, the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Cherry Angell, Lord H. Thynne, Colonel Armytage, and others. The route was the old mail road, through Croydon, Reigate, and Hickstead. The coach stopped for a few minutes at the White Hart, Reigate, to lunch, and the journey was done in five hours and a half. The London terminus was Hatchett's, Piccadilly; the Brighton one, the old place in Castle Square, from whence the coach started on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, returning on alternate days. Although well patronised, it did not answer in a pecuniary sense, and we fear Mr. Lawrie must have been a heavy loser by it. Pratt, who had been driving between Malvern and Cheltenham, was the coachman; and at the end of the season horses, harness, and coach, a yellow one, were brought to the hammer at Tattersall's, when the coach realised 70 guineas.

Next season witnessed a great stride, as a double coach was started in May, 1867, the proprietors being the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Chandos Pole, and Mr. Angell. Two new coaches were built by Messrs. Holland and Holland, who behaved very liberally and pluckily—colour, blue body and red under-carriages; and Hatchett's, London, and the Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton, were made the starting

points, and have so remained ever since, with the exception of 1869, when Hatchett's was abandoned for the season, and The Ship, Charing Cross, became the starting point. Mr. Angell horsed the London ground, and took the coach its first two stages. Then the Duke of Beaufort worked it as far as Handcross, and Mr. Chandos Pole the remaining stages to Brighton. The two coaches met at the Chequers, Horley, and there lunched, the route being Red Hill and Cuckfield. This season there were rather too many horses kept, and the stabling at Horley was filled by the Duke, who, we believe, kept some of his hunters in condition by working them. The professional coachmen were Pratt, who worked the London ground, and the celebrated Alfred Tedder, who drove from Horley to Brighton, and whose connection with the coach only ceased with his death on the 16th of December last. The guards were Phillips and George Dacombe, who later on drove the Windsor coach. The whole thing was splendidly done, and met with fair support, but not equal to its deserts.

At the close of this season, in October, Mr. Chandos Pole determined upon running one coach himself during the winter, with Tedder for coachman and Dacombe as guard. Many of his horses came to hand in good condition, from having worked in North Devon during the summer. The luncheon place was changed to Lowfield Heath, about a mile and a half nearer Brighton than Horley. The coach, however, was little known, and consequently ran at a great loss, often, alas! having neither passenger nor parcel. Still, with the characteristic pluck which enables him to see hounds in spite of his weight, Mr. Chandos Pole ran it on.

About this time, October 1867, Mr. C. Hoare started a coach between Beckenham, where he lives, and Sevenoaks, called The Exquisite, which ran all the winter; but when the journey was extended the next year to Tunbridge Wells and Hatchett's, the name was dropped. In May, 1868, Mr. Pole 'doubled' the Brighton coach, and his brother, Mr. Pole-Gell, found about a dozen of the horses; Mr. Pole undertook to drive one coach himself, though later on ill health caused him to relinquish the bench to Cracknell, the celebrated whip of the Tantivy, of whom Warburton sung:

'Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along.'

George Dacombe was guard behind the Squire, whilst Tedder was on the other coach, with Phillips behind him. We should state that during a great portion of the winter an old mail had been used instead of Holland's coach, as it was much lighter. Each coachman drove right through, and they did not exchange as at Horley the year before. At the end of the season the horses were all sold at Aldridge's, the coaches were 'miled'—a plan still continued. It was now determined to present 'the Squire,' as Mr. Pole is familiarly termed on the road, with some sort of testimonial in recognition of the plucky way in which during the previous winter and summer he had carried on the coaches; and at a dinner given at Hatchett's, with

Mr. Meek in the chair, he was presented with a silver flagon, with a suitable inscription; and Mr. Pole, on the part of the same subscribers, presented Tedder with a tankard in silver, as a mark of appreciation of his great ability as a whip, and the respectful manner in which he had always conducted himself. Mr. A. G. Scott was honorary secretary to the affair, and an account of it appeared in the 'Van.'

That year the London and Sevenoaks had run as usual, with Comley, who had been formerly with the Duke of Beaufort, as coachman.

Here we must break off our history of the rise of modern coaching, although we plead guilty so far to having said but very little anent 'The Road in 1873.' In a future article, however, we hope to lay before our readers its history from 1869, when the sport seemed to take a fresh start, as well as tell them about the teams and coaches now working.

N.

OTTER-HUNTING IN THE WEST.

'It's an ill-wind that blows no luck,' may truly be said by Mr. Collier to his fortunate fellow otter-hunters, in reference to the cold, searching, joint-racking, marrow-drying east wind, that, while it has been inflicting its woes on 'man and beast,' during the whole of April and part of May, has, at the same time, been drying up the wet land and fining down the turbid floods of winter into streams of gentle current and crystal hue. This low and clear condition of the rivers is a *sine quâ non* for ensuring good sport with otter-hounds; and, as will be seen by the short story we have to tell, Mr. Collier, in spite of the nipping breezes, has been taking due advantage of this necessity, and won for his hounds an amount of blood rarely obtained at so early a season of the year.

Every one, conversant with hounds, knows how important for them is early success; if any be unentered, the attraction of a kill soon becomes irresistible, especially if it be often repeated; and, with old hounds, a season well begun encourages their ardour, and dissipates that tendency to slackness which is naturally the result of long draws and blank days. That 'the first blow is half the battle,' with hounds as well as men, no man knows better than Collier; and, acting on this principle, he has 'taken time by the forelock,' and gone in at his wild game thus early in the season, with a thorough knowledge and love of his work, and with an energy not to be denied. Between the 22nd of April and the 7th of May, in the six days on which his hounds met, he has brought no less than nine otters to hand—an unprecedented achievement, we believe, at so early a season of the year; nor would such a feat be practicable in other countries less favoured than Devon and West Somerset by purling streams and a contiguous seashore.

During the hot summer months, when the brooks run low and the

storms of winter have ceased to drive the wild waves roaring on our shores, the otter, as a rule, will seek the security of the cliffs, and there fish at his ease, dainty dog as he is, revelling on white bait and water-souchet, such as no Greenwich cook ever manufactured; and returning again to his river-haunts in late autumn, he travels in good company with the salmon, the sewin, and the trout to their breeding-ground, where, till justice overtakes him, his rapacity knows no bounds.

It was no mere figure of speech on the part of the great naturalist when he told us that, at a rough calculation, the destruction of fish caused by each otter amounted to a ton weight annually. What hecatombs, then, of valuable human food must be nightly sacrificed where otters abound! and what hours of vain hope and unrequited labour must be the lot of the poor fisherman angling in such waters. Great must be our gratitude, then (for all are interested in a good supply of fish, either for food or recreation), to such public benefactors as the two Hills, Mr. Carrick of Carlisle, Mr. Collier, Mr. Trelawny, and others, who keep noble packs of hounds for the express purpose of hunting this destructive beast, and who, in doing so, delight in showing their friends the wildest and most exciting sport of which this country could ever boast.

But our especial business on the present occasion is to give a brief sketch of Mr. Collier's doings during the six days referred to above: 'On the 22nd of April last, the wind being N.E., and "forbiddingly "keen," our meet,' writes the Master, 'was Tuck Mill, on a small stream tributary to the Otter. Struck a fine drag down to Caddy Bridge; but, the weather being so cold, I dared not face the big water below Ottery, dreading its effect on the hounds, so turned to the Otter, and drew it steadily up stream to Fenny Bridges without a crumb of scent. Here, however, the hounds began to feather, and the drag gradually improving, they carried it on to a stronghold of stonework above Weston Bridge, and about a mile below the town of Honiton. A deep pool formed the breastwork of this fortification, and when old Minister, swimming manfully up it, threw his tongue and marked him beautifully, I made up my mind, from the character of the place, that every attempt to dislodge him would be in vain. Nettle, my forlorn hope, however, was at my side, pricking his ears and eagerly seeking a breach in the wall by which he might enter; so, perched on a projecting stone, I managed with my pole to remove one, that at once cleared the way for my little hero's attack, and in he went head-foremost to the fight, bolting a fine otter, that shot like an arrow through the pool, and sent up a chain of bubbles, bright as a string of pearls. "Have at him, my lads;" and every hound dashed in, making the water white with spray and the valley ring with joy. For an hour or more the music never flagged, till, at length, I discovered we had no less than four otters afloat—an old bitch and three young ones. By-and-by one of the latter, a fine strong cub, weighing about 10 lbs., was tailed, and given to the hounds; then another shared

‘ the same fate ; and, soon after, the old bitch, quitting the pool, was forced downwards into a long reach, which had no strong holding-place ; and there, tackling her to and fro, without a moment’s rest, victory again favoured the hounds, after a stout fight of no less than four hours and thirty-five minutes—a finale I was delighted to see, for the hounds, though continuously at work, began to shiver like aspen leaves the moment the work was done. Left the remaining young one to grow bigger, and fight another day.

‘ Friday, 25th of April, met at Long Bridge, on the Yarty—a good meet and a pleasant morning ; the cuckoo cheering us with a welcome note, as we brushed the dew from the buttercups in the meadows of that charming vale. Hit on a drag down stream, and carried it breast high to Yarty House, where, under some old pollard willows, Primate proclaimed, in a tone of thunder, that the fisherman was “ at home.” But though “ at home,” his portcullis was down, and it was evident he had no intention whatever of giving us a welcome reception ; so we sent in our cards—Tip and Nettle—and then, with the help of a crow-bar, and the simultaneous stamping of a hundred heels, he was compelled to quit his castle and take to the stream for dear life. Bolting downwards, with the pack in close attendance, he was unfortunately headed at the first stickle ; and, returning to his recent hole, the same process of ejection was again resorted to with like success. Down again, like a shooting star, over the first stickle ; but, passing the second, Bellman caught a view, and going at him, like a bull-dog at a badger, held on till the pack came to his aid, when they quickly despatched him in mid-stream. It was a short scurry—too short, considering the long distance one of the *Plymouth Brethren* had travelled to see the sport, and as this gentleman belongs to the noble tribe of the *Falconidae*, I determined, if there was an otter within a day’s journey, to treat him to more blood.

‘ Started down stream at once, and away for the Shute ; but, ever and anon, a hit here and a hit there gave token of more game and an improving scent ; and, on reaching a big ash-tree under Coryton Park, Benedict, Primate, and Minister threw their tongues simultaneously ; and, in one minute, out he shoaled, gliding as smoothly off as an eel glides on quitting a mud-bank. But he could not hide the rolling wave that followed in his wake, indicating at once the course he took and his great size : the hounds, however, needed no help ; the scent was good, and down the Yarty poured the pack, marking him at every turn, and greeting him with a band of glorious music, as they plunged or swam through the tainted stream. Gaining now the mouth of the little Coryton, he endeavoured to reach a stronghold in that stream ; and, if he had done so, would probably have saved his life ; but, to satiate the thirst of my visitor, him of the *Falconidae*, I jumped into mid-stream, and, catching the otter by the tail in three feet of water, I was on the point of dragging him

'ashore, when the hounds rushed on me, ten couple strong, and tore him from my grasp. He was off like a shot; but his knell was sounded, and in two minutes they had him again, catching him in the water, and killing him in an adjoining meadow, after a hot and continuous chase of one hour and fifteen minutes.

'Then came the lunch: and such a feast as the hospitable squire of Coryton Park set before us would require a livelier pen than mine to describe; suffice it to say we did it ample justice, and drank Mr. Swaby's health in claret fit for a prince.'

It may here be remarked, that Mr. Collier's father kept a famous pack of strong, old-fashioned harriers, with which he hunted the otter during the summer months, with signal success, for a great number of years; his son William, the present well-known otter-hunter, acting as his aide-de-camp from his earliest youth. He may well, then, be experienced in the ways of that wild animal; and, above all, is he acquainted with every strong place,holt, hover or drain, in which an otter has ever been found, or ever sought refuge in time of need, on the many beautiful trout streams with which that country abounds. As the otter's habits prompt him to adopt the same quarters, year after year, on the various rivers he frequents, this local knowledge of Mr. Collier's is incalculably useful for the successful prosecution of his sport; and enables him to find and kill many and many an otter that would otherwise baffle the best men and the best hounds, not equally at home on these rivers. But there is one virtue among many for which Mr. Collier is pre-eminently distinguished; and without which he who attempts to cope with an otter had better stick to his bed than waste his time in a profitless sport:—that virtue is indomitable perseverance! No matter what the weather or the water may be, no matter how strong the hovers, nor how long the day, it must be a game otter indeed that, when once found, will escape him and his hounds.

With respect to the latter Mr. Collier has not followed in the footsteps of his father; but far prefers the thoroughbred foxhound to every description of hound for this sport. 'He is,' to quote the son's words, 'so game at his work, so unflinching on long days and in cold water; and, best of all, so devoid of blab; in fact, the foxhound has but one fault, and that is his reluctance to enter, and his long apparent indifference to the scent: conquer these difficulties and you get a perfect otter-hound.'

There was a gentleman's keeper in Wales, not long since, who evinced singular ingenuity in his method of entering young or old hounds at this game; and by it the difficulty was conquered in a few lessons. He possessed a tame otter which, for his dry, warm bed, instead of rushes, had a heap of old rags given him to lie upon; and whenever the keeper managed to catch a prowling cat in a gin, poor pussy's feet were wrapped securely in these rags; she was then turned down near some running stream or in an open common, and, after good law, the hounds were laid on and encouraged to follow

the scent, which they always did, even puppies of six months old, with the utmost avidity. The worry was rapidly over, the hounds tearing her to pieces in double-quick time.

We commend this plan to the notice of masters who prefer hunting the otter with foxhounds, and who may not have the wild animal in sufficient numbers for the instruction of their young hounds. Every season a cub or two will be found by most packs, and there ought to be no great difficulty in tailing and saving one for this purpose. Surely, considering how long and how tedious foxhounds are before they really take to the scent, the keeper's dodge is not unworthy their attention on this elementary point.

But to proceed with the sport:—‘On Monday, 28th April,’ Mr. Collier writes, ‘a reliable telegram from the village startled me at breakfast: “Gone up, sir, fresh as paint.” So, seized my horn, and away for Culmstock Bridge, with eight couple at my heels, and one trusty friend, besides my own servant. The Culm was somewhat flooded, rain having fallen during the night; still it was fining off and bid fair to be in workable condition in another hour or two. Now, for more than forty years, it had been the usual custom for otters to go up on a Sunday, and back again to big waters on the Monday morning; so I could not help thinking this otter had forgotten to go to church, and was likely to pay dearly for his travelling propensities on the day of rest; and, strong in that belief, I cheered my hounds to the stream, and at once hit off a burning drag, which they carried in full chorus for four good miles. They then found; and down he came over dark stickles and darker pools, the hounds pouring after him like a storm of rattling hail. For three hours and a half he kept the band going at his heels without a minute’s cessation, till at length, wearied out, he gave in, and the hounds had him in a twinkling—a fine dog-otter, weighing 23 lbs.

‘Thursday, May 1st.—Met at Tone Bridge, on the Tone, near Wellington. Took a drag at Wellisford, and carried it on to Cottey, when old Benedict made a splendid mark, roaring at him like thunder, and bidding the otter come forth and begin the fight. It was a challenge that could not be evaded; out sallied the victim, and in two hours, the hounds doing all the work, the fish of the Tone had one tyrant the less in that limpid stream.

‘Now then for a foreign country. Started on Tuesday, May 6th, for Sturminster Newton, in the heart of the Blackmoor Vale country, taking train at Honiton, and arriving at Fifehead Neville, W. W. Connop’s, Esq., about six o’clock. Met next morning at Bagber Bridge, as the clock struck eight, a large field; but the craft of otter-hunting was, I suspect, as little understood by most of them as the doctrine of Confucius is known by me. Be that as it may, they were a set of very pleasant fellows, and soon proved themselves apt scholars in the work cut out for them on that and the following day. Drew the Stalbridge stream, and hit a drag without delay; carried it merrily upwards, through willow spinnies

' and green meadows, for at least three miles ; when the whole pack came suddenly to a mark at the bole of an old oak tree. Never was its " brave old crown " saluted with a finer salvo ! Fancy eight couple of hounds doing homage simultaneously at the roots of this royal tree ! But though it may once have saved a monarch, it proved but a poor refuge for the brigand within : a notice to quit was soon served, and a piercing view halloo from my servant, stationed below, brought every hound headlong into the stream. An exciting scene now ensued ; but, though the beast was a stout one, in one hour he was compelled to yield, the hounds being hard at him from first to last—a fine dog-otter, weight 22 lbs. No further scent on that river ; so tried to believe a capital luncheon, kindly provided by Mr. Connop, a suitable finish to the day's sport.

' Next day, May 8th, met at Haselbury, and found immediately in the adjoining mill-pond ; old Minden marking his game admirably. This was a long deep pool, perhaps half a mile of water, dark and still as the Stygian lake. The miller, however, less inexorable than Pluto, consented to lift his hatches, and thereby lowered the pond about two feet, a process that enabled the hounds to work the banks with greater facility, and keep the game a-going incessantly. Bubbles now rise to the surface in frequent succession, marking his passage below with fatal effect ; till, giving him no rest for two good hours, the hounds, amid intense excitement, pulled down the biggest otter I have killed for twenty years ;—he fairly turned the scale at 26 lbs.'

Dorsetshire has been long famous for its well-appointed packs and keen houndsmen, but it may be doubted if a Farquharson or a Yeatman, sylvan giants of the past generation, ever witnessed a sport like this in their palmiest days ; at all events, if they did, the many stories of Billy Butler and Harry Biggs have left us no record of the fact. Yet the silvery streams of that country are well adapted in every respect for that delightful sport, perhaps equally so with those of Devon ; the sea-coast is contiguous, and, as a rule of Nature, the otter would never be wanting where trout and other fish abound, as they do in those waters. It is passing strange, then, that among such a race of men as the Dorsetshire squires and yeomen have proved themselves to be, not a single pack of hounds is kept to hunt the wild and destructive otter, the only animal that can show the like noble aquatic sport, and that, too, at a time of the year when the horn of the hunter is no longer ' heard on the hill,' and when the laws of venerie prohibit the chase of other beasts as unseasonable and unmanly.

Up, then, ye men of Dorset, and add one link more to your golden hunting chain ! the link that alone is wanted to bring together both ends of your present season, and to give you the enjoyment of the chase in an unbroken cycle ! You can boast, as few can, of your roe-hunting, hare-hunting, and first-rate fox-hunting ; add but otter-hunting to these, and your *roble* would be perfect.

MAY SONG.

GOOD-BYE ! good-bye to hunting,
 For hunting's nearly done,
 The music of the covert side,
 The triumphs of the run.
 And hie we to the forest,
 To chase the fallow deer,
 To bid farewell to hunting, till
 Next season of the year.

Oh ! when I think of hunting,
 My heart within me bounds,
 I look upon dog-violets,
 But only think of hounds.
 So hie we to the forest, &c.

And when the wood anemonies
 And primroses appear,
 My mind still runs on Primrose,
 The best hound of the year.
 So hie we to the forest, &c.

Oh ! when I think of hunting,
 I tremble with delight,
 I think of hunting all day long,
 And dream of it all night !
 So hie we to the forest,
 To chase the fallow deer,
 To bid farewell to hunting, till
 Next season of the year.
 R. E. A.

A CHAPTER ON BAGMEN.

DON'T start, kind reader ; I am not about to inflict on you a history of the inmates of the commercial room at either The George, or The Green Dragon, worthy as the representatives of our great firms no doubt are (at least, in their own estimation). I, for one, do not feel competent to sing their praises. No ; it is of another class of bagmen I am about to tell you—one, perchance, whose society is even more distasteful to a sportsman than would be the great Mr. Moulder himself at a Melton dinner-table—the bagman of Leadenhall.

'Oh, we know nothing of that business !' I fancy I hear some reader of. 'Baily' exclaim. 'We have no bagmen ; they are only ' for scratch packs of harriers, drag hounds, and so forth.'

Think you so? my friend. Are you sure that a commercial gentleman has never afforded you half an hour's amusement, when you gloried in having quite the best of it, across those big pastures; or that the drag old Ringwood hunted so beautifully ere the full crash came, reminding you so forcibly of Somerville's 'Chase,' did not begin at the mouth of a sack?

You scorn the insinuation. Well, be it so. 'Where ignorance 'is bliss.' You know the rest. Nevertheless, bear with me while I relate my bagman's experiences of a season. Then, perchance, you will say with me, 'All is not gold that glitters.' But here I may state that, under the term of bagmen, I not only allude to such as have been through the hands of the money-changers, but to all foxes *turned out* before hounds. There are bagmen, and bagmen; and, no doubt, there is a vast difference between a fox dug from an earth, and carried a mile or two, and then liberated, and the fine specimen of the vulpine race consigned to some advocate of a sure find, from Leadenhall. The practice of digging and turning down is not altogether unusual amongst masters of hounds, and although, perhaps, not to be commended, when done openly and aboveboard, certainly cannot be stigmatised as unsportsmanlike. When, however, masters and huntsmen begin to play tricks upon travellers, and try to delude their field and subscribers into the belief that the find is a genuine one, knowing all the time that the game is turned out, it is, to say the least, reprehensible; and this, to my certain knowledge, happens, perchance, oftener than those who go out only to gallop and gossip imagine.

It chanced that I was with hounds this season that had a quick find and kill, the fox being headed and turned right into the hounds' mouths. To this succeeded a long, wearisome draw; and then the huntsman seemed to slip his field somewhat mysteriously, until, coming over the brow of a hill, we suddenly saw the hounds running; and one and all put spurs in to catch them. A capital run ensued; and at the end of something like fifty minutes our fox went over the border into another country, and saved his brush in an unstopped earth. The field were, of course, one and all delighted, and mutual congratulations passed round at the capital run enjoyed, very few thinking that they had galloped after a bagman. I was as much in the dark as other people until light dawned upon me in this wise.

A long ride home and a somewhat tired horse necessitated gruel, while a steady downpour of rain made some comfort to the inner man not altogether unacceptable. Flasks had been emptied for hours, and the last cigar had spluttered out its existence amidst wind and rain, so that a suggestion from a brother sportsman that old ale was good at the road-side inn was not allowed to go unchallenged. My first look into the comfortable chimney-corner revealed a farmer whom I had noticed going particularly well on a clever pony, and a conversation on the merits of the run ensued. I expressed some doubt as to the place of the actual find, when my

bucolic friend delivered himself as follows: 'Why, I did not mean hunting to-day; but I see 'em shake a fox in —— bottom, and S—— soon afterwards came over the hill with the hounds; so I thought I must have a chime in; and a right good gallop it was, too.'

'Indeed,' I observed; 'then the fox was a turned out one?'

'Yes,' he rejoined; 'they got wind of some in an earth, and dug 'em, while you was drawing about. They got a dog and two vixens, let the ladies go, and turned down the dog.' So the mystery of the huntsman's slipping away from his field for a time was explained.

So far, perhaps, there was not much to be said against this little bit of deception. The field were cold, tired, and weary, and certainly wanted a gallop to warm them. Our fox saved his brush, and, no doubt, gave them a good gallop afterwards when fairly found; but it is astonishing how soon those who once step over the straight line in fox-hunting, as in other matters, descend the downward path.

It may, perhaps, be wondered that, after this exhibition, I should meet these hounds again; but thinking, under all circumstances, the offence was, perhaps, a venial one, and as it was the pack I could most conveniently reach, I did not give them up until after another and a stronger insight into their evil ways, which thus happened. I had a very long ride to the meet one morning, and, in consequence, found myself late, and that the hounds had moved off some little time before I reached the fixture. I was, however, directed to follow them up a lane, and told that I should soon reach the wood it was first intended to draw. This I accordingly did, all the time keeping my eyes and ears open, so that, should they find and get away, I might receive the earliest possible notice thereof. I had just reached what I supposed to be the covert in question, when I saw a boy standing on the bank, looking and listening intently. Now, thought I, it is all right; I shall get some information. And so I did, with a vengeance.

'Have you seen the hounds, boy?'

'Yes, sir,' responded young rustic.

'Where are they?'

'Whoy, they went in here half an hour ago. I thinks they be down under the hill there now.'

'Have they found?'

'Noa; they turned one in here, but they an't a-found 'un yet.'

'No, no; it is the foxhounds I want,' replied I, thinking the boy might be under a mistake, as there was a pack of staghounds in the country.

'I know,' responded the boy. 'The —— Hounds.'

'Yes; but you don't mean to tell me that they turned a fox into the covert this morning?'

'They did, though; for I see 'em do it; just by that ash tree there.'

'Well, you live about here, and know all the farmers and keepers, 'I suppose. Was it either of them?'

'No; I lives in that cottage, and knows all here about; but 'twas 'none o' them. 'Twas a man come along in a light cart, with a 'pretty little fast-trottin' pony, 'nd shook the fox out of a bag 'about ten minutes before the hounds put into cover; then he 'turned round, and went back again.'

Now, here was evidently a case of a real commercial gentleman; and I determined, if possible, to find out who was the culprit that had committed such sacrilege against fox-hunting law. Therefore, holding my peace, I trotted on, and joined the hounds, feeling sure that if they ran into this poor beast that the breaking up would either confirm or refute the boy's tale. However, so far from breaking him up, they would not hunt him; and although they did find, and own the line, over a field or two, it was all that was done. A few days afterwards I called at the kennels, told the huntsman straight out what I had heard, and asked him if he knew of any one who would perpetrate such a deed. He professed for some time that he was quite unable to account for the circumstance; but, on my saying that it ought to be made public, he at length confessed that, fearing a blank, he had sent the fox down himself. This I had suspected from the first, and was certain of it, from his manner, the moment I mentioned the subject. From these two exhibitions following so close one on the heels of the other, I am convinced that he was an old offender in this way, and feel pretty sure that his field are indebted to a sack for a find much oftener than they fancy—unless, indeed, they are in the secret, and connive at such practices. If so, the sooner they drop the name of fox-hunters, and come to the regular drag business, the better. This might have been thought a fair experience with bagmen for one season, but I was doomed to be still further enlightened on the subject. I accepted the invitation of a friend to go and stay a few days with him, and have some hunting in a distant country that I had never before visited. Here for a time all went well; but it so happened that the hounds met near his house on the day fixed for my departure; and, in consequence, I was pressed to go to the meet, have an hour or two, and return in time to start by an afternoon train. We found a fine fox, which I, in company with several others, viewed from the covert; but the hounds never settled kindly on his line, and soon changed to a small weak one, which they killed. After this I turned my horse's head homewards, and, being a stranger, enlisted a farmer, who was also leaving, as guide, to put me into the straight road, when our conversation naturally turned on the incidents of the morning; and I remarked that the hounds did not appear to settle kindly to the fox we first found.

'No,' responded my guide; 'tis not very often they do to turned 'down ones.'

'Indeed. And was that a turned down one?'

'Oh! yes; my neighbour caught him a few days ago, and sent

‘to tell Mr. ——’ (the huntsman and master) ‘of it; and he said he ‘should keep it quiet, and put him down in ——’ (naming the covert in which we found) ‘about half an hour before he came to draw.’

The murder was out again; and I started homewards, certainly less edified than I should have been had I not gone out to see the hounds that morning. It may, perhaps, be argued that it was no harm thus to hunt a fox caught in their own country; but I maintain that it is far more sportsmanlike, when a fox is unfortunately caught, to put him down in some safe covert where he can come to himself, and recover the fright and confusion of confinement, than to shake him out, and clap the hounds on his back at once. I do not even like to see a fox that is dug after a run bagged and carried away, but would much sooner see him, if he is dug, put down on the earth, and let go. Then put the hounds on, and kill him, if you can. I remember a capital run occurring something in this way, and cannot better close my article than by narrating it.

A fox had given us a sharp forty minutes to ground, and it was resolved to dig him, as the hounds were supposed to want blood. He was, however, too old a hand to be caught napping; and when he was dug down to, just as the huntsman thought himself secure of his prey, made a bolt, got safely through the hounds, who were all standing round the earth, and finally beat them at dark after a run of two hours and a half, when, all the horses being done, they were obliged to whip off. May every good bold fox have the same fate, and live until hounds can fairly run into him in the open, without the help of navvies, picks, and spades.

N.

CRICKET.

THE vexed question of the qualification of county players is in a fair way of being settled, the Committee of the M.C.C. having recommended, and the annual general meeting having adopted, the following regulations, which, by the way, are not to be added to the laws of cricket, but are only to form part of the match regulations of the club.

1. No cricketer, whether amateur or professional, shall play for more than one county during the same season.

2. Every cricketer, whether amateur or professional, born in one county, and residing in another, shall be free to choose at the commencement of each season, for which of these counties he will play, and shall during that season play for that county only.

3. A cricketer shall be qualified to play for any county in which he resides, and has resided for the previous two years.

To these, a fourth regulation, moved by Mr. C. Marsham, and seconded by Mr. C. G. Lyttelton, and ineffectually opposed on the part of Committee, was added. It runs thus:

4. An amateur shall be considered justified by right of residence

to play for any one county in which he or his parents have property, or in which his parents, if dead, had property at the time of their decease.

With three of these regulations we heartily agree, and we can only regret that, in consequence of the Committee of the M.C.C. declining to take the initiative in the matter, a door has been opened to independent action on the part of other clubs, and of individual counties, which cannot promote the real interests of the game. Why the Committee, which represents not one county or one interest, but the whole of England, and the interests of cricket in general, which is admirably composed in regard to the knowledge, sound judgment and business abilities of its members, and which is certainly not overburdened with work, should have refused to undertake the responsibility of settling the question on its own authority, we know not; but so it was. The matter was therefore taken in hand at a meeting of representatives of the chief cricketing counties of England (Nottingham excepted), which was held in London last December. Resolutions, substantially similar to the two first above mentioned, were passed, the residential qualification was fixed at three years for professionals, all existing qualifications were reserved, and players were disqualified from playing against the county of their birth. The Committee of the M.C.C. consented to take these resolutions into consideration, and very wisely altered them into the shape in which they appear above. Simplicity and uniformity are the first principles of any satisfactory code of laws, and exemptions and reservations only serve to create loopholes, by means of which laws may be evaded. If a man elects to play for one county, he ought to be held to it, and the objection against his chancing to oppose the county of his birth in one or two matches of the season, is purely sentimental, and not worth a moment's consideration. The existing qualifications of county players, are in many cases the very abuses which have led to an universal desire for a settlement of the question, and so far from being reserved, they ought to be knocked on the head at once. The Committee of the M.C.C. took a most sensible view of the case, but having unfortunately delegated, in the first instance, the power of dealing with the question which they ought to have kept in their own hands, their amendments had to undergo a reconsideration by the county representatives, in virtue of an authority vested in the Committee of the Surrey Club, to convene a meeting for the passing of final resolutions. This meeting was held in April at the Oval, but only four counties were represented, Kent, Sussex, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire sending no representatives. By the mere casting vote of the chairman, an amendment was carried, reserving the existing qualifications of county players, and with that, and a few verbal alterations, the resolutions were sent back to the M.C.C. Middlesex and Gloucestershire voted against, and Surrey and Derbyshire for the amendment; and so far the two latter counties have overruled the rest of England. A majority of members at the annual meeting of the Marylebone Club have declined to accept the amendment; but having once let the power of

formally settling these questions slip out of their hands, it is to be feared that encouragement has been given to the establishment of a rival and possibly antagonistic body of cricket legislators, and that perhaps we shall hear again of a scheme, which we hoped was exploded, of a cricket parliament. The true cricket parliament is of course the M.C.C., speaking through its Committee, because it represents not one or another county, but cricket everywhere. A parliament composed of county delegates, would be always liable to the objection that an obscure county like Derbyshire, would be able to neutralise the vote of such a county as Middlesex; and, further, that the most important alterations might be made by a chance division taken in a thin house. Still if the Committee of the M.C.C. declines to fulfil its legitimate duties, some other body must perforce undertake them. How long, for instance, are we to wait till the laws of cricket are revised and expressed in intelligible English, instead of in the confused complexity of phrase which now obscures them and renders many of them a dead letter?

We cannot say anything in approval of the fourth regulation, nor, indeed, can we fully understand it. The wording is as awkward as if it was an extract from an Act of Parliament. An amateur can already qualify himself 'by right of residence' to play for any county, whether his parents have or had property in it or not. Then there are many amateurs whose fathers have property in half a dozen counties. Is the son to have the right of choice, as under the second regulation, and to play for all the half dozen, one year for one, and the next year for another, and so on till he has favoured them all with his cricketing services? The proposal seems to us quite unworthy of support. It was brought on, however, without much notice, and was carried by a small majority at a thinly attended meeting. We trust that it may be reconsidered at some future general meeting of the club; but at present the notices of *agenda* at general meetings of the M.C.C., are so imperfectly and so insufficiently advertised, that the great bulk of members have no proper knowledge of what motions and amendments are going to be brought forward. Mr. Marsham's resolution was however fairly carried at the meeting, and forms, of course, as long as it remains unrepealed, one of the match regulations of the club. The attempt made in the official report of the meeting—we suppose we may assume that the report in 'Bell's Life' is authoritative—to show that Mr. Marsham's resolution does not form an integral part of the regulations to be offered to the counties for their acceptance, is quite unreasonable. The meeting decided to add a fourth to the three regulations proposed by the Committee; and the counties, if they meet again to discuss the matter, must deal with the four, by all of which the Marylebone Club is at present bound.

As the annual report of the Marylebone Club is published *in extenso* in a public journal, there would be no breach of privilege in discussing it. We are averse, however, to make any allusion to those parts of it which belong to the club itself, and its members, as a private body. Those paragraphs which refer to the proposed championship cup

matches between counties, are a matter of public interest, and deserve attention. We all know by this time that the championship cup scheme of the M.C.C. Committee did not go down. We are not much concerned with the particular reasons which induced some counties to accept and some to decline the Committee's proposals; but, on the whole, we are heartily glad that the plan fell through. County matches, in our opinion, should never be played off county grounds, where, naturally, local interests are strongest, and by the presence of friends and neighbours each side is incited to do its best. To play Nottingham and Yorkshire at Lord's would be a great treat to Londoners, no doubt; but would be very little fun to the thousands of Yorkshire men and Nottinghamshire men who now look forward to the annual contests between the two great counties as the grandest events in the year. To encourage county cricket—and we are sure the M.C.C. Committee wish to encourage it—you must encourage cricket in the county, not out of it: and moreover secretaries of county clubs know very well that a county match played at Lord's, however well contested, would not bring a penny of additional subscription to their funds. On the other hand a good match, in hot weather, on the county ground, is the best opportunity for the Secretary or Treasurer to go round with his red book, and get some substantial tokens of approval from enthusiastic spectators. The report states that the original idea has been abandoned, but that Kent and Sussex will play one match, which, as we have mentioned elsewhere, will take place on the 9th of the present month. And in the advertised list of fixtures we read, 'June 9th, at Lords', Kent *v.* Sussex (Champion Cup). Is this a mistake, or are we to understand that the M.C.C. still gives a cup, but only these two counties go in for it? We do not fancy that it will be a very brilliant affair, or that the pavilion will be much overcrowded when the 9th of June comes. A championship contest, with all the champions absent, is rather an absurdity.

In glancing at the principal cricket that has been at present played, we may take the colts' matches first. Nottingham was, as usual, early in the field, and has every reason to be satisfied with the result. Both in batting and bowling there is, as ever, a superabundance of material in the crack county to supply any number of vacancies in the eleven that time and circumstances may create. The colts made a capital score of 147, against the formidable bowling of the two Shaws, Morley, and McIntyre. Shrewsbury, who was in for two hours for 35, is universally spoken of as a batsman of the greatest promise. He is only seventeen, and his subsequent failure at Lord's may be attributed to unfamiliarity with the ground, always a puzzling one to novices. J. Mills is said to have shown good form in making his 24, and Clay, Wright, and S. Shaw also got into double figures. The colts got rid of the eleven for 124 runs, and a bowler with the appropriate name of Shooter shot out Daft and Bignall. The weather was favourable, and the match in every respect a success.

Of the Gloucestershire colts' match we can say little, save that it may bring out some professional talent which may be useful to the

county eleven. Despite the three Grace's, Gloucestershire cannot hope to go on playing such counties as Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire with success, unless it is strengthened with adequate professional bowling. The bare results of the match at Gloucester show that the three Grace's did all the bowling on their side, and that the colts made two very respectable innings. They also succeeded in getting out the eleven—which seems to have been weak, with the exception of the three brothers—for 98. With two such experienced judges of cricket as Dr. Grace and Mr. W. G. Grace in the field, it is not likely that any colts of promise either in batting or bowling would escape notice. Middlesex dug up a new bowler in Boak, against whom no stand was made in the uncompleted second innings of the eleven, save by Mr. I. D. Walker, who, by the way, was never in better form than he is showing this season. We fancy, however, that he bowled, on this occasion, rather above his real form—at any rate, he was singularly ineffective a week or two ago against a not very powerful eleven of amateurs at Prince's ground. Wheeler got a large score in the first innings of the colts, and some good form was shown by others whose names appear somewhat familiar to us. Did not Roy, for instance, make his début at Lord's last year, or the year before? How long is the state of coltship supposed to continue? The Surrey colts, also, seem to have been a fair lot, both with bat and ball. Chester, from Kingston, played well in both innings, and Mansell and Clifford obtained their wickets at no immoderate expense. As for the Fifteen Players who appeared at Lord's for the first time early last month, there is not much to be said. They could make nothing of A. Shaw in their first innings, but the two Nottingham men, Shrewsbury and Wheeler, pulled the game up in the second innings. The ground was in very bad order, and puzzled the batsmen considerably. The Club played a very poor batting eleven, and now that poor Smith is dead, there is not a man among the ground players to be depended on for runs. In bowling there is plenty of strength. A. Shaw is unrivalled for headwork and command over the ball, and Rylott will prove a worthy successor to Wootton. Passing by the M.C.C. and Hertfordshire match with the single remark that Mr. W. G. Grace commenced his run-getting for the season in it, and nearly beat the county off his own bat, we come to the first real great event of the season, North v. South, at Prince's, for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund. It was an admirably contested game throughout, but, unfortunately, rain prevented its conclusion, and the stumps were drawn at a most interesting moment, when Daft was well in, and the North had 45 runs to get and 4 wickets to fall; or, as a matter of fact, 3 only, for Iddison was injured, and would not have been able to go in. Neither side played its full strength, and on paper the South was decidedly the weaker of the two, though of course we are in the habit of looking to Mr. W. G. Grace to make up in his own person for such deficiencies. The great batsman never hit harder than in his second innings, and he was getting runs at a railway pace off the Northern

bowling, which was completely collared, when, in a moment of over eagerness, he unfortunately ran himself out. The veterans of the North, Daft and Carpenter, batted as well as ever, and the young champions, R. Humphrey on one side, Lockwood on the other, sustained their well-known reputations. A. Greenwood not only batted well, but made three splendid catches in the second innings of the South, getting rid of Mr. Yardley, Mr. Hadow, and Charlwood. Mr. Hadow played two fine innings, and Prince's ground is favourable to his flourishing style. Lillywhite and Howitt for the South, and the McIntyres and Lockwood for the North, did most of the bowling. Curiously, the names of Southerton and Emmett do not appear. It is rarely that they take part in such a match without being credited with a single wicket. The M.C.C. and G. and Surrey match was played in wretchedly cold weather at Lord's, and was almost finished in a single day. The ground was in very indifferent order, and the scores were small. Surrey appears to have got a new batsman of some merit in Mr. Cole. He made a stand in both innings, and played the bowling of Rylott and Clayton on difficult wickets in creditable style. The features of the match were Rylott's bowling and Mr. I. D. Walker's batting, which won the match for the Club by nine wickets. In Middlesex *v.* Yorkshire, also, Mr. I. D. Walker played two splendid innings, and at present his form is quite the best that the season has shown. Middlesex beat the Northern County in hollow fashion, by ten wickets.

A word now about the Universities. The partisans of Oxford are already pretty confident about the issue of the great match on the 23rd, and undoubtedly the dark blues have, so far as can be seen at present, all the best of the bowling. Both sides have good batting; the Cambridge batting is, we think, somewhat underrated. Mr. Fryer succeeded last year in breaking the spell that had hitherto hung over him at Lord's, and a good deal will naturally be expected this year from a player of such lengthened experience. Mr. Jeffery is an undeniably good bat against the best of bowling; and Mr. Longman and Mr. Blacker are both likely to get runs. The Cambridge bowling is at present, we confess, *in nubibus*; but Lord's is the easiest ground in the world for a bowler to come off on, and we do not despair of the University being adequately represented in that department of the game on the day. Of course, Oxford looks very formidable on paper. There is Mr. Butler to bowl, and the new man, Mr. Boyle, who, they say, will be fearfully destructive at Lord's, being as fast as Mr. Powys, and quite as straight. Then there are Mr. Ottaway, Mr. Garnier, Mr. Wallroth, Mr. Law, and Mr. Game, to bat—and we have a considerable opinion of the last named gentleman's powers—especially if the match comes to a critical point. But, at the same time, we cannot forget that, in the score of the M.C.C. and G. *v.* Oxford University, we read—Lord Clifton, 43, and Clayton, not out, 35, and 24;—which figures decidedly diminish our belief in the destructiveness of the Oxford bowling. Of the innumerable minor matches that have been played at Oxford and

Cambridge during the past month we take little heed. Till the return matches between the Universities and M.C.C. and G. are played at Lord's, the comparative strength of the two rivals is pretty much a matter of guesswork. There is only this to be said, that Lord's is essentially a bowler's ground; that Mr. Butler has already had a day on it, that he may have another, and that in Mr. Boyle he may find an effective coadjutor; but these probabilities do not suffice to make the match that foregone conclusion which some enthusiastic followers of Oxford assume it to be.

Death has removed from the ranks of the professionals an excellent cricketer, J. Smith, of Cambridgeshire. He was a fine bat, and an extraordinary field. Originally a very hard and free hitter, he sobered down at Lord's into a steady and strongly defensive batsman, and in M.C.C. and Ground matches he generally went in first. He probably found that on Lord's ground it was impossible to take the liberties which on Parker's Piece, or Fenner's, might be taken with impunity, and he wisely altered his style of play; but though he ceased to be a great hitter, he continued up to the close of his cricketing career to be a sure run-getter. As a field he was unsurpassed, whether at mid off, or long leg. A fast runner and a good starter—a most essential point for a fieldsman—he covered an amazing amount of ground; he rarely fumbled the ball, and his return was very quick; in addition to which he was a good thrower. The number of runs he saved for his side was considerable in every match, and we never saw him shirk the hardest hit, or fail to meet it fairly. He was one of the few professionals who worked in the field with a will; he never lounged about, as most of them do, thinking how they may get their five pounds with the least possible labour and exertion, but he watched the game and the play of each batsman, and was ever ready to change his position at the least signal of his captain, or according to his own judgment. He will be a great loss to the M.C.C. and Ground matches, and we are glad to learn that sufficient subscriptions have been collected to relieve his widow from any temporary inconvenience.

We add a list of the principal fixtures for the present month. On the 5th, Surrey plays Sussex at the Oval; and on the same day, the Gentlemen of the South met the Players of the North at Prince's. On the 9th, Sussex and Kent meet at Lord's for the Champion Cup—is it still offered, by the way, by the M.C.C. Committee?—and, on the same day, Surrey plays Gloucestershire at the Oval. On the 12th, we shall have Sussex *v.* Gloucestershire at Brighton; and, on the 16th, Surrey *v.* Yorkshire, at Sheffield. Oxford and Cambridge have their preliminary trials at Lord's against the M.C.C. and G. on the 16th and 19th; and on the 23rd, the University match commences. On the 26th, the Gentlemen of the South meet the Players of the South at the Oval; and on the 30th, the Gentlemen and Players match at Lord's commences.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE Thames yachting season is now fairly commenced, and, though the more important events are still undecided, there have been a few items worthy of record. Every club of any importance, and some of none, have duly celebrated their opening cruise, after which the excess or deficiency of nautical sport was, it may be hoped, atoned for by a good dinner. The Royal London's opening day suffered rather from want of wind, and the officer in command, the Vice-Commodore (Mr. J. S. Earle), spent the day in a series of evolutions and manœuvres, which had a very striking effect, and tested the new signal-book pretty effectually. Those members who prolonged their voyage to the following day, had small cause to complain of no wind, as it blew great guns, and was a fair preparation for the Dover to the Nore match, which had to be postponed on account of unfavourable weather, and was at last sailed in three parts of a gale. There was a capital entry, and amongst them the Fiona, Iona, Banshee, cutters; Corisande and Hirondelle, yawls; and the Egeria to represent the schooners, and, as it turned out, show the way home. The Hirondelle, while sailing second, and going very well, carried away her bowsprit, off the North Sand Head, and so lost a great chance of the prize, as at the time she was well away from Corisande and the rest of the fleet. At Southend, where the match ended, Egeria took the first prize, Fiona and Corisande the others. The winner went, if possible, better than ever; but Corisande seemed out of trim, and nothing like the victorious clipper of last season. The Royal Thames gave their visitors a good drenching during their matches from Gravesend, round the Mouse and back. In the first class (cutters) Count Batthyany's Kriemhilda, which had declined the race from Dover, won the first prize, after some pretty sailing with the Vanguard, in a fair S.W. breeze. The New Thames had a busy day with three classes of cutters. Of the big ships, who had to go round the West Oaze buoy, and back to Gravesend, Kriemhilda and Vanguard were first home; but, calculating allowances, Foxhound took the first, Vanguard and Britannia the other prizes. In the second class, Vanessa, a new craft, disposed of the Vampire, though it was a near thing during the greater part of the distance. Among the small fry, another fresh arrival, the Avenger, just built by Robertson, of Ipswich, showed herself far the best of the fleet, and was home twenty minutes ahead of her companions. She and the Vanessa have thus far given promise of great things, and we expect they will have some more victories to score before the close of the season.

The evergreen Kelley, who has been before the public, as oarsman and sculler for more years than we care to reckon, has made a couple of matches on the Tyne, the first in wager boats with Jim Taylor, and the second in open boats with Robert Bagnall, whom many consider the coming man, destined sooner or later to take the Championship of the Thames northward again. As each event is for 200*l.* a side, the men have evidently no lack of supporters, and there will doubtless be heavy wagering on the results, but as far as Kelley is concerned, it seems a pity that he should risk his reputation as the best man of his time, by matches, which however easily he may expect to win them, can scarcely add to his laurels. When he has beaten Jim Taylor, which he will probably do, he will have gained little or no credit by the performance; and should Bagnall win the second event, as appears probable, the small amount of *kudos* associated with beating Taylor, will

be more than wiped off. The ex-champion has a flourishing business as inn-keeper in Newcastle, and his *prestige*, combined with an innate *bonhomme*, have rendered his house a favourite resort; but a few unsuccessful trials of his present powers will, we are afraid, detract greatly from his reputation and popularity, while any such victories as he would now be able to score, would do little to enhance his fame. To know when to leave off, is however a gift vouchsafed to but few, so all we can do is to wish the veteran luck.

The London Rowing Club, who had last year so successful a season, commenced betimes to work up the rising talent, and their trial eights, rowed from Chiswick to Putney, showed some fair material, though scarcely up to former anniversaries. Horton from the Surrey (best) station got well away, and led to Hammersmith in such a style, as to give all the spectators the impression that the race was over, but past Cowan's, Leader's boat drew up, and answering their stroke's call with laudable energy, went slowly ahead. During the remainder of the journey they were closely pressed, but had always a little the best of it, and won a gallant race amongst great applause, which their plucky stern wager for the first half of the distance fully merited. Cross appeared about the best of the claimants for regatta honours, but the executive hope to get the bulk of their last season's crew together again, so there will be fortunately little need to dip deep into the reserve. On the same evening the Thames Club, who have now got together some powerful and sturdy representatives, rowed their trial eights, but the affair did not come off until so late that but little idea could be formed of the merits of the competitors, some of whom will doubtless be heard of at the forthcoming regattas.

At Henley Regatta, fixed for the 25th and 26th instant, the Stewards Cup will, for the first time, be rowed for without coxswains, an innovation which the doings of the London Rowing Club against the *Atalantas*, have shown to be quite practicable, though when Woodgate tried the experiment in the Visitors Plate a few years back, it was ridiculed and condemned. This change of sentiment is, perhaps, the best evidence of the improvement in the constitution of the regatta authorities, who, a few years back, were a somewhat impracticable body, but recent additions to their number have leavened the mass with men of real knowledge and experience. The time honoured abuse, which excepted representatives of University and College Clubs from the necessity of sending the names of their crews, which other clubs were obliged to do, has also been abolished, and, if the weather gods are propitious, we may anticipate a pleasant sojourn in the quaint old town. The College races at Oxford and Cambridge have attracted a good deal of attention, and it is hoped that the head boat at each university will be found amongst the Henley entries. At Oxford, Pembroke started head, but were bumped by Balliol the second night, and remained second to the close of the racing. Brasenose, New Trinity, lost several places. At Cambridge the races were not concluded at the time of writing, and we shall therefore adjourn any notice of them until next month.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—May Motions.

'Seasons have changed, they surely must,
 In March we formerly had dust,
 In April showers, genial rain,
 In May the sunshine came again.
 Now frosts, at night, cut off the fruit,
 East winds annoy both man and brute,
 The air so charged with storms and rains,
 Old men complain of aches and pains,
 And young prefer the joys of town
 To searching blasts on heath or down ;
 No sun to welcome, and yet soon
 The old King's birthday—fourth of June.'

A TREMENDOUS month in London is the month of May. In it the bud becomes a flower, the chrysalis a butterfly, so instantaneously that the transformation is pantomimic, and nearly as gorgeous. Startling toilettes (and they are some of them *very* startling) replace dingy costumes, wonderful shandrydans give place to the supreme efforts of Peters and Laurie, the genius of Poole and Smallpage, irradiates the Row. All the shabby people who, under cover of March winds and April showers, have aired their shabbiness, disappear ; and if squalor and poverty here and there venture to rear their heads, Bumbledom speedily moves them on. Nothing but what is pleasant comes, as a rule, between the wind and our nobility ; and though the former is a trifle too much in the east for our comfort, making the face of Nature to look blue and its nose red, yet this is now the normal state of the weather, and we must make the best of it. May is a month when we defy the severity of our climate, and live as much out of doors as possible ; and what between parks and polo, coaches and cricket, Hurlingham and handicaps, the road, the rail, and the river go in for physical education to a degree that puts mental training out of the hunt. Do the men who do all these things ever read ? is a question that a thoughtful philosopher might put to himself if so minded, and the answer would be hardly satisfactory—to the philosopher. But the 'fair-bearded giants' and the 'brave-looking 'Englismen' (see 'Daily Telegraph') are quite satisfied with their educational *cursus*, and, like the old Greeks, seem inclined to put the physical above the mental, and as they evidently thrive on the diet, why *Que voulez vous, mon cher Monsieur ?* We can't all be bookworms and men of business, make speeches in the House, and go in for the joint amelioration and confusion of everything and everybody. There is to every one upon this earth his appointed rôle—all have a *métier* of some sort or another. Par and premium, with a subscription to two or three leading charities, is, we believe, the one that generally leads to an odour of sanctity *finale*, but then it is not given to all of us to attain to this. We honour and esteem par and premium, and the respectability they bring in their train very much, and we—but there's the bell. They are clearing the course for the Chester Cup.

And the fuel that maintained that fire so long and well, has been at length expended. Mr. Topham died, singularly enough, on the morning of that Cup race, which for over thirty years has been so identified with his name. A good handicapper—about the very best, perhaps, if we are to take 'light' handicaps as the best form—for Mr. Topham is credited with having introduced that flattering system by which every animal seemed to have a chance, but which generally proved the most fatal in results to people who meddled with

it. Here was the great art of the handicapper. Every owner was pleased with the way in which his horse was treated, and the public always made up their minds that the handicap was made for one, and one alone. A notable instance of this was given in the last effort proceeding from Mr. Topham's pen. Every one declared that the Chester Cup this year was a gift to Inveresk, and Inveresk was beaten a quarter of a mile from home. Indeed, the annals of Chester Cups are remarkable for this kind of thing. Year after year the race was 'a gift' to something or another, the result generally being, that the gifted one was nowhere. It is fair to say that Mr. Topham's mantle seems to have fallen on his youngest son, Mr. Joseph Topham, who has for the last few years assisted his father, and to whom we owe the last Grand National. No higher testimonial than that could be given to his ability, and we trust the Grand Stand proprietors will see their way to continuing the appointments of Clerk of the Course to his sons.

Chester, however, is not what it was, and in all probability it never will again take the place it once held in the racing world. This year the sport was as poor as it could well be; the Cup field dwindled down to ten runners, Her Majesty's Plate had (though that is nothing new) a lot of wretches to contend for it, and a bad horse won the Dee Stakes. The best race was that for the great Cheshire Stakes on the last day, and everybody was tired out and glad to get away. Indeed, Chester will not carry four days well, and that fact cannot be too strongly impressed on those whom it most concerns. Anything more tedious than the proceedings on Thursday we scarcely ever remember, and there was much discontent and grumbling. Then the hotel-keepers made it as agreeable as usual by their charges, and the Dean, the magistrates, and the police were all equally pleasant and cheerful—the Dean hurling anathemas against the races, the magistrates refusing an extension of time to the publicans, and the police prohibiting the opening of any rooms. In fact, we were all sought to be made virtuous against our wills, and what the consequences of that is we need not say. There were more drunkards than ever about the streets, and other sins and peccadilloes flourished, so that the Dean, on the following Sunday, really had something to say against the high crimes and misdemeanors of the racing season. 'I wish we could put a muzzle 'on the Dean,' said a Cheshire magnate to us as we were discussing the fortunes of the meeting. Horrible thought! 'What! muzzle the drum ecclesiastic, 'my dear sir—where *do* you expect to go to?' The police raid against the rooms was the most irritating of the little social annoyances we were subjected to during the week, because gentle and simple had no place to go to to make a bet, compare, ask a question, or hear the news. The respectable racing men were the sufferers by this edict; the welshers and the roughs rather enjoyed it, for the latter 'dangerous classes' descended into the streets, and made locomotion unpleasant—not to say dangerous—especially for unprotected gentlemen. With all this Chester was very dull, and the issue of the Cup did not tend to raise one's spirits. Field Marshal had not been prophesied, talked about, or thought about, and, though looking very fit and well, he had behaved so badly on the course the very morning of the race, that Tim Perrin dared not tell any one to back him, and himself had only a tanner on. He won, like some other outsiders known to fame, from end to end, Laburnum running like the cur that he is, and Inveresk performing unaccountably bad. The second best horse in the race was Napolitain, but he was eased when it was found he could not catch Field Marshal, and he will win a good race for Lord Wilton some early day doubtless. Laburnum tried all he knew to break Huxtable's neck, by hugging the rails in the most dangerous manner all the way round, but the brute's

intentions were happily frustrated. All the others performed indifferently enough, though a good word may be said for Cobham and Whinyard, who were well in front for a mile and a half. Of the two-year-olds that showed here, Mr. Winkle was the best, as he won the Mostyn, disposing of a good-looking sister to Coronet very easily, and carried his 7 lbs. penalty to the front in the Two Year Old Plate with equal ease. The first of the Speculums made his début here in Spectator, a very neat-looking colt, much resembling his sire, who came with such a very high private reputation that 11 to 10 was laid on him in the Beaufort Biennial. It did not turn out quite such a good thing, however, as his stable imagined, for St. Patrick, who is not anything very grand, ran him to a neck after an exciting race. The bad way all the Tugill horses ran was one of the features, and not a pleasant one, of the meeting. There was an exception in Bothwell, who was just beaten by a head by Jock of Oran, in the Belgrave Cup, but after this the Tugill favourites were bowled over like so many nine-pins, running simply disgracefully.

Newmarket Second Spring was a very pleasant little gathering, with some very good sport, and if the weather had been warmer it would have been delightful. Some mistakes were made in the two-year-old running which were not a source of delight to backers, and the feelings of those who saw Tomahawk, at 25 to 1, beat Couronne de Fer, at 3 to 1 (both in the same stable), may be more easily imagined, &c. Couronne de Fer is brother to the beautiful little Frivolity, and we hope he will turn out as good (perhaps he will prove a better stayer), though beaten on his first essay. It was a shortish neck, and as the second was not anything as fit as he might be made, their positions will probably be reversed. Mr. Winkle, who an hour previously had won a Sweepstakes over the last half of the R. M., was pulled out again for this race, and they took 9 to 4 about him, but his extra weight stopped him as he began to ascend the hill at the finish, and Cannon did not persevere. The Baron would have another cut at Prince Charlie in the Rous Stakes with Chopette, not satisfied with the dressing the latter got at Doncaster, but the way the grandson of Blair Athol made mincemeat of her and old Vulcan will, we should think, deter both him and Mr. Lefevre from meddling again. The latter gentleman was not in such great force as usual, but still managed to pick up a few crumbs, and Blenheim was the best of good things in the Spring Handicap. A wonderful fine race did Fordham ride when Le Gelée beat Caro over the T.Y.C., but he could not manage to land the tricolour in the Welter Handicap, for Custance brought Bauernfanger just at the last moment, and won a splendid race by a head. There was a very hostile feeling exhibited against Hochstaphler for the Derby during the week, which the victory of his stable companion did not mitigate, but served rather to increase. The horse was reported as perfectly well, but yet the popular voice was against him, with what justice the result has shown. Napoleon the Third will give King John a lift among the sires, for he is evidently a pretty fair colt, and won the Exning Plate very easily, though it was thought by some people that Mr. Winkle, who was giving the winner 5 lbs., would have been nearer if he had not been interfered with at the last. We must mention that, through the illness of Mr. McGeorge, Major Dixon was called on unexpectedly to take the flag, and performed the duties attached to the office to the satisfaction of every one. He had but little trouble with his fields, and the jockeys were amenable to him, as they will be (we mean the refractory ones) to a soldier and a gentleman. The Jockey Club may be congratulated on having had Major Dixon to come to the rescue, or they might have been rather awkwardly situated.

But our coaches stop the way. Very much so indeed on the occasion of the first two meets of the Four-in-Hand and the C.C., about the middle of the month, when the Park, on both sides of the Serpentine, was a perfect block, and all the town came out to see the show. The Four-in-Hand got up a bye-day on the 13th, for the especial behoof of the Queen of the Belgians, who can drive herself, and was naturally anxious to see something of our form, particularly as coaching is now so very fashionable, and we turn out in a style that would have astonished Sir Henry Peyton and the members of the B.D.C., could they have looked into futurity. There is something, there can be no manner of doubt, very captivating about a four-in-hand. We are a horsey nation, as is well known; but yet that fact does not quite account for the stir and excitement that a well-appointed coach calls forth, the crowds it collects to gaze at it, the longing that seizes upon people to be on it (this complaint is taken very severely by the female population), and, last, but not least, the apologies sought to be made for what some estimable persons evidently consider a weakness on the part of the nobility and gentry of these realms. We have been amused at reading some of the accounts in the daily papers touching coaching in general, and these meets in particular, which the said meets have called forth. The writers seem hardly able to make up their minds what to call the present coaching revival. They are rather inclined to sneer, but end with some faint expressions of approval, particularly of the public coaches, which they rightly say must be regarded as a boon to Londoners. But why gentlemen devote their time and money to recalling a past state of things they cannot well explain, not evidently understanding the keen delight there is in sitting behind four of your own horses, and that coaching, while now and then taking a long slumber, has always been a chapter in our book of national pastimes. One journal—need we say which?—of course gushed over the meet on the 13th; only it gushed over the lilacs and laburnums, the first white waistcoats, the beautiful children, the pet dogs, and the neutral tints of the ladies yet more; so the coaches, happily for them, played second fiddle. It was a brilliant sight certainly, and one of which their Belgian Majesties will, we are sure, carry away very pleasing recollections. Seventeen coaches answered the call of Mr. Morritt, and, as nearly every coach had ladies on it, there was something very special about the gathering. Every member of the Four-in-Hand had, it was to be presumed, done his best for the occasion, and the show was first-rate. The Duke of Beaufort led the van, and he was followed by Lord Londesborough, Mr. Morritt, the Earl of Abingdon, Lord Aveland, Lord Carington, the Marquess of Worcester, Mr. Gerard Leigh (whose team took honours), Colonel Dickson, Lord Cole, Lord Macduff, Hon. Colonel White, the Earl of Craven, Mr. Eaton, &c., &c. As we have just intimated, Mr. Gerard Leigh's team—four wonderful chestnuts—was universally voted the pick of the lot, and never, perhaps, in the palmy days of coaching were such chestnuts seen. Of admirable symmetry, combining quality with substance, they took the eye of man, woman, and child immediately they appeared, and tooled by a perfect coachman, and admirably put together, they were the perfect picture of the long procession of seventeen. Lord Londesborough's and Lord Carington's came next, though one of the chestnuts of the latter was missing, and the Duke of Beaufort had a very useful lot of bays. Lord Macduff had a very neat team, and so had Lord Cole; indeed there was nothing bad or indifferent in that dainty dish they set before the Queen, and both their Majesties expressed their thanks to the Club for the high gratification the meet had afforded them.

But the 21st was to have been the grand day; and only that the weather

chose to be hostile, grand would it have been. It was the first meet of the Coaching Club, when thirty-three coaches put in an appearance at the Magazine, which will have to be blown up if this sort of thing goes on; and as Mr. Ayrton has so kindly allowed the London Reds a large space of ground for *their* exhibition, he must see the necessity of doing the same for the coaches. On the 21st the thirty-three managed to squeeze in four deep, but there would not have been much room for another half-dozen; so we trust the Chief Commissioner will look to it next year, if by that time the inestimable blessing of a 'popular' government be still left us. It rained all day, and up to an hour of the time appointed for the meet (five o'clock); but every coach was up to time, and, the weather considered, town had turned out pretty well to do honour to the occasion. Among such a number it was next to impossible to take stock of all, but there were some half-dozen teams that every one selected as the pick of the lot, and these were Mr. Gerard Leigh's, with his unapproachable chestnuts, Lord Poulett's well-known browns, Baron Alfred Rothschild's ditto (very hard to beat), Mr. Murietta's handsome team, Lord Carington's useful bays and chestnuts, Captain Whitmore's greys, Lord Cole's browns, and Mr. Kirk's chestnuts. Perhaps the 'popular' voice would have selected Mr. Leigh's and Baron Alfred Rothschild's as the two that would divide the honours, and the popular voice would not have been far wrong. To give the names of all present would take up more space than we have at our disposal; but there was Lord Carington, the Vice-President, with his brother-in-law, Lord Colville, by his side, Lord Cole with Prince Arthur on the box, Lord Poulett with a full load, including Sir Charles Legard, Sir Williamson Booth, Captain Goddard, Captain Cooper, Captain Towneley, and Mr. Crawshaw; Lord Macduff having on his coach Captain Johnstone and Mr. Peter Wilkinson, Captain Candy with Mrs. Candy and other ladies, Major Carlyon, Mr. Kirk, Captain Ashton, the Marquis of Worcester with a load of 'Blues,' and Mr. Murietta with a ditto of ladies; Hon. Captain Needham, Hon. Colonel White, M.P., Lord Valentine, Captain Wombwell, Mr. Brand, Captain John Harrison, Captain Chaine, Mr. Foster, Mr. Hugh McCalmont, Mr. Mitchell, and last, though not least, the indefatigable Hon. Sec., Colonel Armytage. There were several absentees, and we missed the Marquis of Downshire, Lord Francis Lennox, Major Dixon, Lord Aylesford, Lord Bective, Mr. Coupland, Lord Fitzhardinge, Hon. R. Greville Nugent, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Lord Charles Ker, Lieut.-Colonel Knox, Major Marsland, Lord Massarene, Sir William Throckmorton, Lord Rossmore, &c., &c. But still the buff and blue was well represented, and everybody said the show was a brave one. The noble Vice-President led the way, and, before we had gone far down the drive, there was our Princess with two of her royal children, and right graciously and pleasantly did Her Royal Highness acknowledge the loyal salutations as coach after coach filed before her. We found Grosvenor Place *en fête*, crimson cloth lining the balconies, and pretty women in every window. It was to the coaches the most delightful part of the drive, and we can only trust the delight was mutual. Society had assembled for five o'clock tea, and had evidently made Grosvenor Place the rendezvous. Somebody said that there was a special clause in the leases of the new houses in that locality that none but pretty women were to live in them, and we think there must be something in it. At all events, there they were, and they welcomed us with effusion. It was charming, but, like much that is so, it was brief. When we turned out of Grosvenor Gardens, the light that for a few moments had made bright the murky clouds and the dirty streets had disappeared, and we found South Belgravia cold and desolate. That highly respectable and virtuous

locality was apathetic about the coaches, the blinds were down in Eccleston Square, and there only were some old women in the Belgrave Road. Stupid old women! But, Vauxhall Bridge crossed, the less aristocratic Lambeth and Kennington smiled benignantly upon us, and Clapham and Stockwell took us to their arms. We went in a sort of triumphal procession to the Palace, with all the pretty girls of Dulwich for *grande finale*; and if the sun had but shone—but we think we have said that before. We dined, we jested, we talked about the Derby, and we drove back again. So to the next merry meeting, which by-the-way will be, we believe, at Cobham, in the paddocks of the Stud Company, on the 14th of June. It will be a very good opportunity for a pleasant drive a little beyond the narrow limits of Greenwich or Richmond, and will give an *éclat* to the first sale.

The conclusion of the hunting season in the west was marked by a succession of brilliant runs over the open moor, and in more difficult latitudes far beyond the average. The Ivybridge meeting of Mr. Trelawny was a great success. On the Wednesday, the 9th of April, they had a brilliant burst of twenty-five minutes, with a kill, from Hall plantation. On Saturday, the 12th, they found a stout fox at Watercombe, carrying him well through Harrathorn, Awns, and Dendells, by Penmoor to Trowlaworthy Warren, crossing the river Cad to Ringmoor Down, going over the whole length of these downs, at a racing pace, to Burrow Tor. Here they were brought to their noses; but carrying the line steadily through these coverts, and crossing the Meavy at Yannaton, they ran him hard by the side of the Devonport watercourse, turning him into Flat Wood, through it, with every hound at him, again into the open, straight away, when they turned him over in the outskirts of Meavy village. Time, fifty-five minutes. Miss B. Carew and the Misses Verneys rode well throughout, and with Lord Morley, Messrs. Collier, Colonel Salmon, T. Lane, J. Hawker, Captain de Burgho Hodges, and J. R. Newcombe, were up at the finish.* On Tuesday, the 15th—Blatchford House; found in Broadhall Head, going away at the top of the pace to Yealm Head, turned to the right by the river to Awns and Dendells, leaving the covert to the left, running hard for Penmoor, and pointing to Rook Wood; then turning short into Awns and Dendells, they forced him through the range of these long coverts, and pulled him down at the foot of the waterfall, after a brilliant twenty-five minutes. These hounds are greatly improved under Will Boxall, for they have now acquired that which is termed *the drive*, and means the perfection of hunt and pace combined. This is the speciality for which the Belvoir are so famed, and is also exemplified in the hounds of Lord Portsmouth. In his Exmoor country the noble Lord terminated his season with a chase of an hour and five minutes, perfectly straight, without a check, from first to last.

The South Devon had another run over the forest on the 3rd of April, varied, but excellent in all its points. The find was on Blackaton Common, in a gully by the side of a brook. The hounds winded him before he moved, and with an impulsive burst pressed onwards, then with a crash he was up. This was grand in its way. Away he went, with the pack close to him, and, on coming to the wide wall bounding Blackaton Common, he ran thirty yards on it—a yellow-grey fox, and caring little for the observation and halloas; then took his line for Hamildon Down to Widdecombe Beacon, down the hill to Heatherdown Inclosures, and, turning again to the moor, went away over the two-mile flat of heather from Heathercombe to Hookner Tor, Viuifer Mine, and South Sand Warren. Here there was a double scent, and the pack divided, the hunt fox going to Warren Tor, Challacombe Common, and returning to Blackaton. Facing the hill again of Hamildon, he

was beaten by the ascent, and, turning down the vale to Widdecombe, was pulled down in the lawn of the Manor House, after a long run of twelve miles. Mr. Clack, jun., and Mr. Barkly were well up. It was a most distressing run for horses. These hounds had an excellent run in the last week, from Little Haldon to Luscombe Park, back again to the Sleepy Hollow of Bishops Teignton and Luton, with a kill.

The Tarporley Hunt and Club are fortunate in possessing in Mr. Egerton Warburton a member who records in fitting verse the annals of their sport. His little volume of 'Hunting Songs' has now reached its fifth edition, and established a popularity that is sure to be lasting with all true lovers of sport. And, more than this, we are much mistaken if pieces like the 'Dead Hunter' and the 'Tantivy Trot' will not pass into the general literature of the language. It is singular how rarely the gifts of the bard have been bestowed on the sportsman, so that, with all the Englishman's genuine love of the horse and the hound, they have been sung by very few. Our greatest poets have but rarely deigned to make them the subjects of their song, and, Somerville alone excepted, the Lesser Lights have only manifested how little they knew their points. The late George Templar of Stover, in the lines to his 'Old Horn,' and the late Lindsay Gordon, in his piece of 'How we Beat 'the Favourite' (both but too little known), showed that they possessed the precious endowment; and now the author of these songs, and Mr. Whyte-Melville, may be said to have succeeded them in the power to portray the noble characteristics of the hunter and the hound.

The sporting canvas on the Academy walls is not very broad this year, but it makes up in quality, we think, what it may lack in quantity. Such pictures as these of Lord and Lady Coventry, and Lord Portsmouth and his son, Lord Lymington, with the portrait of Lord Colville, as Master of the Buckhounds, cannot well be beaten. We would take the first and the last named as the gems of the Academy. There are excellent and admirable artists who paint horses and hounds, and who cannot paint gentlemen; and there are others, no less excellent and admirable, who can paint gentlemen, but not horses and hounds. Now, Sir Francis Grant can do both, and, therefore, he stands alone—the sporting artist of the day. Perhaps his easel has never produced any better example of what we have said than the two portraits of Lord and Lady Coventry, with horses and hounds, and that of Lord Colville. In the last 'Van,' we mentioned in detail the presentation to Lord and Lady Coventry of this memorial of good sport with the North Cotswold, and there has been nothing finer seen in the sporting way at the Academy since the same distinguished artist gave us the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, a few years since. There is such an utter absence of studying effect in the picture, while at the same time the effect tells so forcibly on the spectator, which is one of the President's marked excellences. Lord and Lady Coventry are sitting their horses as men and women, to the manner bred, do sit them, and the hounds are grouped round them as hounds would naturally group. We heard it objected that Lord Coventry was hardly a likeness; but we suspect it must be the cap, which does alter a man surprisingly. We were inclined to find fault with the portrait at first, but a closer and longer look satisfied us it was the man. There is such a look of real work, combined with high refinement, about the picture, which worthily occupies the post of honour on the walls, that we cannot help thinking it one of the happiest efforts of the President's genius. Of Lord Portsmouth's, two—or rather we should say of the two pictures respectively—by Wells and Ansdell, representing scenes with his hounds, we much prefer Ansdell. His picture of Lord Lymington Charles

Littleworth, horses and hounds—the latter just killing their fox—is wonderfully good, full of fire and dash, and with a look on the young Lord's face, a reflex of his father's in Wells's picture, only with more life in it. But to hark back to Sir Francis. There have been, of late years, few more gallant figures on an Ascot Cup Day than that of Lord Colville of Culross, when in belt and couples he came up the New Mile at the head of the royal procession, as Master of the Royal Buckhounds. Not that Lord Colville was a feather-bed sportsman, fitted to shine alone at Court pageants, and, in well-fitting coat and immaculate leathers, play the part of a carpet knight. The annals of the Royal Hunt will tell of fewer bolder riders, or one more keen, than Lord Colville, and when he retired from the post of Conservative whip in the Upper House, which he had so worthily filled for twenty years, his friends rightly considered that a picture of him, in the costume of the high office he had once held, was a fitting testimonial. Lord Colville's portrait is the second example of the remark we made just now about the artists who can, and the artists who cannot, paint a gentleman. There is no doubt about Sir Francis. To be sure he has had a good subject to work upon, for it would have been very difficult to make anything else of Lord Colville; but still we are glad the commission was given to the President. The likeness is admirable, and the details (such breeches and boots have been rarely seen) admirable too. It is *the* portrait of the room, in our humble opinion, and we say this with a vivid recollection of the 'Mrs. Heugh,' the 'Early Days,' and the picture numbered 1005, by Millais. Of the other hunting portraits, Pearce's Mr. Mashiter is good and truthful; and, of hunting subjects, Eyre Crowe's 'After 'a Run' is neither one nor the other. In the doggy ones, commend us to the 'Oscar and Brin' of Mr. Richardson, which for humour and faithful rendering has not its equal.

The criticisms that have already appeared on Mr. Henry Irving's wonderful delineation of Eugene Aram leave little to be added, except another note of admiration to the high tragic power which is condensed in every tone and gesture throughout the whole of this most arduous performance. There is no plot or incident to detract from the character in whom alone all interest centres; and whereas, in the drama of 'The Bells,' the victim of remorse has momentary gleams of apparent cheeriness, the gloom from Eugene Aram's brow is never lifted even in the opening scene, when amidst the softening influence of one of the loveliest gardens ever set on any stage, he assures his promised bride that he is full of joy, in tones that have no ring of gladness, with lips that cannot smile. In the second act, during the interview with Houseman, comes the first burst of tragic art, and nothing could be grander than Eugene Aram's assertion of the master mind over the villain who is made to quail where he would threaten, and then the utter collapse of the guilty man when left to his own agony of fear, as he recalls the horrors of the past, and shrinks from the terrible ordeal of looking on the murdered Clark's remains! Here the actor rose to the highest point of histrionic genius, not to be surpassed even in the last scene, when his dying confession is given with such harrowing intensity, that the fall of the curtain is almost a relief to those who have deeply appreciated Mr. Irving's second marvellous portraiture of despairing remorse. The impression of the play, as a whole, lacks the absorbing interest of 'The Bells,' where possibly a dash of the supernatural gave a mystic charm; but the introduction of musical effects in both dramas has been highly successful; and, in 'Eugene Aram,' we must not omit the additional attraction of Miss Isabel Bateman's impersonation of Ruth—a character full of tenderness and womanly feeling, which this rising young actress de-

lineates with charming *verve* and truth. We are strongly reminded of her elder sister in the most touching situations of the piece, when the peculiar tear in the voice recalls the injured Leah to our minds, and we cannot give Miss Isabel Bateman higher praise than comparison with one in whose footsteps she is well competent to follow.

A venerable old man, in a long brown coat, was on the 22nd—the day the Heythrop horses were sold at Tattersall's—an object of great interest to many hunting men formerly connected with the Heythrop country. He was no other than the celebrated Jim Hills. Many people thought he had been gathered to his fathers some years; even those who had known him doubted his identity, but, on speaking to him, they found he knew them. We were glad to see again such a remembrance of (to some of us) youthful Oxford days; but still, all considered, it was a rather painful sight—for it was impossible to help contrasting his appearance that afternoon with what it was some thirty years ago or so, when he was going over the walls in a fashion that he and old Harry Ayris alone knew how. Jim Hills' old master, Lord Redesdale, was present to vouch for his identity; but some of the young ones who had read their Scott and Sebright could hardly believe that that worn old man was the once celebrated huntsman of the Heythrop Hounds.

Pigeon shooting this season has hardly the 'go' in it we used to see; and though the fields both at Hurlingham and the Gun Club have begun during the last month to make a show on paper, still at both grounds there has been a marked falling-off in visitors. The Saturday before the Derby used to see a great gathering at Hurlingham, the ladies mustering in force; but on the 24th—Queen's birthday and Queen's weather—there were very few ladies. Perhaps the Meet of the Four-in-Hand in Alexandra Park had lured them away—perhaps the slaughter of the innocents has no longer a charm, and they want a fresh excitement. Will it be Polo, we wonder? The Derby Handicap brought forty-three competitors to the scratch, the Club presenting a handsome central-fire breech-loader by Grant to the winner, and after some good shooting Mr. Herbert Wood took the prize. The demand for pigeons is great, and they fetch a price. Hammond had some at Hurlingham which he said cost him, first hand, 2s. 2d. each. Stephen Grant, the gunmaker, sent out twenty dozen last week to New York. The garden and grounds at Hurlingham are now looking in great beauty, and warmer weather will doubtless give a fillip to the, as yet, rather dull proceedings at both clubs.

A private billiard match, of one thousand up, was to have been played on the Friday evening of the week before the Derby, for 500*l.* a-side, 100*l.* forfeit, between Mr. Rodger and Mr. Wilson, who are reputed to be the two best amateur players of the day. Coming up from Scotland Mr. Wilson was taken ill, and, in consequence, paid forfeit. A great disappointment to the friends of both, as, although Mr. Wilson's form is not so generally well-known as that of his opponent, he is said, upon one occasion, to have made as many as thirty-three spot strokes in succession.

One was reminded of our old friend Horace's words, *Sunt qui curricula collegisse juroat pulverem Olympicam*, when a few days ago I found myself among a crowd of curricles, waggonettes, and vehicles of every description, shape, and size, collected at the first milestone, out of Ashford, on the London road. Their occupants had gone forth to see a rather unique pedestrian performance, in spite of dust which could be cut into little pieces with a knife—for the invention of water-carts has hardly reached the primitive little town.

I always enjoy a good foot-race. After all, are not struggles of this kind more

classic than those of horses? Did not St. Paul even show a sort of predilection in this line by his petty allusions to the Corinthian sports?

The match I refer to originated during a country *réunion* at Ervington Hall, near Wye, where Mr. Lyda Barrington was entertaining in his usual style a few choice spirits. An after-dinner but true remark was made by Mr. Brownlow North, one of the guests, that few men, however good walkers they might be, could walk carrying a brick in each hand five miles within the hour. This led to a wager being offered on the point, and accepted by Major Hon. J. Colborne, who however found it not so easy as he expected, for, on trying it next day, he lost his money by three minutes—the strain was too great for muscles unaccustomed to weight-carrying. Four days were asked for, and with these conditions the Major, doubling his wager, won the same match by three minutes. These doings came to the ears of a well-known sporting gentleman of Ashford, Mr. Reese, who offered to bet the Major 100*l.* that he would not 'walk fair heel and toe, carrying in each hand an ordinary brick, weighing separately 6½ lbs., not touching the body, within three consecutive hours, over a distance of fifteen miles, on the same ground as the last match;' this was accepted, articles signed, and stakes deposited.

At two o'clock, 22nd May, Ashford showed almost as much excitement about 'the coming race' as it did on the occasion of the Wye meeting. The Saracen's Head was crowded by people from distances, and the town turned out; ringmen were there, too, to improve the occasion; and all sorts of wild and hap-hazard bets were taken and offered, as every one, even our 'six to four' friends, were betting in the dark. Many well-known voices might be heard bellowing, 'I want to back time;' 'Six to four against the officer;' 'Well, 'I'll bet six to four against the Captain,'—every military man with them is a 'Captain,' from His Royal Highness to the Drum-major of the Guards.

And now the police having made a clear way at 2.30, the voice of the umpire was heard, 'Take up your bricks,' and there was silence for the space of half a minute, and then 'Go' was the word, and go the weight-carrier did, starting up hill and performing the first mile in 9 min. 28 sec.

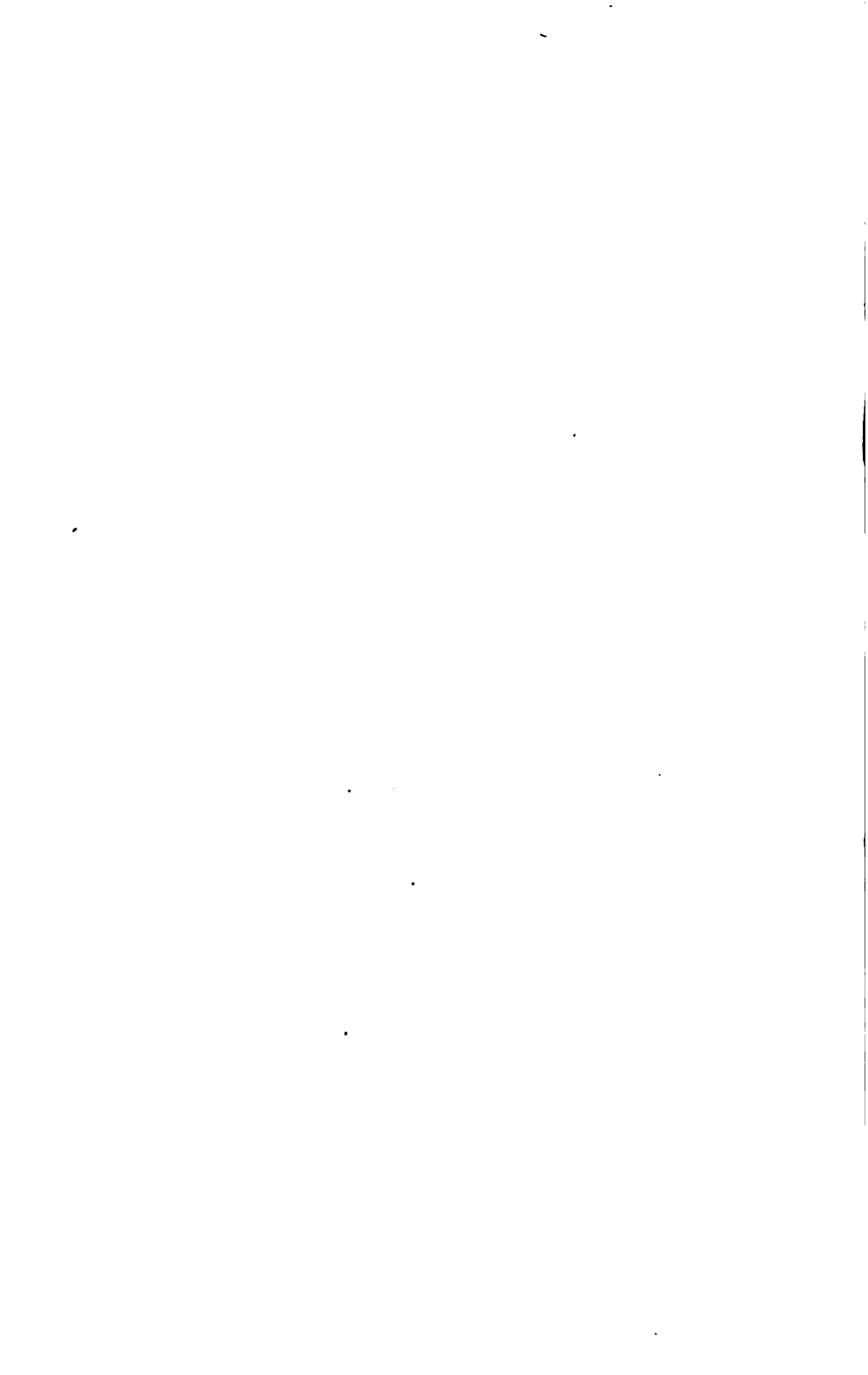
At the ninth mile, as the Major slacked, many men who had been betting on him wished to hedge their bets, and in this desire they were easily accommodated by the more knowing ones, who saw he was only gathering strength for the last effort. Being most admirably coached by Mr. Griffith, of 'Bell's Life,' who held a ——? in his hand, timing and telling him his exact pace, now and then sponging his back, and once only administering to him sherry and eggs; other friends offered wine, brandy, &c. 'He is better 'without,' said Bell's member.

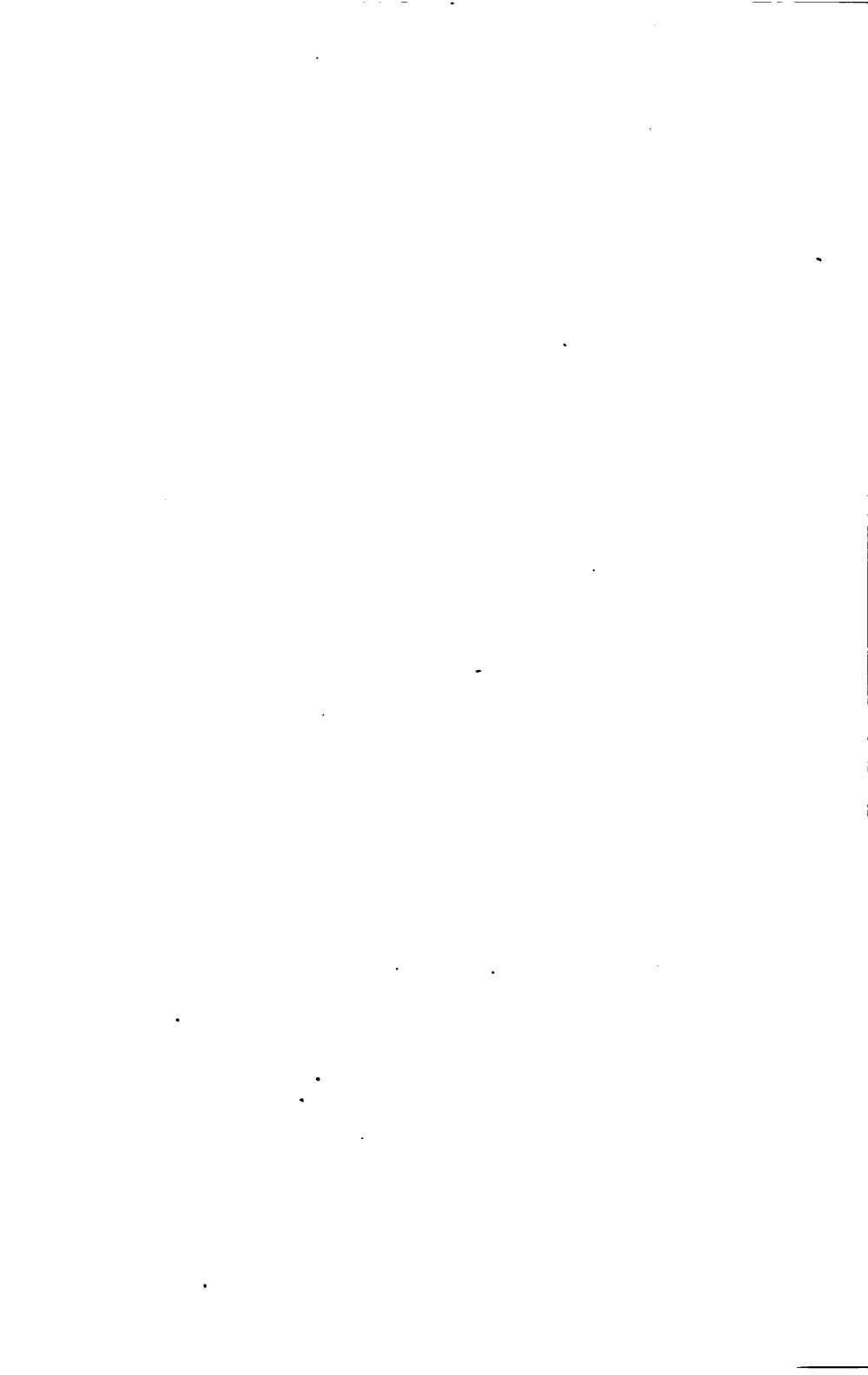
Though there was much pushing and jostling, the mob were most good-natured, and carriages most kindly kept *behind*; the police, too, were very active in keeping the road; the greatest crowd however was at the last milestone, past which the pedestrian advisedly carried his brick some ten yards in case of accidents—in case of short measurement. A rumour, however, has gone about that if anything the distance was over the mark—each 'mile' being in reality 1772 yards; perhaps in that part of Kent, as in Ireland, the measurement is different from the ordinary English mile, as is the weight of a 'brick.' In most parts of England an ordinary brick weighs between 4 and 5 lbs.

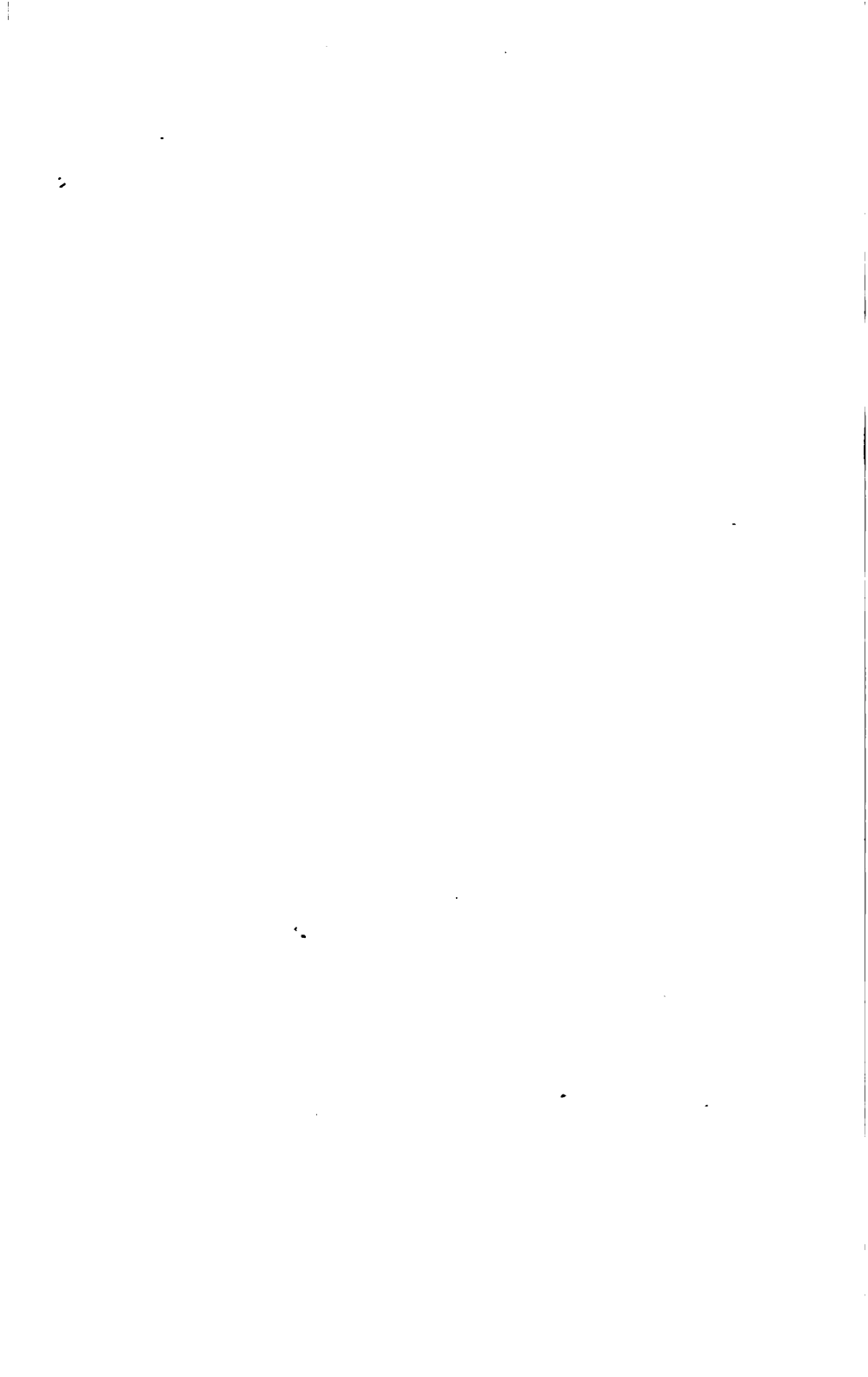
The old order passes away, and the men thereof. We have to lament, in the death of Lord Zetland, the loss of one of those good and thorough sportsmen who have shed a lustre on the Turf, which, when some of the late

Earl's contemporaries have too departed, we perhaps can hardly hope to see rekindled. We are of the new order—the order of hard business—in which a stud of horses comes to be regarded as a commercial speculation, returning so much, or so little, per cent., and where betting is the all in all. We have nothing to say against the new state of things; we must progress with the times, in the hope that the evils, if they exist, may work their own cure; but we may be allowed to lament our old order, and one of its chief exponents. It has been said of Lord Zetland, that he took more pleasure in the training ground than the racecourse, and, if that were true, we have his sporting epitaph written in one line. His name will be always associated with that of Voltigeur, 'the Yorkshire coach horse,' who confounded the critics and delighted the tykes with a Derby and Leger victory—the latter such an one as had not been seen since Charles the Twelfth and Euclid fought the battle out a second time on the famous moor. Lord Zetland had other good horses, but Voltigeur was the glory of the white and red spots. He was at one time, just before the Derby, the most popular and the best-abused horse that was ever trained, and his friends and detractors were two great parties. Vedette and Buckstone were the two last descendants of Voltigeur, though, perhaps, Skirmisher may do more for the blood than any of the others; but that time will show. For the rest, Lord Zetland was a great mason, a good Whig, a pattern country gentleman, and he has left behind him a memory and an example for all sportsmen present and to come.

And the Derby has come and gone while we have been packing our last few parcels, and the great 'certainties' have been scattered to the winds. Mr. Merry has tried of late years to win many a Derby, but has failed; and now, when he had a horse so little thought about by himself and his trainer that he started at 40 to 1, he wins it for him—if not in a canter, at least very easily. Doncaster was one of the best-looking horses that ran in the Two Thousand, but he evidently then wanted time; and the knowing ones jumped to the conclusion that the Leger would be about his journey. No one backed him or mentioned him, and his good looks gained him but scant notice in the paddock. We were all so convinced that a favourite must win, that even a horse with some pretensions like Montargis was but little thought of. Some of the best judges on the Turf went for Hochstapler with a zeal which, considering how little was known about the horse, was one of the most extraordinary circumstances in connection with this Derby. A horse who had beaten nothing but a half-miler like The Colonel and an impostor like Hurlingham was elevated on the strength of gallops on his training-ground at Newmarket to the position of a Derby favourite; and he carried more money and judgment than anything in the race! He had not been tried, and, if all accounts we hear are true, he had never gone more than a mile—and yet he was the selected of all the analysts, and the leading men on the Turf went for him. He was beaten coming down the hill, and finished ingloriously in the rear, last but one, and behind such a performer as Snail. What can be said about this? It will probably be sought to prove that 'this was not Hochstapler's running'; that it was 'too bad to be true,' &c., &c.,—all the old familiar excuses to palliate defeat. The facts remain; and they do not at all redound to the credit of our judgment. Nor do they speak well for those who foisted on the public such an arrant impostor.

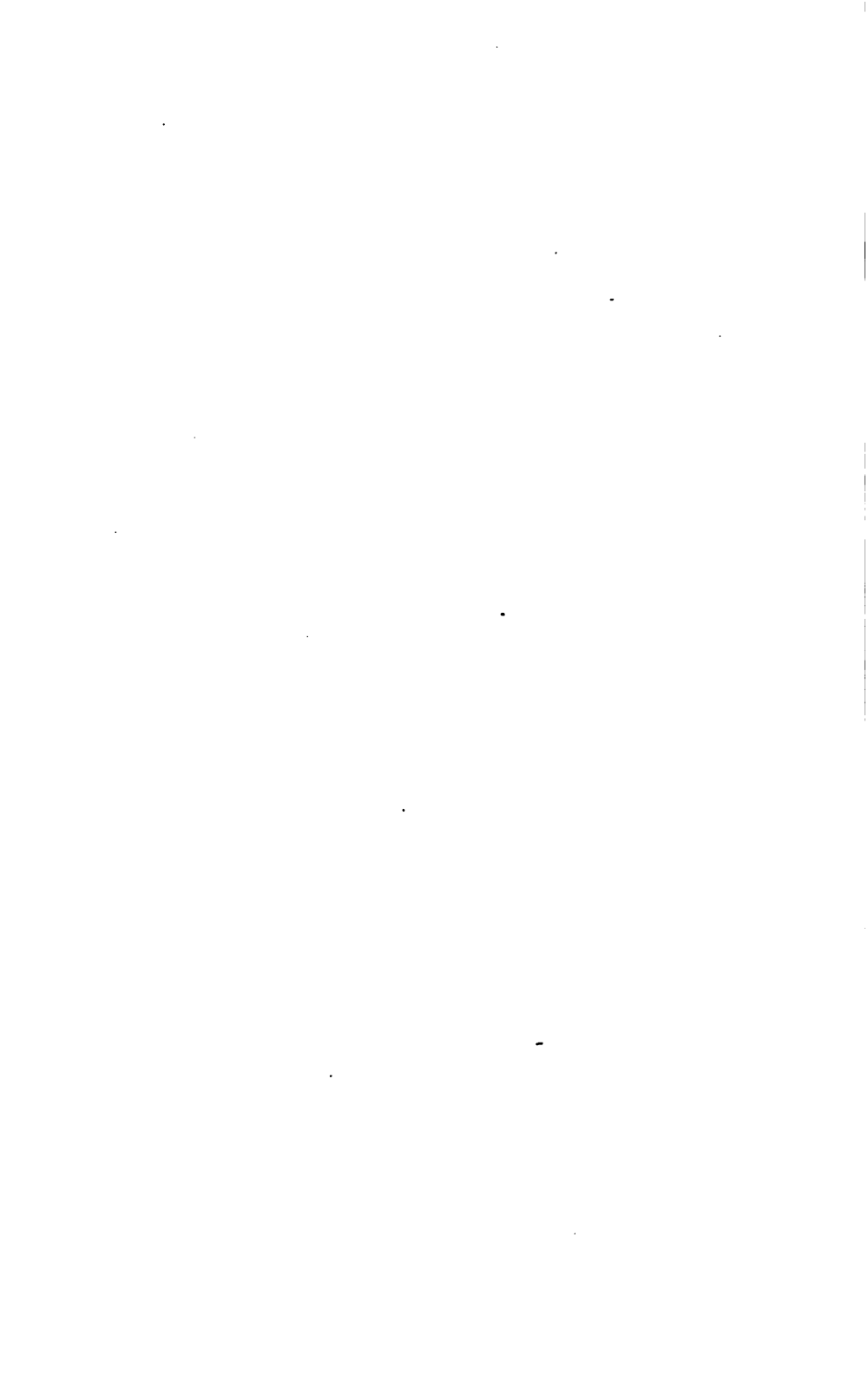




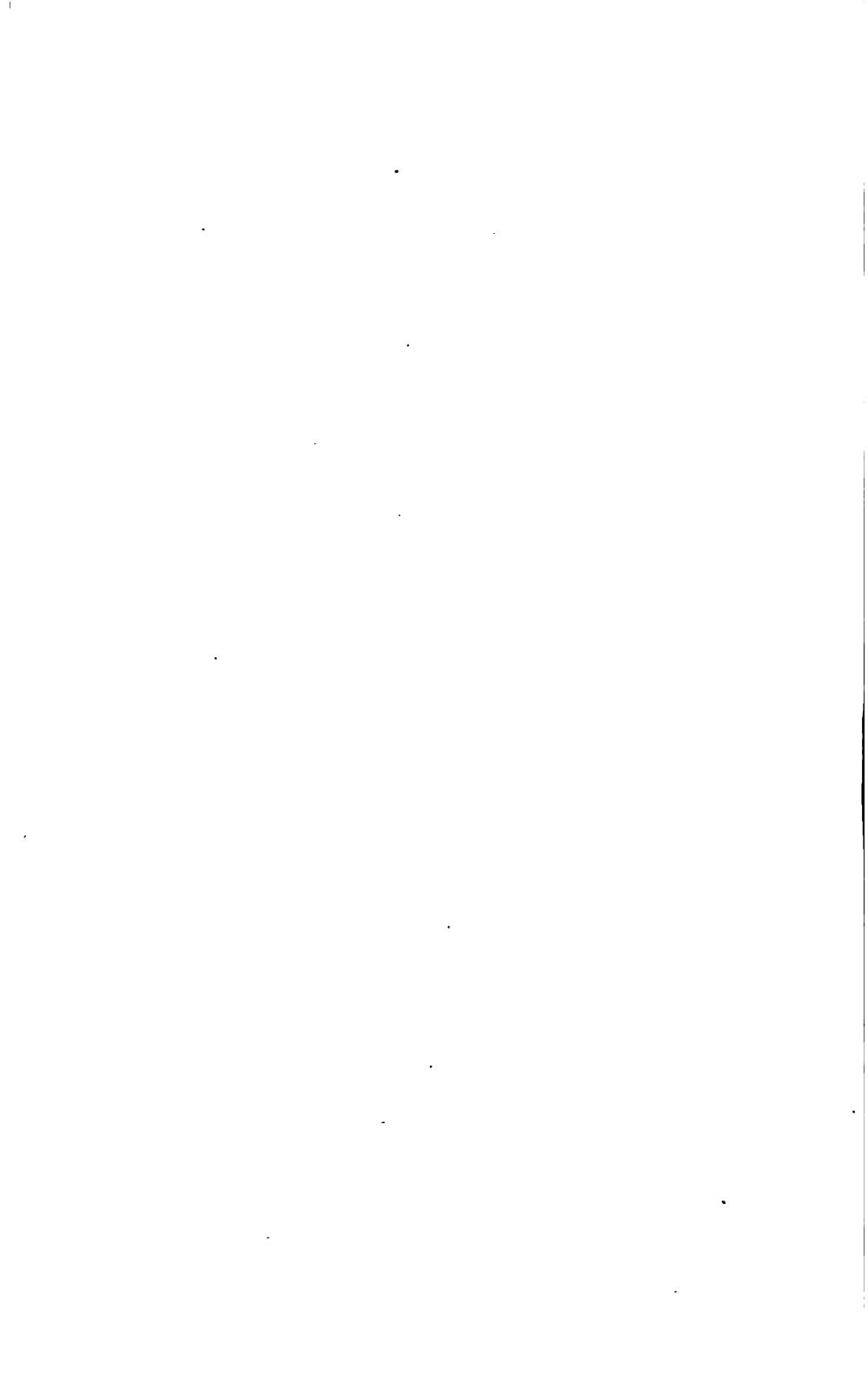


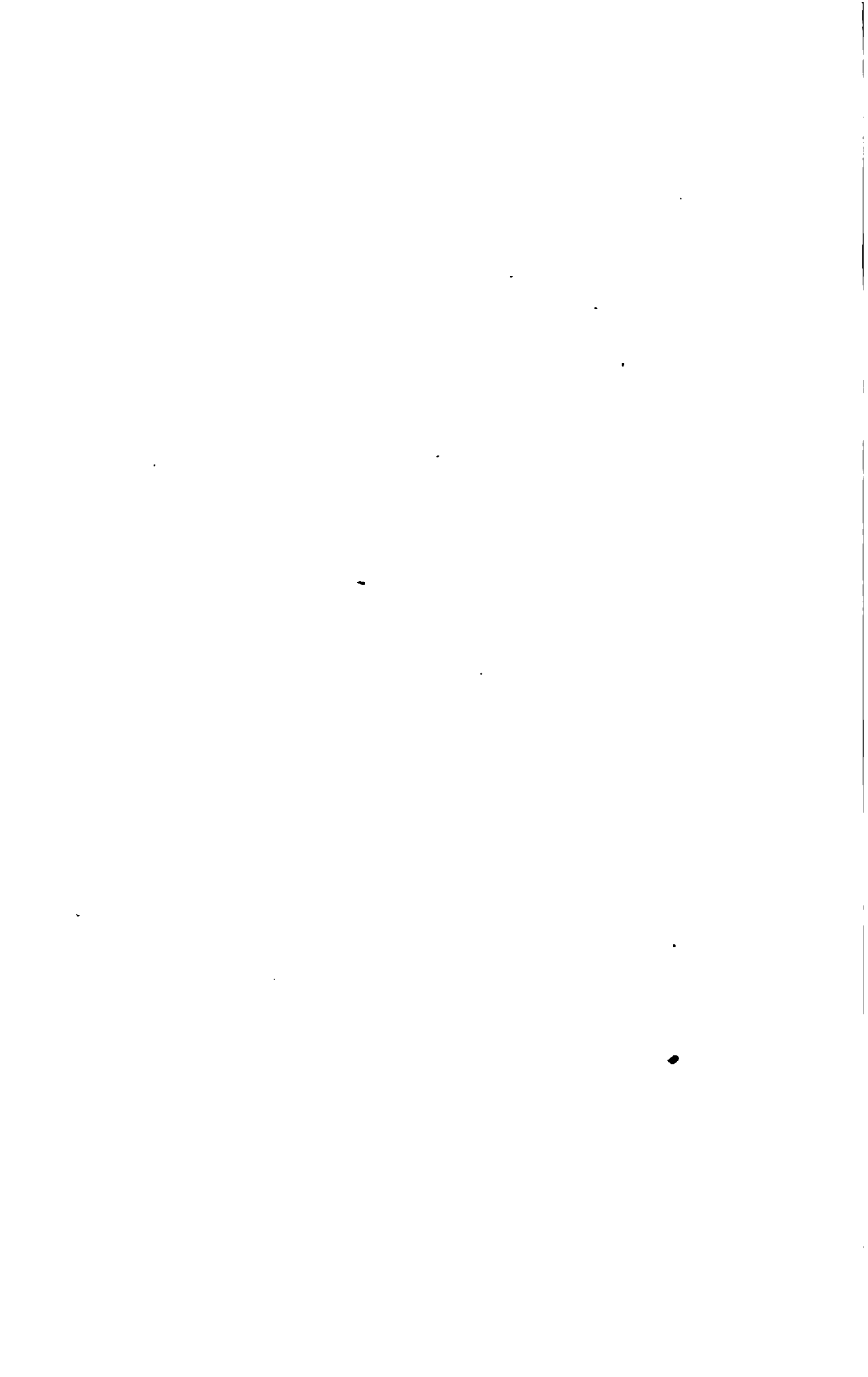












THE ROAD IN 1873.

IN our last number we brought the history of coaching down to the end of the season of 1868. Now we resume our pen to give its history from 1869 until the present time; and with pleasure are we able to write that, from that time, it has gone on and flourished to an extent that its most sanguine supporter could scarcely have hoped for. In the year 1869 Mr. A. G. Scott undertook the honorary secretaryship of the Brighton coach, as he himself told us 'with a determination 'not only to make it a success, but also, if possible, to try and revive 'coaching as a pure, true, and unselfish sport.' His first great object was to get it known, which, thanks to the notice in the public journals, and especially in 'Baily,' added to his personal activity in circulating cards and seeing them properly placed—having walked twice over the City, a great stronghold, as we before said, for this purpose—he accomplished so fully that, on their opening day, they could have filled twice over, and each day brought them fresh support. The success of the coach was wonderful; and they never, during the season, had a clean bill. In fact, the coach became known all over the world. Cards hung in the Louvre and the Grand Hotels in Paris; while a friend told Mr. Scott that he met a man in India, journeying homeward, who spoke of the pleasure with which he looked forward to being home in time for a ride on the Brighton Coach; and an Indian paper, the 'Pioneer,' contained a capital article on the subject. Since then the coach has flourished; and truly was it recorded of it in the 'Observer,' by an able and kindly hand, 'There is nothing to beat 'the Brighton. It sets an example which has been followed by other 'admirable amateur coaches; but it itself is original and unique, 'and Mr. A. G. Scott, its honorary secretary, may be again congratulated upon the splendid results achieved by his unwearied and 'disinterested labours.' The London terminus at this time was the Ship, Charing Cross, which certainly has many advantages, as you avoid the drag up to and along crowded Piccadilly, and the spot is central and convenient for the City men. The proprietors were Lord Londesborough, to Croydon; Colonel Stracey Clitherow—one of the best fellows who ever horsed a coach, whose cattle were first-rate—he would have them good—to Redhill; Mr. Chandos Pole Gell, to Lowfield Heath, where luncheon was provided in first-rate style, at a wonderfully cheap rate, and half an hour allowed for its discussion. Mr. Pole Gell had a very fine team of greys, which became exceedingly popular. From Lowfield Heath Mr. George Meek horsed it to Staplefield Common, using his own stables, which he had previously generously placed at the disposal of the Squire; and from here Mr. Chandos Pole horsed it into Brighton with two teams, changing at Friar's Oak; and few who saw them will forget his team of raking chestnuts, with the white-faced near-leader, which was nearly as well-known on the ground as the Squire or Tedder himself.

The year 1869 saw also the advent of the Tunbridge Wells coach

—the Sevenoaks of the previous year stretched—the Pawleys of Sevenoaks and Tunbridge horsing the extra distance, under agreement with Mr. Charles Hoare; colour white, with red under-carriage. A coach was also, this year, started to Windsor, the proprietors being Lord Carington and Mr. Cherry Angell, while the offices of coachman and guard were combined in George Dacombe; the route being through Brentford—a nasty flat road, disagreeable alike to coachman and passengers. On the hind boot of the coach was an elaborate picture, representing its entrance into Windsor. This year the High Wycombe coach also made its first appearance, started by Mr. John Eden, before mentioned as a supporter of the Age; its starting-point the Scotch Stores, Oxford Street; route, Uxbridge, Gerrard's Cross, Beaconsfield, &c.; colour yellow, black under-carriage.

In 1870 the Brighton was run by nearly the same proprietors as in 1869, Colonel Clitherow supplying the place of Lord Londesborough out of London, the rest moving higher up the roads, and Mr. Willis taking the last stage to Brighton; but the starting-point once more altered to Hatchett's, and the colour of the coach changed to brown and red under-carriage. It had another wonderful year, with a marked increase in the 'up' passengers. The Tunbridge Wells was still going, with Mr. Hoare, the Earl of Bective, and Colonel Hathorn as owners, the Pawleys still horsing the ground below Sevenoaks. Mr. Angell this year worked the Windsor alone. This coach met with but little support, and did not appear again.

In 1871 we find the Brighton, with Mr. C. Pole, Stracey Clitherow, and G. Meek as proprietors, with new blood working out of London in Captain W. H. Cooper (Billy) and Mr. Chalmers Smith. Tunbridge Wells as before—Carter as coachman, Simmonds as guard. The Wycombe also as before.

We now come to the introduction of the Dorking coach, May 1st, 1871, which, in a pecuniary point of view, has been the greatest success of all, and was brought about in this way. At the close of 1870 Sir H. De Bathe, a brother officer and friend of Colonel Stracey Clitherow, became known to Mr. Scott. Together with a friend, Major Withington, he had determined upon starting, in 1871, a coach to Canterbury, to be called the Old Stager; colours, the Zingari—red, black, and yellow. Mr. Scott agreed, so far as he could without forsaking his first best love, the Brighton, to undertake its management as honorary secretary. He went to Canterbury and had a look round, as well as studied the proposed route, and came to the conclusion that it must not only be a failure, but occasion considerable loss. He then pressed on both the idea of a coach to Dorking, *via* Epsom, Leatherhead, and Box Hill, and after some consideration Canterbury was abandoned in its favour; and so this wonderful (we use the term advisedly, as it has more than paid its expenses) coach was started. The road is perfect in a driving point of view—all sorts of ground, just the distance (twenty-five miles) to suit the general public, and scenery the most beautiful that can be

found. We know of nothing to equal it. Moore was the professional coachman, Byford the guard, and Mr. A. G. Scott honorary secretary.

The same year the Oatlands Park coach was started by Colonel Tyrwhitt and Lord Norreys, with Timms as coachman and guard. It was not a success, and was discontinued. Also one to Virginia Water, by Colonel Dickson, Mr. Edwards, and Captain Candy. It ran over some part of road of the Oatlands Park coach, and gave great offence by working on Sundays, so that it did not outlive the year. Another failure was a coach run in long stages from Charing Cross to Rochford, in Essex, though it did struggle through the season of 1872.

In 1872 the guard of the Brighton appeared in the old mail uniform, and the proprietors were Mr. Chandos Pole, Colonel Stracey Clitherow, and Captain Cooper, a capital triune, two of them (Pole and Cooper) about the best amateur whips of the age, and Colonel Stracey Clitherow the pluckiest of men, always ready to find the best of horseflesh, and good-natured enough to like to sit and see his partners drive. We remember Cooper's showing his appreciation of the Squire's marvellous ability on 'the bench' by the remark, 'I'd give up a good week's shooting, Pole, to sit and see you drive.'

Mr. Charles Hoare this year retired from the Tunbridge Wells, leaving the Earl of Bective and Colonel Hathorn in command, while Selby was the professional coachman, and Simmonds continued as guard, but unfortunately, early in the season, met with a bad accident and broke his leg, and his place was supplied by Cracknell, son of the celebrated 'whip' of the Tantivy, who still officiates; poor Simmonds, who played the horn *à merveille*, being very lame and unfit. The Pawleys still horsed it below Sevenoaks. The proprietors had a wonderful sale of their horses at the end of the season, making an average of over forty-four guineas, the highest price being ninety-nine and the lowest nineteen.

The Wycombe continued the same as usual, but this year sold their horses at Tattersall's, instead of Aldridge's as heretofore. The Dorking also the same as before; the great fault being the shortness of the season, as it ceased running early in August, notwithstanding Mr. Scott's earnest efforts to the contrary. Nevertheless, it paid its way well. The Reigate now took the place of the Oatlands Park, under the same management, the route being through Kingston, Ewell, &c.—pretty, but not paying. The season was short; it was well horsed, and they made good prices at the hammer. There was no professional coachman.

Lord Muncaster, Lord Macduff, and Captain Percival now started the Hampton Court and Sunbury, originally only intending to run to the former place, until they found that they would be obliged to wear the badge, as running within the metropolitan district, when it was stretched to Sunbury. Timms was the professional coachman; but the affair was a failure.

This brings us to the Road in 1873, with the largest number of coaches running since the commencement of the so-called revival.

Now, kind reader, having brought the history of modern coaching down to the present season, let us together take our stand at Hatchett's any fine morning, see the different teams start and come in, see how each is turned out, and note the peculiarities of their cattle, harness, and coaches, and say—

' Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, sir;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride,
Wind without whistle or cough, sir '—

if, haply, we can find them. The first that catches our eye will most probably be the Tunbridge Wells and Sevenoaks; and if we do not see Lord Bective or Colonel Hathorn on the bench, we shall be sure to see Selby handling the ribbons. Here they come round the corner, and a very neat turn-out it is, with the short-tailed bays as leaders, while the off-wheeler is a chestnut, and the blue roan on the near side looks all over like work—all, as you see, driven without bearing-reins—so does the brass-mounted harness and white coach with red under-carriage. They are off, you see, to the minute; and young Cracknell tootles up his horn right merrily as they start. Scarcely are they gone when the Westerham—a fresh coach this year, running through a very pretty bit of country—comes along Piccadilly, and, with a grand sweep, is pulled up at the door, well handled by Moore. The proprietors of this coach are Sir H. De Bathe, Major Furnival, and Mr. E. Godsell; and right well they horse it, though the team is, perhaps, not quite so natty as some we shall see. The off-leader has a suspicious look of cross-country work about him, and, we hear, has figured favourably in that line; while the white-faced near wheeler—called, unless report lieh, Griffiths, from his perfect safety—is a big, useful style of horse. The two matches to these are of a good stamp, and the dark-coloured coach is very neat and quiet-looking, though that is more than can be said of the guard, who is a regular trumpeter. The road is hilly, and the pace slow, and although it loads pretty well, we almost wonder at Westerham, where there is no railway, or much to be seen, offering public attraction enough to keep it going. The Westerham leaves Hatchett's at 10.30 A.M.

Close in its wake is the Dorking, the original coach, but new colour—primrose and red under-carriage. Sir Henry De Bathe has withdrawn from this in favour of the Westerham, as stated above, and his place is taken by Lord Macduff, and Colonel Withington goes on as heretofore. John Thorogood on the box—a nephew and pupil of the celebrated Thorogood of the Norwich Times—and H. Byford behind him. The team, as you see, are blacks and bays, the latter being, at wheel, all driven in D'Orsay bits, and they have the character of being a remarkably nice team to handle, and are rare movers, especially the off-leader. The coach was built for Mr. C. Pole by Holland, and is a very good one. While we are looking at it, you see the Tantivy, from Watford, has come in; and what a rare lot Mr. Sedgwick has got hold of! There is

power on short legs. You may take your oath that not one of the short-tailed four, either the brown wheeler or bay or grey leader, came into his hands for less than 60/. It is well patronised all along the road, as it deserves to be, for the drive is a pretty one of about seventeen miles, and it is well done, though they have made the curious mistake of having a fox instead of a stag on the harness, as it should be to correspond with the name, 'The Tantivy.' The professional coachman is Saunders. This coach is now doubled, and on arriving in London puts in a clean team and returns to Watford again and back, in the afternoon, to Hatchett's at 5.10 P.M.

There is the Reigate, the property of Lord Norreys and Colonel Tyrwhitt, rarely horsed for road-work, though the horses are not so upstanding and commanding in appearance as some of those on the other coaches; but they will stand looking into, and the two greys on the near side show an amount of bone not usually seen with their inches. It is a pleasant drive on this road, and report says they take their time in enjoying it. The Wycombe, you see, has also driven round this way, and shows also a wear-and-tear team, all greys. It is under the same management as last year.

Now let us turn to the afternoon Dorking, just pulled up at the corner of the street, a shade late, by the way, and Captain Cooper, who is a very martinet for 'time,' is deep in the defalcation of some horsekeeper when he meets the secretary. Like the morning Dorking, it is rarely horsed with two blacks at wheel, and bays as leaders—a capital coaching lot. Perhaps there never was a brighter thought than putting this coach on the road, which was done in consequence of the excuse of business men who professed themselves fond of a drive, that they 'could not afford to give up a whole day for it' (how truly English!) This, however, meets their views to a nicety. And what is more delightful than a summer's evening drive on a beautiful road, plus the attraction of a good dinner at the journey's end, a comfortable hotel whereat to pass the night, and the certainty of being back in good time for 'business' the next morning! All these thoughts had weighed with Mr. A. G. Scott for two years, and he had contemplated an afternoon Dorking which should return at such an hour the next morning as would suit business men. This year his wish was realised, as Captain Cooper, who lives near Leatherhead, determined to take the matter up, and agreed to find the horses, upon Mr. Scott's undertaking the entire management; so a beginning was made on the 1st of May, 1873. Thus the only remaining phase of the revival of coaching has been successfully inaugurated. Despite the inclement weather, the coach has been well patronised, and no wonder when we view its attractions. Horsed and driven by Captain Cooper, bar the Squire the best whip of the age, a genial companion, wonderfully popular all down the road, as was shown by the demonstrations on the opening day, at Epsom, Leatherhead, and Dorking; every horse a good one; the road itself one of the most attractive in England; the combined guard and coachman, Edwin Downes, a good whip

and respectable man; the coach the same colour as the original Dorking—one of the best. In a word, perfection has been arrived at, we fancy not in vain.

In the meantime, while we have been talking of the afternoon Dorking, you see Charles Ward has driven up the Brighton. Alas! this is no longer 'the king of the coaches,' so far as numbering amongst its proprietary the greatest whips of the day. Colonel Stracey Clitherow, owing to numberless engagements, had announced his intention to withdraw; and Mr. Chandos Pole, although he had agreed to carry on the affair with Captain Cooper, wished after a time to retire, so that Captain Cooper determined to take up the afternoon Dorking, as above related. Thus this grand road, upon which so much time, thought, and no little money, had been spent, became vacant, and has now been undertaken very pluckily by Mr. Tiffany, an American; but how different must he have found the road in 1873 to what it was in 1869! He is always driving himself, and has Timbs as professional coachman and guard, keeps capital time, and what money can do no doubt he will do to ensure success. You see everything, from the leader's head terrets to the lettering on the back, is very smartly done, while the pole-chains are as bright as those of any drag of the Coaching or Four-in-Hand Clubs. The team of two skewbalds and two roans is very neat, as you must admit, and makes a pretty show, though we must say the wheelers look small for the work, and hardly like holding a heavy load down-hill. This is the only lot at the present time, starting from here, that are worked in bearing-reins. All the horses come from Ward's, and occasionally they go out with two bays (leaders) and two greys, the old Red Rover colours, a neat team, but, like the others, deficient in size to our mind, as well as in bone. The whole turn-out, we fancy, neat as it is, looks more like show than work. Mr. Scott, I should tell you, retired from the secretaryship when the afternoon Dorking was started.

You have now seen all but the Guildford, just started, which runs *via* Kingston and Ripley, and is the property of Mr. Angell, with Cracknell, of Tantivy notoriety, as his coachman. The coach, the former Windsor one, is blue with red under-carriage, and they work a black and mixed team out of London on alternate days, as the first stage is a long one. The Weybridge and Aldershot coaches (the latter being a night coach from London), leaving Brandon's Cigar Stores at 3 A.M., and reaching Aldershot in time for seven o'clock parade, returning in the afternoon. The proprietors are Lord Guilford and Mr. Reginald Herbert. This, by the way, either has or is about to be given up. The following is a summary of the coaches running in 1873:—

PROPRIETORS.

10 a.m.	<i>Tunbridge Wells</i>	Lord Bective and Col. Hathorn.
10.30 a.m.	<i>Dorking</i>	Col. Withington and Lord Macduff. Hon. Sec., A. G. Scott.

PROPRIETORS.

Westerham . . . Sir H. P. De Bathe, Major Furnival,
Mr. E. Godsell.

(*Watford* arrives.)

11 a.m. . *Brighton* . . . Mr. Tiffany.
Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday.

Raigate . . . Lord Norreys, Col. Tyrwhitt.

(*Afternoon Dorking* arrives 11.5.)

11 a.m. . *High Wycombe* . . J. Eden, from Scotch Stores, Oxford St.
Arrives 10.45.)

11.30 a.m. *Weybridge* . . . Captain Hughes and Mr. Williams.

11.45 a.m. *Guildford*. . . Mr. Angell.

3 a.m. . *Aldershot*. . . Lord Guilford, Mr. R. Herbert, from
Brandon's, Piccadilly.

AFTERNOON COACHES.

4.15 p.m. *Dorking* . . . Capt. W. H. Cooper. Hon. Sec., A. G.
Charing Cross 4.20, Scott.
Underground Railway,
Westminster (Clock
Tower) 4.25. Arrive: Epsom 6, Leatherhead 6.30,
Box Hill 6.45, Dorking 7 p.m.

5 p.m. . *Watford* . . . Mr. Sedgwick.
Saturdays, 3 p.m.

What a wonderful development in the coaching line does this list disclose! We do not refer to the 'Coaching Club'; for, alas! they do little, if anything, to help the real thing. It is more of a *dilettanti* affair, and so, probably, will remain; but the love for real work on the road is being developed. As the enthusiastic Secretary of the Dorking Coaches said to us a time back, 'Little did I think when, in 1869, I first stood on the pavement before The Ship as the representative of the Brighton, I should live to see so rapid a growth as eleven coaches in 1873 represent.' But so it is.

What a pure, unselfish sport is coaching; what pleasure it affords to thousands; and to what comparatively little outlay for those who can find the material! There are roads still waiting upon which we know the horn would be welcomed, and not blown in vain. And we know that, notwithstanding the strain in time, energy, and pocket which Mr. Scott has undergone, those who seek his experience and advice in starting a coach will not ask in vain, as he says, 'I should always be happy to assist with what advice my experience may have given me, for I dearly love my work and the sport—for sport it is—and am ready to spend and be spent in the service.' That what has been done could have been brought about without some mistakes being committed is not for a moment to be supposed; and one or two of the present year, perhaps, we shall be excused for pointing out; and, on the old principle that lookers-on see sometimes most of the game, perhaps those who have the real interest of the road at heart, not one particular, but all roads on which coaches run or may run, will thank us.

First, then, the Brighton, by going, for no good reason, through Reigate on three days of the week, runs in needless opposition to the regular Reigate coach, which leaves Hatchett's at the same hour.

Then, again, the old Dorking, by going 'over Vauxhall Bridge (the afternoon takes the legitimate route by Westminster), runs with the Westerham for some two miles, both leaving at the same time, and neither, of course, liking dust. Sir H. De Bathe had a fancy for going over Vauxhall Bridge, and for this reason the old Dorking went that way, and had a nasty road, a toll, with tramway rails, and, so to say, a back way out of London. When he retired it was decided to go over Westminster, the morning and afternoon Dorkings taking the same route. At the last minute the proprietors decided on Vauxhall, so there is daily the risk of clashing with the Westerham.

One word of advice to men about to start a coach—and no doubt many more will be seen on the road next season—'First learn to 'drive.' We well remember the reply of a certain nobleman who held several shares of the coach in 1866 to a youngster who intimated to him that he should become a shareholder, 'as he wished to learn 'to drive.' 'First learn to drive,' said my lord, 'and *then we will 'think about your taking shares.*' The responsibility is great, and the advice good as can be.

Again, in starting a coach, inquire well about the places you propose changing at, how far the owners will look after your interests, and if they are people who will not only not rob you themselves, but will not see you robbed. Some men will steal corn; mixing it with the chaff before coming into their hands is perhaps the best safeguard. Another thing—develope your road, work up the neighbourhood to support you; and as your support comes from the public, let them be your first consideration and study. One word, ere we close, on the art of driving. Englishmen are not, as Heenan described himself, half horse and half alligator, but horse to the backbone; and, as Sir W. Scott, we believe, said, there is scarcely one who would not sooner have an imputation cast on his morality than his horsemanship. In fact, if he can hold his own in the first flight with hounds over a grass country, lay off on a faint-hearted puller, and bring him with one run at the critical moment in a race or steeplechase, where he has one temper and one mouth to deal with, he may justly pride himself on the feat. But what handling, nerve, and patience it must require to 'make four different tempers and mouths, some eager, some the reverse, all do an equal share of work over a difficult stage, or through the crowded streets of London! We may well conclude with a quotation from 'Nim-rod,' who, whether discoursing of the pigskin or the coach-box, wrote as man never wrote before, or will again, with such love and knowledge of his subject that the master came out in every line. He says, speaking of driving, 'That it is an art, and a "pretty hart,"' as Chester Billy used to say, 'all persons must allow; and as in matters not strictly logical the exception to the rule is admitted

in proof of it, the difficulty of excelling in this art shows it to be one beyond mere manual power, and, I might add, dexterity. The organ of touch, so bountifully bestowed on that wonderful machine the human hand, is called into action at every stride which your horses take, when harnessed together in draught, associating and co-operating with that of sight.' This is true; and there is a vast difference in putting the four well together, or doing, as a first-rate but not, perhaps, over-patient coachman did some years ago with a bad team, give them their heads, with the advice, 'Now, then, my lads, divide the work amongst you; I'll be 'tormented no longer.'

N.

SPORT IN FRANCE IN 1793 AND 1873.

EIGHTY YEARS ago, how different were things, in matters of sport, here and on the Continent! In France, before the Revolution of 1793, shooting and hunting were only practised by the *nobles* and their sporting attendants. Shooting was not a general pursuit, as now; few noblemen (and these among the poorest of their class) were to be seen with the gun. It was not, then, a fashionable sport. Hired servants, *chasseurs*, killed the game for the house; the masters hunted. There were packs of hounds to be seen every day, with the huntsmen on their steeds, pursuing the quarry. The science of hunting—called there *vénérerie*—had made great strides. The stag, the boar, the roebuck, the wolf, were scientifically pursued. A man took care to ascertain, beforehand, where the quarry stood, and, by making what were called the *brisées*, i.e. marks on trees or bushes, or by planting small branches in the ground, or otherwise distinguishing the place where the animal had effected his entrance in the covert, and afterwards ascertaining that the animal had not left it, the hunter was able to bring his master and the pack, to a certainty, within reach of the game. The hunter, by the marks left by the animal on the soil, could, of course, tell what the animal was, and, if a practised hand, he very frequently could guess, beforehand, his age and size. All this constituted the science of *vénérerie*—not a very intricate science, certainly. And now, as to the actual sport, it consisted simply in disposing a few *relais* of dogs in those places, where the stag or the boar were likely to pass, and, when the animal had been put on foot, to let go the *relais* at him, as he came successively in sight of them. Of course, none but the *nobles* could keep up such expensive establishments; there were, then, no rich *bourgeois* allowed to sport. Sport, of any kind, was strictly reserved, exclusively, for the nobleman. The shooting was, generally, as I have said, carried on by the keepers. There were, however, many poachers, even then. Wires and nets were in great requisition; for, not only did they catch a great many more heads of game than any gun could have killed, but guns were so scarce and so dear, that a peasant could not readily procure one.

Such, then, was the state of things before 1793; viz., on the one

side, the legal rights, all the firearms, and all the sporting dogs, in the hands of the nobility ; on the other, the peasants with their nets and other prohibited *engins*, having the severe game laws to cope against. In 1793, the Revolution took place, and a total change it brought forcibly with it.

The *nobles* emigrated ; their dogs were taken away by the mobs, their guns were purloined, the unpopular game laws were repealed, every one was allowed to sport who took a licence. Now, fortunes had changed hands, perforce ; the rich had been plundered and had become poor ; their plunderers became comparatively rich ; the *bourgeoisie* took the upper hand in the affairs of the State ; some few *bourgeois* re-established the packs of hounds, as they were in the time of the *nobles*, but the majority, unable to cope with the great expenses attending hunting, took to shooting. Pointers, setters, and spaniels came in demand. The *ci-devant chasseurs* sold their dogs, which, though they had used them in the performance of their duties, were the property of their masters ; but then, many of these masters had been guillotined, the rest had been exiled or had emigrated, and were not likely to come back to such a troubled land for some time to come, if ever ; so that nobody found fault with these arrangements. Moreover, the professionals taught the *bourgeois* the *ruses* of the game, the manner of working the dogs, and the employment of the guns. A new era was opened altogether for sport.

By-and-by the Empire was proclaimed, order was enforced, the ' Code Napoléon ' made its appearance. Every offence, even in sport, was considered, and a suitable punishment was provided for it, in this remarkable book of laws. Poaching was sensibly moderated. (It has never been completely stopped, nor will it ever be.) Meanwhile, the army had become virtually *the* power in the State. All the honours, all the estates, all the money, flocked to the military men, either having been given them as rewards for their services, or having been settled upon them by family alliances : for an officer was considered, then, the very best *parti*, or match, for any young lady, however rich or influential her family may have been.

So that gradually the officers became *the* sportsmen—that is, when their restless leader allowed them peace for some little time, or when they were disabled from active service, but could yet hobble about the fields. The peasants did not shoot any more. The time of liberty and equality had vanished once more, and the poor were the servants of the rich, again, as they had ever been before. Their sons were in the armies ; none but the infirm, the lame, the blind, and the old were left in the villages ; poverty was great, the price of a gun was high, and the poor could not buy one, nor could they buy a licence ; but, on the other hand, there was but little police supervision, as all able men were sent to the front ; so that poaching, with nets and wires, reigned again, in all its glory, towards the end of the *Petit Caporal's* reign.

After him came the invasion. Then the English, the Prussians, the Russians, &c. hunted and shot ; and, for fear of any misunder-

standing, they wisely forbade the French either to hunt or to shoot. The well-to-do portion of the nation having something to lose if they had disobeyed, took good care not to infringe on these regulations; but the poachers had a very grand time of it. Everything was undecided. Nobody could tell who would, eventually, reign in France; there was no authority whatever: nearly all the game was recklessly destroyed by *les braconniers*.

The 'Restauration' settled matters a little. Louis XVIII. came on the throne, and, with him, the *nobles* flocked back to France. Their estates were, partly, given back to them, packs of hounds were again re-established, the sound of the *cor-de-chasse* once more thundered in the valleys. The rich *bourgeois*—tradesmen, merchants, shipbrokers, and the innumerable *fournisseurs de l'armée*—who had enriched themselves, during Napoleon's incessant wars, vied with the *nobles* in their display of horses, hounds, and general princely expenditure. The middle-class of *bourgeois* shot; the peasants snared; and everything went on thus, comfortably, during the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe.

Then the people grew restless once more. Another revolution became imminent, and took place. Everybody knows, that one of the peasants' greatest complaints, then, as for the first revolution, was, that hunting and shooting were entirely out of their hands. If the peasants expected that a more favourable state of things would have been brought about by this second revolution, they were mistaken. There was, certainly, during the short-lived *République*, a sensible relaxation in the severity of the game laws; but this leniency of the authorities did not last long. Napoleon III. was proclaimed emperor; the game laws were more strictly enforced than ever, and poaching became a severe offence. Hunting and shooting came, respectively, in the hands of the very rich, and of the well-to-do, irrespective of their birth. A poor nobleman was not better off, for sport, than a clerk. If the clerk earned sixty pounds a year and chose to shoot, he was entitled to buy a gun, to get a licence, and to shoot, wherever he liked, provided the land was not preserved. This state of things lasted for some years. Then, the middle-class men prospered, and, as a matter of course, became selfish and jealous of each other's prerogatives. Everybody, almost, who had some land, preserved it; and it became a matter of difficulty, for the town-folk, to procure some shooting. However, they made their wants known, and shootings were soon offered them, for hire. The competition for these became very keen. Money being abundant, people did not care what they paid for their privileges, and, in the latter years of the reign of the late emperor, the most astonishing terms were asked, and accepted, for indifferent shootings, especially if the said shootings were easily reached by rail. The rise in the rents was simply most startling. In 1860, a rabbit-warren that was let for 20*l.* to a single sportsman, was let in 1869 to six *actionnaires* at 30*l.* each! Private keepers became as numerous as mushrooms. The rabble were duly kept in order—too well, in fact; for people began to get tired of hearing

nothing, in law courts, but game prosecutions. Both *gens-d'armes* and *garde-champêtres* became self-sufficient and arbitrary. There is not the slightest doubt but that such a state of things did no good to government, and to those in office.

This general reserving of shootings threw in public-houses and *cafés* one hundred thousand sportsmen of the poorer class, who, being deprived of their favourite pursuit, spent their time in discussing the acts and speeches of the ruler and his ministers. These dissatisfied sportsmen were, of course, joined by the poachers, who could not make their illicit calling, any longer, a profitable one; and, as all this grumbling was not confined to sport only, but was general on *all* subjects, sooner or later another revolution would have happened.

The war, then, broke out. Hunting and shooting were entirely suspended. The Prussian officers, alone, enjoyed themselves, shooting as they went along. They acted just as their fathers had done before them, in the time of Napoleon I.: they forbade the French to shoot game at all, so that they had it all their own way, wherever they went.

After the war, France settled under M. Thiers and the *République*. The government of liberty, equality, and fraternity, however willing, is powerless, and cannot compel the rich to act on an equal footing with their poorer *compatriotes*. Accordingly, the rich preserve their grounds as much as ever, and the lower classes go without shooting, or must be content with shooting sea-fowl on the sea-shore; or two partridges, or one hare, in a whole season, on the Communal ground, when not preserved. Therefore, in point of fact, things are now re-established just as they were before the Revolution of '93; viz., the princes of finance have *all the hunting*; the rich *bourgeoisie* *all the shooting*; and the great majority of the people have *nothing*. The only difference is, that sport in all its branches, in 1873, is entirely in the hands of the 'money,' instead of being, as in 1793, in the hands of the 'blood.' It is very curious to note that the demagogues of both epochs have been thus left in the lurch, notwithstanding all their efforts to alter the state of things; at least, so far as the pursuit of game is concerned.

And, to a reflective mind, it could not have been otherwise. The pursuit of game, of a necessity, implies the sportsman's passage over the land. Now, were all game laws to be repealed, the owners of the land could, and would, object to their fields being beaten by strangers; and, if it came to the pinch, they could enclose their properties with high walls, thereby putting a stop to all further incursions. The point lies *in the property of the land*. The preservation acts in the stead of walls, and no law could prevent a landowner from enclosing his grounds. Therefore, all theories tending to make shooting free to everybody are *practically* absurd. Shooting has always been, and shall always be, in the hands of the rich, whatever may be the form of government. This, the French revolutionary orators wilfully refuse to see, or will not acknowledge; and they never

fail, in their fiery tirades, to allude to the time—dear to every poor Frenchman—when he shall be free to roam with his gun and dogs, wherever he likes, and there will be no more *gardes* (those remnants of the hated *féodalité*!) to stop him, and declare him a *procès-verbal*.

Thus spoke the demagogues of 1793, of 1848, and of 1871. Their fallacies have never been, and will never be, realised, simply because they are not practicable. They knew it full well; but then a bait was required; and, unscrupulous men do not hesitate as to *the* means, when they have resolved to attain *their* ends.

SNAPSHOT.

THE OLD HORSE.

AIR—*The Auld House.*

Oh, the old horse! the old horse! what, though he's no more young,

He surely is the best old horse that ever yet was sung;

While I am just the weight for him, he's just the horse for me,

For he says his place is with the hounds, and with the hounds he'll be.

Oh, the old horse! the old horse! how well he bore the horn,

Thro' runs the Belvoir might have owned, that had not disgraced the Quorn,

And his brave old heart rejoices—he leaps—he bucks—he bounds,

As he hears the madd'ning music of the hounds—the hounds—the hounds.

Oh, the old horse! the old horse! they say that he is done,

But he yet may see the finish of right many a sporting run;

How keen, with ears erect, down wind, he'll listen in the ride,

And knows so well the corner that the fox has always tried,

Till they race him, they chase him, they clamour for his blood,

In a forty-minutes' burst away from Doily Wood;

Then, quivering and shivering, with scarce a stride to spare,

In the open, when they roll him down, 'the old horse' will be *there!*

But the old horse, the old horse, has seen his merriest day,

For life is drawn blank when youth has 'stole away,'

And the sad time must come at last, for all things have an end,

To bid farewell to thee, my fast, my firm, old friend.

Away to happier hunting-grounds! as thy life thy death shall be,

Thy place shall be among the hounds to all eternity!

R. E. A.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

If there be a paradise for tigers in this world, surely Singapore is the place. There the 'royal' animal lives almost unmolested; the intense thickness of the jungle rendering a successful hunt almost an impossibility; while for food, the fact that human life is destroyed by them, according to the official statistics, at the rate of *one per diem*, speaks volumes. I do not mean to say that they are never hunted and killed under favourable circumstances, but the difficulty and expense attendant upon a shikar expedition are so great, in that island of impenetrable jungle and forest, that one is very seldom undertaken; consequently, the animals enjoy a degree of immunity which in other parts is not accorded to them. But that one is occasionally bagged, the strange adventure I am about to narrate will exemplify.

Some years ago I was stationed as senior naval officer in the Straits, having under my orders a gunboat, commanded by my old chum, Dick A——, now, alas! gone to the 'happy hunting grounds' of all good sportsmen. A keener shikerry, a better shot, or a cooler hand in an unpleasant emergency never trod in shoe leather than poor Dick, and many and many a good bag of game, large and small, have he and I brought to hand in pretty nearly all parts of the world. In fact, nothing, from elephant to snipe, came amiss to us, and wherever we went we managed to find work, either for our guns or lines; and how it was that fever or sunstroke did not carry us off, Heaven only knows, unless our messmates and friends were right in saying, 'The devil was so sure of us that he was in no hurry to take us!'—a remark not particularly polite, even if it had been true, which I certainly doubt.

We found the general shooting at Singapore not sufficiently good to pay for the trouble and risk, so were driven to sea-fishing as an amusement; and having had our gigs fitted with a bollard, fair-leader, and line tubs, always carried harpoons, or 'irons,' as our American cousins style them, so that we were prepared for anything that may chance to turn up in the way of extra large sharks, devil-fish, or hawk's-bill turtle; the latter being a by no means bad substitute for the seal turtle, but seldom running over a hundred weight, indeed much more frequently being under half that weight. This plan of carrying a fitted harpoon in their boat is one I can strongly advise any yachting reader of 'Baily' to adopt. All that is required is to have a bollard fixed in the stern-sheets, and a fair-leader cut in the head of the sternpost, and fitted with a composition roller (iron rusts and disfigures the paintwork), and a tub between the stroke and next oar, containing about fifty fathoms of half-inch whale line.

The 'iron' should be fitted *loose* on the staff; a 'fore-ganger' of half-inch rope, about six or eight yards in length, should be firmly spliced round the shank of the harpoon; about half-way up the staff

should be seized a loose loop of small rope, and another four inches from the end of the staff; through these loops the 'fore-ganger' is rove, and an eye is spliced in its end, to which the end of the tub line is bent. When in the boat the harpoon should either be kept stopped under the thwarts, or else on the top of them amidships with the masts and sails, with a painted canvas cover fitted over the head and shank, well padded at the point to prevent accidents.

The end of the line is taken aft out of the tub, and a round turn taken over the bollard, then led forward, through the fair-leader, brought in, and hitched to the 'fore-ganger;' a small axe should be kept under the bow thwart ready for the bowman to cut the line, if requisite, as sometimes it is. When a fish is struck, the men should peak their oars, stroke attending to the line, and standing by to check it when told to do so. I always fitted my gig in this manner, and most exciting fun have I had; and many a queer monster of the deep have I made the acquaintance of by its help. Once in particular I remember killing a peculiarly rare kind of shark.

We were dodging about on the West Coast of Africa, looking out sharp for slavers, who, alas! came not, when the look-out man reported a large fish in sight. As anything in the shape of sport is a perfect Godsend on that particularly dreary station, I had the gig lowered and manned, and went in chase. Taking my stand, harpoon in hand, on the bow grating, I conned the boat to within a few yards of the fellow, whom I then made out to be a 'hammer-head shark' (*Zygæna*), most certainly the ugliest of that by no means handsome tribe of man-eating fish.

As few of my readers are likely to have met with one of these 'monsters of the deep,' a brief description may not be out of place. In girth it is about the size of a man, but much more elongated, and lessening towards the tail. It has a double quantity of fins, lunated along their outer margins, and set thickly over its body, so as to give it a bristly aspect. Unlike any other kind of fish, its neck is more slender than its head and shoulders, giving it somewhat of the human form. But it is in its peculiar head that the ugliness of the brute is especially conspicuous; the skull being prolonged on each side outwards to the distance of several inches, being set upon its neck much after the shape of a hammer upon its handle, from which peculiarity it has obtained the name of 'hammer-headed.' At the extreme end of these lateral protuberances are the deep-set gleaming eyes, sparkling with ferocity and hate. Its mouth, instead of being in the usual position in the head, is situated in the breast, and contains a quadruple row of sharp triangular serrated teeth, strong enough to sever the leg or arm of any unfortunate being who may be luckless enough to fall into the brute's clutches. These monsters are said to be the most voracious of the devouring tribe to which they belong, but are fortunately extremely scarce, I fancy, for in a service of over two-and-twenty years in all known parts of

the globe, I have only seen one other, besides the one I am speaking of, and that was amongst the sandy Cays outside Port Royal, Jamaica.

Getting within good 'heaving distance,' I drove the harpoon into it just abast its shoulders, and after a short but exciting 'flurry,' gave it the *coup-de-grace* with a boarding pike, used as a finishing lance. I made a preparation of its neck and head, and sent it to a friend in England, whose hall it now decorates.

But I have 'run riot' from my tiger story and must 'hark back.' One day Dick and I went in my gig on a fishing expedition to a bank some eight or ten miles from the anchorage; we took plenty of creature comforts with us, and made it a kind of 'nautical bull 'picnic,' as stretched along the stern-sheets, beneath the shade of the awning, we enjoyed a perfect *dolce far niente*, only rousing ourselves occasionally to haul in a lump of a red snapper, or barracouta. It was one of those intensely hot days upon which one does not feel up to any greater exertion than that demanded by swilling deep draughts of iced sangaree, or lighting a fresh manilla. (By the way, what an immense number of cheroots one can 'go' on a really hot tropical day!)

As the sun went down and it got cooler, the fish began to bite better, and by eight o'clock we had a fair cargo on board, so we picked up the 'mud-hook' and made sail for home. It was a beautifully clear night, and the sea was sparkling like an ocean of diamonds, when suddenly the 'bowman said, 'There's something 'away on the lee bow, sir, like a man swimming.' Keeping away until I brought the object on the other bow, I handed the yoke lines to Dick, and, standing up, endeavoured, but without success, to make out with my glass what it was. I could distinguish a large head and that was all, but the wake it left showed that it was either a fish or an animal of considerable size. 'By Jove, Dick,' said I, 'I think it's a seal!' 'Seal be d——d!' was the not over polite reply; 'more likely a devil-fish; anyhow, let's down mast and have 'a look at it.'

No sooner said than done, and, oars being got out, I went forward with the harpoon, Dick handling the yoke lines.

A few minutes' pulling brought us near enough to see that it was an animal and no fish, and I steadied myself on the head grating for a heave; a second or two more, 'Way enough,' 'Steady as you are, 'Dick,' and in another moment the harpoon is hove with all the strength of my arms, and, with 'Stern all,' the light gig flies back twenty fathoms.

But how shall I describe the fearful roar of rage and agony that burst from the stricken animal, and which at once told us that it was no seal or sea-cow we had hold of, or how shall I find words to paint the extraordinary scene that followed? For a brief instant the brute seemed paralysed; but then with another roar, and beating the water, and churning it into foam with his fore-paws, he headed straight at us. 'Back men! back like mad!' I shouted, 'and stand

‘by to dip the line over your heads!’ and away astern went the boat again; then the line was lifted out of the fair-leader, passed over the men’s heads, and brought on the port-quarter; the boat was then winded, and all danger on our part at an end.

It was a strange and grand sight, the ‘flurry’ of this unexpected and novel prey; one moment he would spin round and round, then he would rear himself half out of the water, sometimes roaring, at others silent, until at last his struggles became weaker and weaker, and at length ceased, and his body slowly sank. Gathering carefully in upon the line, we brought him once more to the surface, and a running bowline was passed round his neck, the mast stepped, sail hoisted, and we had him fairly in tow.

An hour brought us alongside, and great was the astonishment of all hands when I ordered a whip to be got on the fore-yard to hoist in a tiger. The yard and stay purchase was got up, a strong pair of slings put round the body, and in a trice he was laying on the quarter-deck. He was a magnificent specimen, and pretty nearly full grown; his dimensions being—weight, three hundred and twenty-seven pounds length from tip of nose to root of tail, six feet one and a half inches; tail from root to end, two feet five inches; and height at fore shoulder, two feet ten and a quarter inches. His capture made no end of a commotion in the settlement; for although it was well known that these animals frequently swim over from Sumatra, yet the extraordinary mode of his capture, and the great size of the animal, combined with the fact of his being killed by two naval officers, caused the exploit to be more thought of than perhaps it really deserved.

F. W. BENNETT.

CRICKET.

THE Yorkshire Eleven fared very badly this year in their visit to London. Middlesex all but beat them in one innings, and a not extraordinarily strong M.C.C. and G. Eleven—there were four good bats and two good bowlers in it—succeeded in accomplishing the feat which Middlesex just missed. Probably the thoughts of the Yorkshiremen were intently occupied with the coming Derby; for they showed none of their special characteristics, which have so often landed them the winners of a well-contested match. Lockwood, Emmett, Greenwood, and Hill could get no runs, and Emmett was not destructive as a bowler. Yet they were lucky in getting Mr. W. G. Grace out for such a trifling score as 16; and the total of 144 amassed by the Club (to which Mr. Yardley contributed a brilliant 46) ought not to have frightened the Yorkshiremen, especially as there was no great change of bowling on the M.C.C. side. Such wretched scores as 68 and 64 are, of course, no criterion of the merits of Yorkshire, but count merely among the accidents of cricket; and we fear that, after the defeat at Lord’s, the North countrymen were not lucky enough to mend matters by packing Doncaster for

the great Epsom race. Far better was Wootton's benefit match—the North *v.* the South—though the weather was not very favourable, and the wickets not very good. It looked six to four on the South at the commencement, seeing that the Southern Eleven could hardly have been improved, save by the introduction into it of Pooley, Mr. Grace, and Mr. I. D. Walker ; while the North had to do without Daft, Emmett, Hill, and Greenwood, not to mention other players with claims to a place in such a contest. The North obtained a highly respectable innings, considering that half their batting strength was absent ; but the odds against them were certainly not diminished when Jupp and Mr. Grace went in and got 22 runs off the first two overs. Shortly afterwards, Rylott—whose turn it was to have a little ill fortune, seeing how successful he had been in the previous matches of the season—was taken off, and M. M'Intyre went on, and the Fates had ordained that that most erratic of bowlers and batsmen was to have a benefit on this occasion. Almost immediately he got rid of Mr. Grace, who had made 37 runs out of a total of 52 ; and very speedily afterwards he got rid of seven out of the nine remaining batsmen, who amongst them contributed 8 runs. Only Jupp remained to the last to do credit to the South, and his 50 (not out), under such circumstances, was the best innings he has played, or is likely to play, this season. Not satisfied with the havoc he had made of the Southern wickets, M. M'Intyre next proceeded to do much what he liked with the Southern bowlers. He treated them all much in the same way, and in his 77 runs there were no fewer than eleven fours. Oscroft's 34 was the next largest and next best contribution. The odds were the other way now, when the South had nearly 250 to get, and everything depended on the great man. The great man was bowled by J. C. Shaw—and no other bowler, we fancy, has 'clean' bowled him so often. Jupp experienced a similar fate ; and it was all over with the South now. Had not Mr. Yardley, who was playing in his very best form, been run out, the issue might have been more doubtful ; but he could scarcely have got any one to stay with him for the time requisite to obtain the necessary runs. So the South lost by nearly 90 runs ; but it is noticeable that M. M'Intyre did not get a single wicket in the second innings of the South. Hitting all those fours makes a bowler's arm unsteady. The victory of the North was a surprise, no doubt ; but if the same were played over again, the result might be very different ; for M. M'Intyre is a very uncertain performer, and Mr. W. G. Grace is a very certain one. In this match the uncertain player came off, the certain one failed.

A good fight between Surrey and Sussex—pretty well matched counties, at the present time—ended in favour of the latter. The scores were not large, and little remark is needed, save that Charlwood is still the biggest run-getter for Sussex, though it is too late to hope that he will ever become a finished batsman ; that Fillery has never bowled so well as in this year, and is also doing well in batting ; and that Phillips is quite unrivalled as a wicket-keeper to the class of

bowling he has to take. What he would do to Emmett or M'Intyre cannot be guessed, for he has never had the chance of trying. In Surrey there is apparently nothing new, save that they have secured a monopoly of Southerton, who otherwise would have made the victory of Sussex much more easy. The so-called championship match between Kent and Sussex at Lord's was not of a character to induce a repetition of such contests. It is very kind of the Committee of the M.C.C. to take an interest in county cricket, and to offer a cup of more or less value must have done violence to their habitual parsimony; but we fancy that any future invitations will be declined with thanks. The wicket was such as even the everlasting Jordan can hardly have seen in his earliest youth on his village green—that is, if he ever was young, and lived in a village, and there was a green in it. We are quite aware that there are difficulties of soil at St. John's Wood not experienced in other neighbourhoods. Grass grows, just as the wind blows, as it listeth; the only difference is, that at Lord's you can always hear the sound of the one, and rarely see a blade of the other. Englishmen are generally ready to boast, with some justice, of their ability to overcome obstacles; but here we have a Club enjoying an income of about ten thousand a year, and making the most futile endeavours to keep a thin coating of turf over a surface of four or five acres. But then, on the other hand, Englishmen are never so ready to pay down money as when they get nothing for it in return. Well, to return to our match. Sussex sent up a rather poor Eleven, and Kent dug up a fast bowler, who ought to remember Jordan in his will, for the wicket was exactly suited to him. He bowled sufficiently straight to hit the stumps not unfrequently; and when he did not hit the stumps, he hit the batsmen—the next best thing. On their hands and heads, and other vital parts, he smote them without mercy, so that, at any rate, the Sussex Eleven became aware of the fact that no championship contest should end without blows. It was a wretched affair, and Kent won. Kent, playing its strength, ought always to beat Sussex without difficulty. Kent is immeasurably superior in batting, and the Sussex bowling, though good, is not of a frightening or destructive quality. In wicket-keeping Sussex is a long way better.

No better match will be seen this year than that between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the North at Prince's. It was a bold essay; for the Gentlemen of the South do not own a bowler of eminence amongst them, and, as none of the Walkers could play, their batting was fearfully weakened. In fact, as the amateur Eleven was made up, there were six of them who were hardly worth a run, and there was not one who could by any pretence be called a good bowler. So we had the singular spectacle, at one part of the game, of an underhand bowler at each end in a first-class match—a circumstance almost unprecedented since the introduction of round-hand bowling. Daft was absent from the Northern side—how would the Gentlemen have got him out?—but, despite that mischance, it was clear that the Gentlemen had not the ghost of a chance, unless

Mr. W. G. Grace should make one of his colossal innings. And he made one, to the amount of 145 runs, Dr. Grace contributing 26, and their nine colleagues adding 52. But, unfortunately, he did not make a second, when a second innings of like magnitude was required, and his ten colleagues could only put together 55 runs. A more striking exemplification of the powers of one man, and of the danger of relying on him solely, was never witnessed. If he came off, his side would get something over two hundred runs; if he did not come off, something over fifty. The weakness of the amateur bowling was conspicuous throughout; but the fielding of the Gentlemen was superb. Dr. Grace, a cricketing genius, just as his brother is a cricketing master, fielded brilliantly, and, in the first innings, hit with his customary quickness and vigour. His two brothers, also, were always in the way when a hard hit was made, or a run had to be saved; and their presence in the field is ample guarantee that there will be no flatness or dulness about the game. But when Mr. W. G. Grace was bowled out—and by J. C. Shaw again—for 4 in the second innings, the inherent weakness of the Gentlemen's batting was made manifest, and M'Intyre and J. C. Shaw disposed of them with little difficulty. The fine batting of Emmett, who all but attained his 'hundred' in his second innings, M'Intyre, and Hill, won the match for the professionals; but they were bound to make runs against the moderate bowling opposed to them. The only bowler who was at times at all difficult to play was Mr. G. F. Grace, and he only succeeded in obtaining one wicket during the match. Emmett is steadily advancing as a bat towards the highest rank. His defence is firm, and his hitting undeniably clean and effective. The wickets, we should add, played remarkably well, though the bowling of M'Intyre and Hill would bump on any wicket. From Prince's, the progress of events takes us to the Oval, where Gloucestershire won a well-contested match from Surrey. Only the weakness of the Gloucestershire bowling enabled Surrey to make the good fight they did; for the Surrey batting against first-class professional bowling means Jupp and R. Humphrey, and nobody else. We thought last year that Gloucestershire had found a good bowler in Mr. Brice; but this year he seems able to do nothing. Therefore the burden of the battle—in bowling as well as batting—rests on the three Graces; Mr. Bush at the wicket, and Mr. Filgate in the field and with the bat, being their most efficient coadjutors. Gloucestershire made a fine start; for Mr. W. G. Grace and the Doctor made over 150 before they were defeated, and the good example was followed by six more of the Eleven getting into double figures.

Partly by good luck, and partly by good fielding, the Surrey Eleven were so easily disposed of as to be forced to follow their innings, which they did, however, in something like the old Surrey style, and speedily wiped off the runs, and added to them a sufficiently respectable number to cause Gloucestershire to exercise some caution in the management of their second innings. Jupp played a very fine innings for 83, and Mr. N. Morris—we thought we

remembered that gentleman's name being associated with Kent rather than Surrey—was the next largest contributor ; but, though inferior in point of numbers, R. Humphrey's runs were obtained in the most irreproachable style, his cutting especially being distinguished for its excellence. With 135 runs to win, Gloucestershire kept its great man in reserve, and he did not go in till five wickets had fallen. Mr. Filgate had meanwhile, though he was missed early in his innings, been doing excellent service for his county, and he had the honour of making the winning hit, Mr. W. G. Grace not being called upon to put forth his powers to any considerable extent. From London the Gloucestershire Eleven proceeded to Brighton, where they won another victory, thanks to the culpable carelessness of their antagonists. Sussex had the singular good luck first of all to get rid of Mr. W. G. Grace in each innings for a trifle—we should not have thought that on the Brighton ground Lillywhite and Fillery would have got him out till he was tired of stopping in—and, secondly, that their new county bat, Mr. Sharp, a hard hitter, but without any pretensions to be called a safe one, obtained a big innings, much of which was the result of hits high up in the air, which happened either to fall short of the fieldsmen or to go over their heads. Had not Dr. Grace come out in his might in the second innings, Gloucestershire would actually have sustained a single innings' defeat ; but his 76, hit in his own fearless, characteristic, and, perhaps, unorthodox style—though we would rather see him bat for half an hour than Jupp for a week—saved that casualty, though it still left Sussex with only 69 to get to win. It will hardly be believed that the Sussex Eleven were all disposed of by second-rate amateur bowling for 60, thus leaving Gloucestershire the conquerors by 9 runs. Such an ignominious display would be quite sufficient to make an energetic county secretary remodel his Eleven at once, especially if there is any truth in the rumour, pretty widely spread through Sussex, that more than one member of the County Eleven could have done more justice to a 'herring and soda-water' than to the bowling and fielding of the three Graces. County cricket can only go on by the aid of county subscriptions, and these latter are not likely to be forthcoming when the County Eleven plays the fool. It is a relief to turn to the Nottingham and Yorkshire contest at Trent Bridge, which showed the finest professional batsman in England at his very best. However opinions may have fluctuated between these two counties in the last few years as rivals for the cricket supremacy of England, there can be little doubt about the matter now ; for this year, at any rate. Yorkshire has cut a poor figure at present, although we may confidently expect better things before the season is over. They have already, indeed, given a taste of their quality in their match against Surrey, wherein, although Street and Southerton bowled them all out for 54, yet they retaliated by getting rid of Surrey for 79 and 84, and then went in and won the game, hand over hand, by eight wickets. Emmett knocked the Surrey wickets well out of the ground, broke his own wicket-

keeper's thumb, and won the match by hitting up 41 runs. For Surrey Freeman played two creditable innings against the thunder-and-lightning deliveries of Hill and Emmett; but he was very poorly backed up. To return to Nottingham and Yorkshire. The two Shaws disposed of Yorkshire very easily in the first innings, and then Nottingham made a tremendous score. Daft's 161 was witnessed with the greatest delight and satisfaction by his admirers, and is the crowning triumph of his cricketing career. Bignall, Selby, and M'Intyre all added good contributions, and Yorkshire was left with nearly 300 runs to get before the innings could be saved. It was hardly probable that they would accomplish this; but they set to work with a will, and, thanks to Lockwood, Smith, and Pinder, put together 170 runs. This decisive defeat is in striking contrast to the close matches played between the two counties last year and in years before. Yet Yorkshire has wonderfully effective bowling and an admirable wicket-keeper, as well as good, substantial batting stuff all through the Eleven. We shall look forward to a much closer contest when the return match is played. The Trent Bridge ground is exceptionally good, and the Nottingham men may chance on a rougher wicket in Yorkshire. Still it will be remembered that we have always claimed for Nottingham the cricket premiership of England, even when Freeman was to be found in the Yorkshire ranks.

We now come to the doings of the two Universities on metropolitan grounds. Cambridge had all the worst of the trial matches, being beaten by Surrey—a very bad defeat, under the circumstances—and the M.C.C. and G.; while Oxford defeated Middlesex after a hard tussle, and the M.C.C. and G. also. Cambridge got an excellent start with Surrey, the erratic bowling of Mr. Sims and the slow roundhands of Mr. Jeffery despatching the County Eleven for 121. Mr. Longman and Mr. Tabor started the University batting, and, as last year in the University match, maintained their partnership for some time. Mr. Blacker played a fair innings, and Mr. Latham hit with power and effect. He will train on, we think, into one of the best bats of the Eleven. Mr. Jeffery did not exhibit his form of last year, and Mr. Fryer made little or no sign. The innings ended for 193. Jupp and R. Humphrey then got in for Surrey, had all the best of the Cambridge bowling, played it carefully, hit it seasonably, and finally broke it to pieces altogether. Still, the total collapse of Cambridge batting was not altogether to be understood when Surrey at last were got rid of and the University had 174 runs to get to win. Street and Southerton, however, sent them back for 57, of which Mr. Hamilton, their wicket-keeper, made 37. The evening but ill fulfilled the promise of the morning. On a far more difficult wicket, against far more difficult bowling, Cambridge made a fight more worthy of their reputation. The M.C.C. and G., with Rylott and A. Shaw to bowl, and Mr. Yardley to bat, won by five wickets, it is true; but there is some credit to Cambridge in having staved off defeat so long. For Cambridge Mr. Longman

and Mr. Tabor were once more together to good purpose—an omen, some thought it, for the University match—and in the second innings Mr. Longman again exemplified the axiom, that ‘he who has once got runs at Lord’s will get them again.’ Mr. Latham, too, showed good form; but there was a fearful falling-off towards the end. Mr. Yardley’s fine hitting settled the match in favour of the Club and Ground without much difficulty. Oxford had all the best of it throughout with Middlesex up to the last, when they fell off so rapidly that there was a chance for the pluckiest of counties, and the game was finally won by two wickets only. After making 258 in the first innings—to which Mr. Wallroth contributed 109—it seemed that half the Eleven might have gone home, and left the other half to make the 65 required to win, but it was not so to be; and had not Mr. Ottaway, with characteristic doggedness, interposed his remarkably straight bat, and laboriously accumulated 21 runs, Middlesex might, not for the first time, have snatched an apparently lost game out of the fire. But the Walkers were all there, and Mr. I. D. Walker gained fresh laurels both in batting, bowling, and fielding. He made five catches, took nine wickets, and scored 98 runs. It was an excellent trial match for the University, and their batting and bowling created a highly favourable impression. This success was followed up at Lord’s by a well-obtained victory over a very fair M.C.C. and G. Eleven, Mr. Yardley and Mr. Booth being among the batsmen, and Rylott and Shaw among the bowlers. This match afforded a very good comparison of the merits of the two Elevens, and, so far, showed the dark blues a good deal the superior. There was nothing wonderful about the batting, Mr. Nepean saving Oxford in the first, and Mr. Law in the second, innings; but the bowling was so much more effective than that of Cambridge. Double figures were few and far between on the M.C.C. and G. side, and 21 was the highest individual score. In the second innings the two fast bowlers, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Butler, rattled out the Marylebone men in grand style; but there was an ominous circumstance that extras amounted to a fifth part of the total score, and twenty extras to eighty runs off the bat are a wholly disproportionate amount. But the victory was well won, and stamped the Oxford Eleven as a good wear and tear team that would take a good deal of beating.

In fine bright weather the thirty-ninth University match commenced on as good wickets as could be found for the occasion. There was but little alteration in the constitution of the Elevens, which were almost the same as have been playing during the past month; and the changes that were made were not only judicious in themselves, but proved highly advantageous. Mr. Macan and Mr. Price, on the Cambridge side, were replaced by Mr. Ford and Mr. Goldney, with whose names we are not very familiar; and Mr. Ford turned out a dark horse of the very highest class. For Oxford, Mr. Ridley took Lord Harris’s place—a very proper substitution. There was some talk, we believe, of not playing both Mr. Game

and Mr. Ridley ; but the egregious blunder of turning out either of those gentlemen was, fortunately for Oxford, not perpetrated. Cambridge won the toss, and, of course, elected to go in, Mr. Longman and Mr. Tabor, as usual, beginning the batting, and Mr. Butler and Mr. Boyle the bowling. It soon became clear that the two fast bowlers were not going to have it all their own way, though the steady advanced guard of Cambridge was unfortunate in its first essay. Mr. Blacker and Mr. Fryer put some life into the game after Mr. Longman and Mr. Tabor had left: and it was rather hard luck for the Cambridge captain to be taken by a surprisingly fine catch at short-leg, just when he seemed to be getting well in. Mr. Blacker's innings of 24 was very meritorious, and was marked by finish of style and fair defence. Then again the tide turned against Cambridge, and two more batsmen on whom reliance was placed, Mr. Jeffery and Mr. Latham, succumbed to Mr. Butler's bowling. Six wickets were thus down for 50 runs, and the layers of odds—and very freely had odds been laid up to as much as 3 to 1—were jubilant. Then, however, the latest importation into the Eleven, Mr. Ford, came to the rescue, and his fine hitting was of such service that 100 runs were put on while he was at the wickets, of which he contributed 51 (not out). Thus the innings closed for the very respectable total of 152—quite as large a score as the friends of Cambridge could have hoped for, and larger than their adversaries probably expected. The Oxford bowling was not so good—or perhaps, we should say, not so successful—as against the M.C.C. and G. the previous week. Mr. Boyle, indeed, was not only expensive, but was not straight enough to do much mischief; and Mr. Butler, though not in the form he showed two years ago, got half the wickets. But Mr. Francis, in our opinion, bowled the best on the Oxford side in the first innings. The fielding, take it altogether, was not up to the mark; and 20 for extras does not read well in a match of this class. Still the partisans of Oxford had unbounded confidence in the batting powers of their men, especially as the Cambridge bowling was not supposed to be very strong; and they commenced work with a will, Mr. Law and Mr. Garnier hitting up 30 runs in a very short time. Mr. Wallroth was unlucky; but Mr. Ottaway, suffering from a sprained knee, played with all his characteristic steadiness, and Mr. Nepean and Mr. Game hit brilliantly; so that in the end the score mounted to 182, or 30 in excess of the Cambridge total. It was quite Mr. Jeffery's day as a bowler, for he got eight wickets, at a cost of little more than 5 runs per wicket, with his slow round-arm bowling, which, by the way, is more nearly a throw than any bowling we have ever seen. Mr. Sims, as we expected, after seeing him at the Oval, proved quite useless. Great pace, without the least precision, is the characteristic of his bowling; and a batsman with a strong pair of arms can desire nothing better than fast long hops to the off, varied by equally speedy half-volleys to the leg. It was an error of judgment to keep Mr. Sims on so long—his twenty-two overs produced 74 runs—and we are not sure that it was not an error of judgment

to play him at all in the match. Mr. Tillard is by far the best bowler in the light-blue team; and even he is not of more than average merit. We cannot praise the Cambridge more than the Oxford fielding; and the general impression produced by the first innings of either side was, that they were two strong batting Elevens, but not up to any high standard in any other department of the game. The wickets, we may add, rapidly fell off after the first few hours of play, and for the latter half of the match were difficult and false. It appears that we shall not see a really true wicket at Lord's this season. There was time for Cambridge to commence their second innings; and Mr. Longman and Mr. Tabor made such good use of it, that in twenty minutes the runs were hit off, and 40 was hoisted on the telegraph. Messrs. Butler and Boyle were even more inefficacious than in the first innings; but Mr. Ridley's underhands at length succeeded in getting rid of Mr. Longman, and then Mr. Blacker joined Mr. Tabor, and played up to seven o'clock, the score then standing at 74, and Cambridge being 44 to the good for the loss of one wicket. The fast bowling of Oxford had now been so effectually knocked off, that the layers of odds felt very uncomfortable. Mr. Boyle, however, had another try on the morning of the second day; but 20 runs being put on in no time, he retired in despair, another instance of the uncertainty of fast amateur bowlers—wickets falling like grass before them one day, and hit all over the place the next. Mr. Tabor (45) and Mr. Blacker (26) played capital innings; but the Cambridge captain's ill-luck at Lord's did not desert him. Mr. Jeffery, however, got his 23 in a manner worthy of his undoubted merits; and, had he only a little more confidence and dash, he would exhibit in public that batting ability which we know he possesses, but which he is occasionally somewhat shy of showing. Mr. Latham quite fulfilled our expectations, though his style is none of the best; but his driving and leg-hitting are exceedingly effective. The last Cambridge wicket fell for 203, extras again figuring to the extent of 23. Mr. Maude and Mr. Ridley got all the wickets save one, the two 'crack' Oxford bowlers failing altogether to come off. Thus there was a formidable score—no less than 174—for Oxford to obtain in order to win; and it was plain that, without the utmost care and judgment, the match—so universally considered a real good thing for Oxford—would be lost. The wickets were getting worse and worse; the Cambridge men were on their mettle; and there is always a certain unavoidable nervousness when a fixed number of runs must be got, while the outside, having got their runs, feel proportionately confident. And we are bound to say that it was only care and judgment—with the principal part of which the Oxford captain must be credited—that won the match, which hung in the balance to the very last moment. And when Mr. Ottaway was bowled—the game being then at a tie—and Mr. Butler came in to make the winning run—the two men left to follow him being hardly worth a run—he cannot have helped thinking of that memorable afternoon, three years ago, when he also

went in to make the winning hit and did not make it, and there were also two colleagues left to follow him, and they followed him, and were despatched with two successive balls. History could not be expected to repeat itself with such exactitude; and this year Mr. Butler sent the first ball bowled to him through the slips for 4, and the layers of odds were put out of their misery, and, we doubt not, registered a vow not to lay 3 to 1 in a hurry again on a cricket match. The features of the second innings of Oxford were the dashing hitting of Mr. Law—a much improved batsman—and Mr. Nepean; but the real winner of the match was Mr. Ottaway, who, although suffering severe pain, never showed his marvellous steadiness and his faultless defence to greater advantage. He fairly beat the Cambridge bowling, and took the steel out of it; and it is not too much to say that, but for his coolness and presence of mind, Oxford must infallibly have lost the match. Mr. Tillard bowled really finely, and took six, all bowled, of the seven Oxford wickets that fell. Mr. Jeffery, on the other hand, who got eight wickets on the first day, failed to obtain one on the second. Such are the curiosities of amateur bowling. We shall be surprised if Mr. Tillard does not do still better another year. There is a good deal in his bowling, which comes very quick off the ground, and his delivery is fairly easy. We must add that some valuable runs were very foolishly thrown away by Cambridge, just when every one was most precious, owing to there being no longstop to Mr. Jeffery. Five byes were most needlessly given to Oxford in this way; and no fewer than fifteen byes in all helped to swell the score of the dark blues in their second innings. Now if, when Mr. Ottaway was out, 10, or even 6 or 7, runs had still remained to be made, it would have been anybody's game. The absence of the longstop was a fatal mistake on the part of the Cambridge captain. Still it was a fine match, gallantly contested on both sides to the last; and we are ready to admit that the best Eleven won. But, just as we took the liberty to doubt last month whether it would be such a hollow affair as was generally anticipated, so we are not of opinion now that there is a very wide or striking difference between the two Elevens. They are pretty equal in bowling, as it has turned out; pretty equal, and equally indifferent, too, in fielding; and there is plenty of batting power on both sides. Perhaps the exceptional qualities of Mr. Ottaway, as a cricketer, just turn the scale in favour of Oxford. Next year Oxford will lose him, and his place will, indeed, be difficult to fill.

We present our readers this month with a portrait of Mr. Yardley, the second best amateur batsman in England. At an early age Mr. Yardley attained to great proficiency in cricket, and his name was well known in his county, Kent, before he went to the University. Thus he had the advantage of preliminary experience against good professional bowling, and when he got to Cambridge there was very little left for him to learn. Each succeeding season has found his reputation confirmed and strengthened, till it is now generally admitted that, except Mr. W. G. Grace, no amateur can be named as

his superior. He has a good defence, after he has got over the first five minutes; he is a quick, clean, and powerful hitter, and his play on the leg side is remarkably strong, and enables him to make runs off many balls which other men would be quite content to stop. In the field he is a good runner, and covers a great deal of ground; he has a wonderfully quick return, and is a fine thrower; while, as a general rule, he may be depended on for a catch. He has also, we believe, been known to bowl. His great batting feat in the Oxford and Cambridge match last year will long be remembered. After Mr. Tabor and Mr. Longman had broken the back of the Cambridge bowling, Mr. Yardley went in and made 130, thus securing for his University one of the most decisive victories ever gained. This year, though not uniformly fortunate, Mr. Yardley has done enough to show that his fine batting powers remain, as we hope they will remain for many years, unimpaired.

The latest addition to the county qualification resolutions is certainly by far the worst. The counties, having got a little brief authority into their hands, made a muddle of it, as we expected. Captain Holden moved, and Mr. W. G. Grace seconded, the following resolution, which was carried, in lieu of rules 3 and 4, as sent by the Marylebone Club:—

‘A cricketer shall be qualified to play for any county in which he is residing, and has resided for the previous two years, or a cricketer may elect to play for the county in which his family home is, so long as it remains open to him as an occasional residence.’

Let us reprint rules 3 and 4, as agreed to by the Marylebone Club, so as to be able to judge better of the merits of the amendment.

‘3. A cricketer shall be qualified to play for any county in which he resides, and has resided for the previous two years.

‘4. An amateur shall be considered justified by right of residence to play for any one county in which he or his parents have property, or in which his parents, if dead, had property at the time of their decease.’

As we said last month, we disapprove of rule 4 very much; but the counties’ amendment to it, or remodelling of it, is worse still. What is a family home? What is an occasional residence? When is your family home open to you, and when not? How is the discovery to be made that the doors of your home are shut on you? Are the counties going to employ Mr. Pollaky to find out on what terms of mutual amity or mutual detestation gentlemen who play cricket are living with their fathers? Supposing one’s father has two or more family homes—not an uncommon circumstance in this country—may not one choose one county one year and one another, as proposed by Mr. Marsham? And what, in the name of fate, is an occasional residence? Supposing you go home on what may be called official duties—to a wedding, for instance—not a very appetising business; or to a funeral—a remarkably appetising business—will that be considered a qualifying residence? Really, where the people who propose, second, and carry these resolutions, live, have lived, or

mean to live, is a matter of mystery. What angels their near relations must be to allow them to speak of such a thing as a family home, or to hint at such an audacity as an occasional residence therein ! Generally, if you knock at the doors of your dearly-beloved family home, you find yourself standing out in the cold till you are well nigh frozen, and when you are let in you run the risk of being poisoned. On the strength of which, you become qualified to play for a county. What will be the next proposition to suggest itself to the united wisdom of the county representatives ? Perhaps, that a cricketer having no family home, and not being desired as an occasional resident even for a quarter of an hour in any one county of England, may be allowed the free run of all the counties, one by one, just as an officer unattached may be ordered for any odd work in any quarter of the globe. Find a poor devil whom nobody will own, and anybody may take him. Here will be a chance for Bohemia, at any rate.

As we have said before, all this fuss and pother has been caused by the refusal of the Marylebone Club to settle the question off-hand. Whatever the decision of the club might have been, it would, we are satisfied, have been recognised as authoritative, and it would have been accepted by the counties ; but now that it is tossed to and fro like a shuttlecock from the club to the counties, and then from the counties back again to the club, we do not look forward to its solution with the same feelings of satisfaction. And certainly the last contribution to its settlement is well calculated to make confusion doubly confounded.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE devotees of the water have, during the last month, had but little cause of complaint of either a lack of sport or unsuitable weather ; indeed, we have, in the main, been unusually fortunate. The Channel match of the New Thames from Southend to Harwich secured fifteen starters, all rigs being represented, and most of the competitors being engaged in more or less of the programme of the Royal Harwich Club. *Egeria*, *Pantomime*, and *Harlequin* represented the schooners ; *Dauutless*, *Florinda*, *Druid*, and *Surf* (Mr. F. Lambert), the yawls ; and *Fiona*, *Iona*, *Arethusa* (Mr. T. Broadwood), *Bansahee* (Mr. Abbott-Dunbar), *Eveleen* (Mr. E. Fox), *Norman*, *Myosotis* (Mr. E. Freke), and *Fleetwing* (Mr. West), the cutters. With a fair northerly breeze they got away, the two big schooners, *Pantomime* and *Egeria*, soon showing in front, followed by *Druid*, *Arethusa*, *Iona*, *Florinda*, and *Fiona*. After passing the Maplin, *Egeria*, failing to get to windward of the Middle Light the first time of asking, lost second place to *Florinda*, and *Fiona* was picking her way through the fleet in capital style. Her namesake (minus F) was, meantime, standing in so close to the sand, that on board most of the boats the next thing expected was to see her aground ; but she went about just in time, and got the advantage of a clever and lucky bit of steering. Mr. Dunbar's cutter, too, was giving her rivals a lesson, coming right from

the Maplin to the Light on the same tack, and so gaining on the leaders wonderfully. The Pantomime was now making by far the best weather of it, and apparently secure of the prize for her class, as she was comfortably ahead of Egeria, and the Harlequin was for once out of sight of the Pantomime. (We have no time to work up this joke properly, so merely provide the materials.) Florinda, however, looked a dangerous rival for the first prize, and the work, being close-hauled, suited her to perfection. Towards the close of the match, another 'dandy,' Mr. Willan's Dauntless, which had been taking matters comfortably with snug canvas, came towards the front, and finished fifth, though there was scarcely wind enough to suit her taste. At the close of the match, the order of the leaders was—Pantomime (first prize, schooner), Florinda (second prize, yawl), Egeria, Fiona (third prize cutter), Dauntless, Iona, and Arethusa.

The Royal Harwich programme commenced with a cutter race for the Commodore's (Colonel Tomline) prize, and a yawl match, the same course for both—about thirty-three miles. There was a good show of cutters, the entries consisting of Fiona, Iona, Arethusa, Banshee, and four forties, Norman, Foxhound (Marquis of Ailsa), Eveleen, and Norman, most of whom, except Lord Ailsa's vessel, had come together in the Channel match. Hirondelle (Mr. Graham), Gertrude (Major Sharp), and Surf, represented the yawl contingent. The wind from E.N.E. was so strong that the Committee had some idea of altering the course in the interests of the smaller vessels, as a voyage to the north of the Cork Light, round the Shipwash, and home, appeared somewhat formidable; but, not being able to hit upon an improvement, they resolved to carry out the programme, and a fine day's sport was the result though Fiona, Myosotis, and Gertrude were absentees. With the tide against them, the cutters started for a dead beat of fourteen miles, and the yawls got away a quarter of an hour later. Of course serfs were the order of the day, and the big ship of the fleet, Fiona, was soon showing the way gallantly, Banshee, Iona, and Arethusa close up. After rounding Shipwash Light, Fiona kept her position, but scarcely improved it; Iona worked past Banshee, and the rest kept their places; indeed, bar accident, Mr. Boucher was certain of winning the first prize, the only doubt being whether Mr. Ashbury or Mr. Dunbar took second honours. Nearing home, however, Iona's length served her, and she got in just soon enough to give Banshee her allowance, though it was so near a thing (eighteen seconds) that the slightest change might have lost Mr. Ashbury the prize. In the meantime, Hirondelle and Gertrude had been showing off their quality to great advantage, doing relatively far better than the schooners. Gertrude led at first, but Mr. Graham's crack weathered her before reaching the Shipwash, and, gaining slightly all through, came home a winner by two minutes. The old Vampire won the Vice-Commodore's prize from Fleetwing, Surge and the new little clipper from the Orwell, Aveyron, finding the weather too much for them. The concluding event of the regatta, the Channel match to Gravesend, had fourteen entries, amongst them Egeria, Florinda, Hirondelle, Surf, Gertrude, Fiona, Banshee, Norman, Iona, and Eveleen. Hirondelle's windlass broke while weighing anchor, which prevented her starting. As a contrast to the preceding day, the wind toned itself down, and came more southerly. Fiona and Banshee were first off, and the latter again, during the day, gave wonderful proof of her weatherly powers; but, when it came to reaching, the big ships, Egeria and Florinda, ran through the fleet, and Fiona held third place for the rest of the day. Past the Nore, however, the cutter's spinnakers

helped her finely, and Fiona took second prize, getting within time of the Florinda, while Egeria took first prize easily.

The Royal London varied their season's programme with a handicap match, Erith round the Nore and back. Only one paid hand for every ten tons, and the whole crew only one for every five tons. No paid hand to touch the tiller. Unfortunately for the success of this Corinthian match there was no wind, so that what promised to be a most interesting event proved an utter failure, which, considering that this year's fixtures have been fairly fortunate in this respect, is perhaps doubly to be regretted.

The Thames schooner matches commenced this year with the Royal Thames Match, schooners and yawls together divided into classes over and under 100 tons. Three in each class made half-a-dozen starters, but, unfortunately, most unsportsmanlike weather spoilt the day's proceedings. It was all very well in its way to sit on a steamer, in a broiling sun, develop a hearty thirst and satisfy it, but as far as sailing, the utter absence of wind during the greater part of the day made the affair quite tedious. Pantomime, Egeria, and Florinda were the big, and Gertrude, Hirondelle, and Surf the lesser vessels which, according to the published conditions, were expected to go from Gravesend round the Mouze and back. What wind there was came E.N.E., and with less than three hours' ebb left the second class were started about 11, and the others some five or ten minutes afterwards. Gertrude led the way at a funeral pace, and the rest muddled down, making futile attempts to relieve the monotony of the affair by hoisting big canvas, which, however, in most cases did no good, there being nothing to fill it, and it being promptly lowered or changed for some other cunning design to lure the wind. The steamer was anchored just below Southend, but had not an easterly breeze sprung up just at this opportune moment the yachts could not have reached it as the ebb was all but done. As it was they rounded in this order: Gertrude, Florinda, Hirondelle, Surf, which had carried away her topmast, and Pantomime whipping in. A series of alternations of puffs and drifting resulted in Florinda, Egeria, Gertrude, and Hirondelle getting home close together; and Egeria having to receive three minutes from the leader, took the first-class prize, Gertrude this time turning the tables on the Hirondelle and winning the second-class one. The New Thames were far more fortunate with their weather on the following day. The yachts were started in the Lower Hope, and had to go round the Mouze back to Gravesend. A quartette consisting of the old opponents Egeria and Pantomime, Harlequin and Viking made up the contingent, and they had a nice N.N.E. breeze. All but the Viking got well away, but she, by canting to the northwards instead of the south, hung for some time and lost a good half mile. Egeria and Pantomime led by turns, and off Sheerness the unlucky Viking had reached past the Harlequin. Nearing the turning point Pantomime assumed the lead and was first round, Egeria and Viking next. The run home was very fast, but the interest of the struggle between the two leaders was spoilt by Egeria carrying away foremast just as she became a homeward-bound. Despite this she gained on the leader, but the destination of the first prize was scarcely in doubt, and Egeria took the second. Altogether it was a fine day's sailing, and had the Viking started with the others, would have been still more interesting. The schooner week was finished with the Royal London's match, yawls and schooners. The London, unlike the Thames, divide these vessels according to rig instead of size, and the classes stood—schooners, Egeria, Pantomime, Harlequin; yawls—Corisande, Hirondelle, Gertrude, Volante.

The course, as usual, was Gravesend to the Mouse and back. With a wind as near as possible a counterpart of the previous day's, but a trifle more northerly, the schooners' prize looked like going again to Mr. Starkey, but Mr. Mulholland had that morning shipped a couple of tons more ballast, and the Egeria showed her due appreciation of the attention by winning the rubber. She commenced well by getting her canvas up at a marvellous rate, and entering Sea Reach, was leading the fleet gallantly, *Pantomime* and *Volante* following at a respectful distance; next were the other yawls all of a heap, and the *Harlequin* rearguard. Near the Ovens, *Corisande* was drawing up to *Volante* when the bowsprit went, and she was of course out of it. The rest bowled gaily along, Gertrude taking third place from *Volante* below the Chapman, and at the Mouse, where there was still two hours' good abb, they rounded—Egeria five minutes ahead of *Pantomime*, Gertrude and *Volante* next. Vice-Commodore Earle (whose description would more appropriately be Acting-Commodore, as he has so efficiently fulfilled the duties of nautical Generalissimo to the Royal London) did not run the steamer all the way down, being determined if possible to be in at the death; and as the yachts were going about as fast as the Club boat, that took some doing. On the homeward voyage *Pantomime* decreased the gap until above Southend, when Egeria, getting out a spinnaker, went away again and took the first prize easily, *Pantomime* second. Amongst the yawls, Gertrude won easily from the old *Volante*, which took Mr. Ashbury's prize of a 'pony.' On the same day the Ranelagh brought off their first match of the season among small boats, from Erith round the Chapman and back. There was a large entry, and, after a close race, *L'Erie* (Major Lenon) won the first, and *Zephyr* (Mr. D. West) the second prize, while Mabel and *Keepsake* took the prizes in the second class.

If the Royal Thames were unfortunate with their schooners and yawls this was most amply atoned for by the success which attended their Channel Match, from the Nore to Dover. The entry was the best got together this year, consisting of schooners, *Pantomime*, *Gwendolin* (Major Ewing), *Cambria* (Major Walker), *Viking*, *Egeria*, *Morna* (Mr. W. Houldsworth), *Zoe* (Mr. Pitcher); yawls—*Corisande*, *Hirondelle*, *Dauntless*, *Florinda*, *Lufra* (Mr. J. Houldsworth); cutters—*Ormara* (Mr. J. Wyllie), *Héroïne* (Mr. Johnstone), *Iona*, *Banshee*, *Norman*, and *Fiona*. *Iona* led the way until past the West Oaze Buoy, when representatives of the rival rigs *Gwendolin* and *Florinda* took her place, and, as the day advanced, the bigger ships got the pull of their size and came to the fore. In a long match of this character we cannot, of course, go into half the vicissitudes of the struggle; suffice it to say that, after some fine sailing, during the greater part of which *Iona* kept well within her time of *Fiona*, the latter was comfortably ahead at the finish, coming in second to *Florinda*, to whom the glory of the match might almost be said to attach itself, though the L. S. D. verdict was *Fiona*, 100%; *Egeria*, 50%.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'Very Midsummer Madness.'

THE season is at fever heat, the pace severe, the work tremendous. Said one of the most popular of young patricians, with a complaining sigh, in our hearing at Ascot Meeting, to some stern call of pleasure, 'really there is so much to 'do.' True, my Candidus, there is, but *noblesse oblige*, and you must do it. It does not seem to hurt you much, we must say. You thrive on field days, and magazine fixtures, regimental dinners, and half a dozen balls, polo matches, and a few race meetings. It is a life of pleasure, but also of toil; somewhat different from that of the London loungeur of a certain class that we meet with every day. What is his midsummer day's programme?

The rousing shake that certain lap dogs of other days gave themselves, we of the present generation take (say) about 11.15. Out of a bedroom more or less stuffy in the parish of St. James's, not a hundred miles from Jermyn Street, and within easy reach of Pall Mall, emerges our esteemed friend, Pawkins, highly correct man, superior double-milled-upper-middle-class swell, member of one or two clubs, nodded to by pretty women in the Row, a sure find at both operas, and known to some of the leading members of the profession; be-Pooled and be-Smalpaged to any mount, but with nothing to offend; extremely particular in making fresh acquaintances ('one never knows 'who one is speaking to nowadays,' Pawkins says); to whom noble lords say, 'How are you? Pawkins,' and an occasional countess asks to 5 o'clock tea; patronising racing rather than participating therein (he makes a point of always being seen at Ascot and Goodwood); with little brains and plenty of money, a snob but not quite a fool, Pawkins is not a bad representative man. How does he spend his midsummer day? He breakfasts in his room, and about one o'clock is at the Polyanthus, from which collection of exotics he selects one to be his companion in the Row. Pawkins is a good *flaneur*, and well up in the business, has an extensive bowing acquaintance, and knows to a nicety where to take up his position and what group to join. At luncheon at the Polyanthus, he helps to incubate the embryo scandal, and adds his stone, but in a highly genteel and regretful way, to the current cracking of reputations and characters. After luncheon, answering letters, appeals for Zoo tickets, and Horticultural 'bones.' The gorgeous Miss Fitzpannier, of Rhododendron Square, *knows* he can get her a box at the Court 'if he likes,' and Mrs. Bowker, an Upper Clapton acquaintance, who causes Pawkins to shudder (we have said he was a snob) when he sees her in the Park, wishes, on the strength of many dinners, to know whether she is ever to see 'Eugene 'Aram' or not. A *bonne fortune* or two of a mild character, in which the spelling is not everything that could be desired, completes the Pawkins' correspondence, and then he plays a tame cat *rôle* in one or two drawing-rooms until the Park calls him again, then dinner and a Bayswater ball completes his happy day. As they say at the music halls, 'this programme is subject to 'alteration;' but we think we have fairly sketched a man of the Pawkins' type. Not a very high one, but then it is, as a rule, harmless. There is, however, something more healthful, an order of the day more manly, than this. Our young men are not all effete Pawkins' loungeurs through life, with the cut of their trousers, and the dryness of their champagne, the sole things on their minds. They may not, perhaps, cultivate the brains that God has given

them quite as much as could be wished, and the *γυμναστική* has certainly had the call of the *μουσική* in their education; but, at least, they are emphatically men who, if they chase the rosy hours, can also speed the flying ball; who are good over Leicestershire pastures and in a polo scrimmage; who can out-walk a highland gillie, and tire an Alpine guide, and who at the same time could lick Pawkins' head off in a boudoir and 'leave' him in a ball room. But enough of this. Our opening remarks on the 'midsummer madness' of the season led us into a digression on the different forms that pleasing insanity takes. Let us to our muttons.

And our muttons take the horse for their chief theme; the noble animal depicted at the beginning of the month on our 'busses, with flowing mane and stamping hoof, who spurns the sawdust of the Great Sidney Circus, and attracts all London to his performances. The Horse Show was above the average, as far as weight-carrying hunters and clever ponies were concerned, but the thoroughbreds were miserable. Indeed so poor were they that, unless better entries can be attained, it would be as well to drop class 13 from the programme. Massinissa took the prize, but we fancied there was more promise about Captivator, while Major Furnival's Harkaway, though small, was a wonderful good mover. We puzzled ourselves much over a horse called in the catalogue Gonditer, until we found out he was our old acquaintance Gondolier. Mr. Sidney should keep a stud book, also a reader on the premises. The half-bred sires were very good, and we admired Fireaway the Second, who took the second prize, more than we did the wonderful red-roan, Ambition, who got the three ribbons. The chestnut's action was superior, we thought, though we were quite alive to the form and shape of the red-roan. We believe the public voice was unanimous in endorsing the judges' decision about the gold cup winner, Marmalade. A more perfect gentleman we have rarely seen and with perfect manners, and we were fortunate enough to see him jump—not that we hold Islington jumping very highly in estimation, and it was just possible Marmalade might have refused the shams of Sidney's Circus, but he did not. The jumping, as a rule, was worse than ever, and the whole exhibition, though it made the unskilful laugh, certainly made the judicious grieve. Probably we were there on a bad day, when they had out nothing but duffers, biped and quadruped, for we are unwilling to believe that the manager of the Circus had nothing better to show us than the mutton-fisted grooms who rode the blundering brutes till their mouths were half screwed off, their sides well scored, and their whole bodies one mass of lather. The falls were numerous, and the laughter and applause of the Whitsuntide crowd tremendous. A great run on the reserved seats, and those nearest the water jump much sought after. By the way, the enterprising proprietors have taken our hint about raising the prices which we gave them last year, and now demand ten shillings for front rows. We have hopes of seeing them a guinea by next year, for the people who come to such disgusting exhibitions ought to be made pay, while what ought to be done to men who, year after year, send up good horses to run the risk of having their tempers ruined, and their mouths done for, we are not quite prepared to say. Probably these unsporting acts and deeds bring their own punishment with them, and the honour of being decorated with blue, red, or green ribbons, or being highly commended, is paid for at too high a price. There are exceptions, of course; if there were not, the show would be a bear garden. There are men who can take their horses over the obstacles without bullying them, and there are horses who have made acquaintance with the sawdust of the ring before this. Marmalade was one of them, and it is to be presumed he had not been so

highly tried as some of the poor brutes, for he took his gorse and hurdles like a gentleman. Some of the four-year-old hunters were very good, and perhaps Honeycomb was about the best-looking one that ever took this prize at Islington. We have not space to go into the ponies, but we must mention Major Quentin's beautiful team with high approval, also the way in which their owner toiled them. Of course the show was a commercial success, but we were under the impression that it was instituted for higher purposes than putting money into the pockets of the Agricultural Hall proprietors. What else it does, perhaps Mr. Manager Sidney will kindly inform us.

And now all the world is thinking of Ascot; and visions of places, villas, cottages and apartments, all 'within easy distance of the course,' flit before the eyes of men and women, who, despite the excellent arrangements of the South-Western Railway, dread that double journey every day. How charming to have a nice place, say two or three miles from the course, with all appliances and means to boot; a few friends, the mistress of your heart, and your cook. Perhaps at Royal Ascot the mistress of your heart had better be out of the way; but that is an open question, which we need not discuss here. So nice, too, to make up 'sets;' to have all the pleasant people, and exclude all the undesirable ones: 'sets' in perfect unity and charity with all men, not to say women, such as Grammont, according to Tom Moore, met at Tunbridge Wells, in that roystering time

'When Tunbridge saw upon its pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay, gallant isles—

'sets' in which the rosy hours speed so cosily, and in which, again to go back to Tommy Moore,

'Every fear to slumber charmed,
Lovers are all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarmed.'

Not that we mean there was anything wrong in our Ascot coterie—oh dear, no. We were only thinking that as every one is *simpatica*, as the Italians say, in their sets, that there must be some bond of union, taste, feeling and affection—call it what you please—that makes, or ought to make, the thing perfect. Our 'set' was made up at a cottage. 'Will you come to the bower 'that I have shaded for you?' is a line that sounds familiar to us (it must be that naughty Tommy Moore has got into our head); also, 'Will you walk into 'my parlour, said the spider to the fly?' We were a fly—or, as that is slightly ungrammatical, we were one of three flies—that walked into a parlour at the invitation of a floricultural spider in those diggings, who must have been as much amused at our simplicity, as the flies were utterly crushed by the happy audacity of the spider. Of course Ascot charges are high, and racing men do not grumble thereat, but they do expect the decencies and comforts of life—we say nothing of the luxuries—for the fleecing they submit to. Our poor flies had a hardish time of it; but as they shook off the dust from their feet, they vowed that never again should a floricultural spider get them—or anybody else if they could help it—into his web. 'A cottage in a garden' has a pleasing sound—do not, however, try it at Ascot, is our earnest advice. But this is personal matter. For the rest, everything was rose colour, and perhaps we have not for some few years seen such a brilliant Ascot as on this occasion. Brilliant in every sense, wonderfully good racing, first-rate form, handsome women, distinguished men. The weather smiled—or at least it did not frown; the people were loyally enthusiastic; the railway arrangements were excellent; the police urbane, but firm; and last, though not least, the take at the Grand

Stand exceeded any former take known. Everybody was pleased. Lord Cork ambled up the New Mile on Macduff—a gallant gentleman on a good-looking horse, and Frank Goodall was worthy to follow him. By the way, the boots and breeches of some of the men in green, and men in scarlet, might have fitted better, we thought—a small matter, perhaps, to mention—but then the Royal Hunt ought to be perfection in everything. The reception of the Royal party was enthusiastic on both days of their visit, and there was not a hitch, as far as we know. But, good gracious! what are we saying? We are only thinking of the pleasurable accessories; there is another side to the shield—the business side—when Gang Forward and Kaiser met to renew their struggles, and where there was certainly a hitch of a disagreeable kind to the backers of the former, who, for reasons best known to themselves, would insist he was the best stayer of the two, forgetful of or disregarding what Mr. Clark said after the Two Thousand, that directly the two horses had passed the chair, Kaiser's head was in front. The race for the Prince of Wales' Stakes was a fine sight, but from the moment they entered the straight, the much vaunted 'better stayer of the two,' who the talent also said would 'get up the 'hill so much better than Kaiser,' was seen to be going not quite as his backers could wish, and, as he neared the Stand, had evidently found the hill too much for him, and was rolling about from distress. Kaiser, on the other hand, when Maidment called upon him, answered most generously, and won by a head amidst wonderful excitement. Gang Forward was fairly tried then, and found wanting. There were no 'collisions;' he had not been 'interfered with;' nor had he 'come on his head;' all, or some of which had happened to him, it was said, in the Derby. We willingly give him the 'collisions,' but we think it must now be admitted he could not have won if he had had the course to himself. It ought to have been remembered, too, that at Epsom he ran in difficulties for some way, and that only his gameness made a dead-heat of it. However, his backers would listen to none of these things, and laid 5 to 4 on him with great determination. Of course the result shows what two thoroughly honest and reliable horses we have in the pair, for they have always been together over the distances they have hitherto run; but we know which we should stand over a Cup course, supposing they meet on one. It was curious, after seeing this race—and seeing it, too, without that prejudice of 'the money,' which seems to have such a queer effect on the eyesight, to read that 'Gang Forward finished apparently full of go;' and that 'the most bigoted partisans of Mr. Saville's crack must admit the soft impeachment that Gang Forward ought to have won!' This, we submit, is extraordinary, and shows how the money warps the judgment. As for the 'go,' every one who saw the race thought Gang Forward would have bolted into the Stand if he could; and for the rest, 'soft impeachment' is rather an unfortunate phrase. There *was* a trifle of softness somewhere, we admit; better not ask where. Mr. Saville took a much deserved benefit on the first day, and found a goodly little sum to his credit in Old Burlington Street in stakes alone. Whether he backed Kaiser for much we don't know, nor is it anybody's particular business to inquire, but we hope he did. He backed Uhlan in the Ascot Stakes though, doubtless, and was rewarded by seeing Shannon retire at the distance, her example being followed soon after by Vanderdecken, on whom Cannon did not persevere when he found pursuit hopeless, and Uhlan won in the commonest of canters. Some people thought Shannon second best, but they must have been looking through some queer glasses. That position would have been Vanderdecken's, if Cannon had liked, but he gracefully yielded the *pas* to his old horse, Houghton. The bookmakers must have fondly hugged them-

selves with the belief that the Lady Morgan filly could upset Prince Charlie over the T.Y.C., so in the Queen's Stand Plate they took 5 to 2, when in reality they might have taken 10 to 1. The way the great chestnut 'smothers' his horses is extraordinary, and in his two races—this and the All Aged Stakes—there was something almost ludicrous in the ease with which he came up the hill, apparently cantering while the others were galloping. Mr. Lefevre ought to have a racing P.C., for he always will have a cut at him, and this time it was with Blenheim and Drummond, with what effect we have intimated. Thorn rather astonished some of the talent, who insisted that a King of Trumps could not stay, by winning the Queen's Vase and beating Hannah, who looked like coming in alone, when Busby, who had been disappointed coming round the bend into the straight, brought up Thorn like a shot out of a gun, and, to Parry's horror, beat the mare by a length. Tremendous excitement among the Thornites (Yorkshire—especially the country about Scarborough and Malton—was well on); intense chagrin among the followers of the Baron. Thorn was followed into the paddock by fair women as well as brave men, and addressed in such endearing language that he was visibly affected. He is a good little horse, only he was not quite good enough to win the Cup; but this is anticipating. Wednesday was, of course, the pleasantest day of the four (it always is), and we had some good racing—not exactly close finishes, for when Kaiser and Marie Stuart meet the common herd that cannot be, and the former made such an example of His Grace and King George, and other members of the aristocracy in the 15th Biennial, as was a caution. Equally did Marie Stuart deal with Wild Myrtle and Silver Ring in the Coronation Stakes, and then the nut of the Royal Hunt Cup was presented for our cracking. There had been rumours the previous day that Lord Gough, who had become a warm first favourite, would not start, owing to his owner having such a bad price offered him. But Mr. Long is too good a sportsman to 'scratch' under such circumstances, and the horse, who had been rather shaky in the market, recovered his position under a heavy outlay on him almost at the last moment. Mr. Brayley fancied Soucar a good deal, and both he and Hermit displaced the early good thing, Wolfhall, in the quotations, while Reine and Moorlands carried each a good bit of money. Very few found a good word for Winslow, though he was seen to be wonderfully fit and well, with Fordham in the saddle. Everybody (after the race) said they fancied him immensely—had always fancied him, indeed, and fully meant to have backed him, but somehow didn't. Various and most contradictory, too, were the reports about what Drewitt said, or thought, or did. He had told this man to back him; he had told that man to leave him alone. To one party of friends he had shaken his head; to another he had given that nod which is as good as a wink to some bright intelligence. Indeed the excellent Lewes trainer must have, according to lying rumour, worn a very chameleon garment for half an hour before the race, and not kept the same mind and intentions for two minutes together. The truth was that the clever people—the analysts, the sharps, the know-alls—were so angry with themselves for not having backed the horse they all fancied so much, that they sought to make out that the race was 'a fluke,' after all. The horse, it is true, ran untried, but he was known to be a good horse, and they also must have known how he was going at home. That they brought him to Ascot and let him run loose, is not to be believed; and, indeed, we have much pleasure in stating that his owner, who is known to many a good sportsman and many a reader of 'Baily,' did back him for quite as much as he wanted, and we hope Drewitt did the same. It is also true, we believe, that Fordham would *not* back him; but

Master George is an obstinate man about horses, and if an idea gets into his head, it cannot be well removed. Winslow won easily, we consider, much to the disappointment of Reine's backers, for the mare looked like winning in a canter near home, but Winslow was full of running, and Fordham brought him with one of his rushes. Most unfair was it to suggest, as was done, that Newhouse lost the race, and that Fordham outrode him. Nothing of the sort occurred, but, as we have said before, the clever people were so savage at having missed this long-awaited for horse, that they were driven to desperation. Sugarcane again proved himself very smart indeed in the 21st Triennial, for though there were some dark ones of name and fame, especially Memorandum by Thormanby—Vergiss mein Nicht, a Heath House colt, who was one of Mat's swans—he beat the lot in a common canter. Gang Forward had pulled up so much distressed in the Tuesday's race, and had shown such unmistakable signs of having had enough of it, that the fielders fielded rather strongly in the Ascot Derby, and it was thought by some people that the time for Ascot long odds to be upset had come. But Gang Forward, if he was a little stale, did not show it in the company of Highland Laddie and Andred, for he made all the running and won in a canter.

Thursday was the biggest Cup Day on record—so testified Captain Bulkeley, Mr. Superintendent Mott; the sitters at the receipt of custom, and several other distinguished individuals, including 'The Van' driver. We could have, indeed, wished its bigness diminished, for the struggle in the Grand Stand to find one's friends was great, and for the most part ineffectual. Not a nice crowd, it seemed to us, at least on the lawn proper—or improper, if our readers prefer it—though in the charming garden at the rear things were better, and the usual agreeable luncheon parties were, we were told, as agreeable as ever. The *dégradé* colours of the Royal Enclosure were repeated here, only with a difference, the particulars of which we need not enter into, merely remarking that, while it is given to Mrs. Coningsby De Vere to look charming in a dress, the colour of which is a mixture of sage and onions and gooseberry fool, trimmed either with light blue or primrose, the same facilities are not always afforded to other faces, pretty though they be. Simply, you must have an undeniable style to carry off the atrocious colours that are now in vogue; and that lacking, why, the effect is anything but pleasing. But if the form in the Stand might have been better, outside on the green course it was very good indeed. What a gentleman Cremorne looked! and that too in a field in which were Hannah and Corisande, rather fallen from the high estate which they once held; Révigny, Eole II.—who some unfortunate tipster lately proclaimed to be the Cup horse of his year—and Flageolet, the latter a somewhat different party from what he was on the Two Thousand day. There was a great suspicion among numbers of racing men about Cremorne's staying, and as he had never been tried at this distance, it was just on the cards that he might be found wanting. But Mr. Saville never failed in the belief openly expressed, that his horse would win easily, and that it was good enough to lay almost any odds bookmakers asked for. He was a picture of condition, and rarely have we seen a horse carry so much muscle and yet not look overloaded. The Thorn party were rather sanguine, and Mr. Lefevre thought that Flageolet would find out Cremorne's weak spot—which probably might have happened, if Cremorne had one. The pace made by Hannah, was a cracker throughout, and when Maidment brought up Cremorne at the bend, or Cremorne brought up Maidment—we are not sure which—the way Mr. Saville's horse quitted his field has rarely been surpassed in the contests for the Ascot Cup. Flageolet was second, and also second best, and Corisande is not the Corisande she was, for

she soon found the pace here inconvenient for her. Thorn did not appear to such advantage as he did in the Vase, and 'the best Cup horse of his year' cantered in last, in company with Corisande. Cremorne came in, of course, for an ovation, for gentle and simple like to see such a performance as his. The sensation of the afternoon was in the New Stakes, for which event many swans have in past years been heralded by sound of trumpet, who have turned out but inferior geese after all. But this time Tom Jennings had got a *rare avis* for us in Ecossais, and how good he was, and how he had beaten Blenheim at two stone, was the theme of (racing) conversation all day. Some people shook their heads, and opined it was too good; others telegraphed to town to get on at any price, and there was a wonderful rush to see him in the paddock. Rather a coarse appearance about him, we fancied, though he has a very fine top and good limbs, with plenty of bone and substance. There could be no doubt about the way in which he won the concurrent testimony of all the jockeys in the race being, that they never saw which way he went. Directly the flag fell, he shot out from among his horses, and was half a dozen lengths ahead of them while they were settling down into their stride. He fairly romped in, and the fielders looked unutterable disgust, for the tide of battle had been against them, and, except in the Royal Hunt Cup, backers had been having the best of the game. Whether Ecossais, who is as heavily engaged a two-year-old as there is in the Calendar, and has a brilliant career before him this year, is of the stuff of which Derby winners are made, we are not called upon now to discuss. He has not the best of feet and legs, but then the Derby is 'a far cry,' and it will be time enough to be talking about it after Ecossais has won the Middle Park Plate. Friday was a day of small things, but then it generally is. We have taken all the milk and honey in the first three, and the racing is very like the aspect of the course, and the ladies' dresses flat and stale after the brilliant show that had dazzled us. The Epsom Thursday is about the most wretchedly stupid day we know, and the Ascot Friday is something like it, only Ascot cannot be entirely stupid. There is always something to amuse; and as we turned out of the spider's cottage early that morning (never again, spider! never again!) we came upon an undress rehearsal, as it were, of Ascot life. To find the Royal Enclosure occupied by the band of the A Division, discoursing eloquent music, was very nice; to find Mr. Superintendent Mott in a hat, and Mr. James Manning without his Cup Day kid-gloves, was staggering. Judge Clarke is always Judge Clarke, and he was ready to step into his box *instantly*, but every one else was more or less *en deshabillé*. Mr. Oades reclined on one of the chairs, and nodded half in approval, and half in sleep, of the band's exertions; check-takers grouped themselves on the grass; a pensive bookmaker or two leaned over the rails; and a young woman of rather prepossessing appearance, and without a bonnet, looked out of the windows of the Royal Stand. This was about 11.30; but by one o'clock it was boot and saddle with the worthy Superintendent: the C.C. had assumed his usual important air; the band were on their way to the station; the check-takers were in their box, and the bonnetless young woman had gone to her own place, wherever that was. It was a little bit of quiet Ascot life, and as such we rather enjoyed it—though we hardly enjoyed Laird of Holywell winning the Triennial, though the bookmakers, poor fellows, were glad of the sop that fell to them, for the Laird was not backed for sixpence. However, they cried out lustily after the Ascot Plate, for which Reine certainly was the best of all good things. It was odds on her, in reality, but they laid 2 to 1 at first, and 7 to 4 was to be got to the last. Scarcely anything else was backed, and the result was what an eminent and amusing member of the ring termed 'a bleeder.'

for that body. Mr. Saville thought Cremorne would walk over for the Alexandra Plate, but though he offered Lord Aylesford his second money, that noble sportsman said No, which was plucky. However, it was a foregone conclusion for Cremorne, who directly it came to galloping left Vanderdecken standing still. And then we came away before the rush, having had such a week's racing as we are not likely to see until Doncaster, and enjoyed it, and were happy—only we should have been happier if we had backed Winslow. But we will not rake up the ashes of the dead past. The moral of Winslow's win we take to be this; that while it is an excellent and admirable thing to 'wait' for a horse, and shows great acumen on the part of the 'waiter,' one must not wait too long.

Stockbridge Racecourse is a pretty racecourse, and Danebury Down was not a bad place in the days of old, when hoops were the Danebury wear, and things were made pleasant and agreeable—those rosy plunging times when, after a bad Ascot, Stockbridge was a harbour of refuge for the broken and desponding, where they could refit, and prepare to encounter Goodwood with fresh courage and a replenished exchequer. But times and seasons have changed and the hoops are gone, though there was a pale reflection of them on the course this year. The meeting could hardly be called a success, for of course the fields were not what they were, but still it was pleasant to stroll about the paddock and look at the array of beauty in the Betting Stand, which was very good this time, Gloucestershire having contributed one representative who, though only one, was in herself a host. If Tetbury and the parts adjacent produce such fair forms, what a dangerous place it must be, especially in the hunting season, when an enthusiastic friend of ours tells us that to see the said forms in the buff and blue of the Duke, is too much for the feelings. How fortunate we don't live in Gloucestershire! But the racing—well, the racing was rather mild, and, when only three runners showed for the Bibury Stakes, and Mr. W. Berill was the sole representative of the club that appeared in the pigskin, it was felt to be a very bad state of things. The race was an easy affair for Houghton; Pensioner, said to be the hope of Fyfield, in case anything happens to Gang Forward before the Leger day, cutting a most ignominious figure. There were one or two good-looking ones in the Champagne, and we thought the fillies were about the pick of the lot, Beatrix Esmond and Cherry Duchess both showing a good deal of quality. W. Goater had got a favourite, and it is not often now that Findon gives us one—a colt, by Saccharometer out of Christmas Pie, belonging to Lord Howth—a good-looking colt enough, but not such quality as the mares. It was a fine race between him and Beatrix Esmond, and we thought the latter was going to win, but she could not quite get up, though she ran like a stayer, too. Lemnos, in the same stable as the winner, had shown how good he was by the running of Brother to Dubois at Windsor, that the Fifteenth Biennial was clearly at his mercy. The Beckhampton stable, however, had such a high opinion of Rostrevor, badly as he disappointed them at Ascot, that they stood him again here, but the horse either won't try, or they had made some great matches with him, as Lemnos defeated him as easily as he had done before. The second day was a great day for the country side, and all the pretty girls, within a radius of twenty miles of the course, came to look at Imperial and Royal Highnesses in the persons of the Cæsarewitch and the Prince of Wales. Some good racing, too, for the Hurstbourne Stakes produced a field of good-looking ones, public runners and dark form. The good-looking Couronne de Fer retrieved his character in this race, and won so easily, some previous winners running so badly, that the two-year-olds begin to look all of a heap, and what we took for

swans turn out something very like geese. There is a canine auctioneer, by the way, at Stockbridge, who has before now enlivened a dull afternoon while disposing of a selling plater; but, on this occasion, when he had royalty among his audience—royalty who came to his rostrum for the special purpose of hearing him discourse—like the children, he wouldn't 'play.'

Perhaps the wheels of his chariot were not sufficiently greased, but, at all events, he did not succeed in raising a laugh, and Imperial and Royal Highness went away disappointed. Couronne de Fer achieved another remarkable triumph in the Cup, which he carried off with a 12 lb. penalty from Suleiman, Bugler, &c., with the greatest ease. So one or two of our young ones must be very good, and there must be many duffers among the rest. Time will show.

A meeting of twenty-five subscribers of the Hursley Hunt was held on Saturday, the 21st, at Winchester, when, after Mr. Pain's letter, declining to take the country, was read, it was carried unanimously that Colonel Nicoll should be the entire Master.

Some extraordinary weight-carrying horses are to be sold at Tattersall's on 3rd of July, belonging to Mr. Chandos Pole, each of them being, as the well-known Rugby dealer would say, up to 'two ton ten;' for Sampson, he himself bid Mr. Pole a very large sum of money, for a welter-weight recently deceased. Sampson's exploits in the Harborough country are well known; how he was ridden by his then owner, Mr. Douglass, against the hard riding of Mat Oldacre of Clipston, in a steeplechase, each rider being eighteen stone up. This is a well-known historical fact, and can be attested by all the Harborough and Pytchley men who went to see the race. Sampson is a sight worth seeing. The other horses are worth the attention of heavy men, for they all know their business.

What with wandering to and fro on the earth, going to those dreadful races, sale, and one thing and another, the poor 'Van' driver is a good deal cut off from town delights, but he manages to see something now and then—looks in at Prince's, has an afternoon at Hurlingham, and the other day was able to do a little Polo. It is the game this season, we think, and though Hurlingham will always be a thing of beauty in women's eyes (and it *is* a jolly place, there is no denying), there is something in Polo that to us beats Pigeons. Considering the short time that the Club has had the Lillie Bridge ground, Captain Macqueen has done much with it. The arrangements are not yet completed—for the Club Pavilion for the ladies requires some finishing touches, and the new ground taken in wants getting into order; but all this will come in time, and there is no doubt it is the place above all other spots adapted for the game. There was a very brilliant show there on the 17th, on the occasion of a match between the 9th Lancers, who had come up from York specially for it, and the Club, very good play and the best of all good company. The ladies have taken to it very kindly—(some brute of a man said, indeed, that where 'they' (the men) 'went the women were sure to come,')—but no one heeded such a gross libel), and pretty was the prattle that went on as they eat their ices and sipped their tea—lively the interest they took in a good scrimmage, and a hard-fought for goal. The Club has got a capital lot of ponies—a wonderfully good lot indeed, considering the difficulty of procuring the exact class of pony wanted for the game—very active and clever, and if they are not, they are soon taught to be. The Club is very strong, too, in men; and the gallant 9th Lancers, to whom belongs the credit and honour of being the first introducers of Polo, weren't in it with them that afternoon. The former, it is true, were on their own ground, but still there are some hard hitters among them, and they seemed to our unpractised eyes to be very good at 'backhanders.' A certain

'chicken'—so called from his diminutive stature—made one or two very successful hits of this description, at critical moments in the game; nor was a 'limb' far behind him. The 9th lost three goals right off the reel; and in the first game the way that Lord William Beresford escaped a fall, by hanging on by one eyelid and the rowel of his spur, elicited great applause. There were one or two smart contests for the goal down to the Pavilion, and very exciting they were—a struggling mass of red caps, striped jerseys, and butcher boots, the brown ones of Mr. Murietta striking us as being the correct thing, though the costume, we must say, is not becoming, and some other colours than blue and yellow on the jersey might have been found. It would puzzle even the compiler of 'Who's Who' to find out the players, so 'disguised in breeches' (as somebody said) are they. Now and then a familiar voice shouting a war cry is answered by another familiar, when fast and furious grows the fun, and there is a *mêlée* of bare arms, whirling sticks, and wheeling ponies. It must be tremendously hard work, and if a week or two of Polo did not make a man fit, we should advise his being turned up. Clearly he would never train for a big handicap.

The June events crowded so on us that really we hardly knew how to jot them down. That was not at all a bad meet in Cobham Paddocks on the 14th, on the occasion of the first sale of the Stud Company's yearlings. A very pleasant drive down on the Aldershot coach (which we are sorry to hear on its own ground has not met with the support it deserves), with one 'change' at Kingston, and the apparently very steady and sober coachman, was not at all a bad thing, and the air of the Surrey commons exhilarating in the extreme. A very good luncheon at Cobham, a very good show, and a very good sale, the sum total of the latter causing the faces of Mr. Coupland, Mr. Bell, and the worthy knight of the hammer, who made such a nice little speech in opening the proceedings, to glow with satisfaction. Well-deserved, too, was the success of the new venture; for the money was put down lavishly last year at the Middle Park Sale, and the Company were blamed by many and laughed at by some, for having given the money they did for Blair Athol. But Blair Athol heads the list of winning sires now, and as Prince Charlie has shown that he is, over his own course, the wonder of modern times, or, indeed, of any times old or new—for he is, we suppose, about the speediest horse ever foaled—and as Ecosais has lately given us another specimen of what the blood of Stockwell and Blink Bonny can do, we think it must be admitted that the Stud Company did wisely in securing it. Mr. Bell had brought the yearlings up for sale in splendid condition, with not too much fat on them; and, considering the difficulties that always beset a new undertaking, and the immense amount of labour and care to be bestowed in getting things into shape at Cobham, much credit is due to that gentleman. The average—383 gs. for 34 lots—was most satisfactory, and one that has been rarely equalled, and more rarely still excelled.

Then there was an afternoon on the Dorking coach with Captain W. H. Cooper for our coachman, Mr. Scott for our cicerone, and Mr. Wallace of the Red Lion for our caterer. That was not a bad day—better than being even on Windsor racecourse we thought, charming as it is and admirably as Mr. Frail conducts that meeting. A drive through pretty scenery, with a history at every turn of the road, and anecdotes innumerable; where Leatherhead recalls John Scott, and Box Hill reminds us of many picnics and the follies of our youth. The ground between Leatherhead and Dorking is not to be surpassed for natural beauty even in the many pretty spots that lie in an area of some twenty miles round London, and the drive is just the requisite length for pleasure without the slightest fatigue. The cuisine of the Red Lion, as we

have before hinted, is good. In some back numbers of 'The Van' we mentioned that such a report had reached our ears, and now we speak from actual knowledge. Our advice to our readers is to try the Dorking coaches and the Red Lion, with Richmond at 7 lbs., and Greenwich at—let us see—a stone we think. They might, in our opinion, lay 6 to 4 on the Dorking lot and go to sleep on it.

A drive with the C. C. another afternoon (the 5th) was one more of those agreeable outings at which, though it entails on us the after-sorrow of pen and ink, we are always ready for. Such a Meet it was, too, as would perhaps have astonished our Eastern visitors, though to make them understand that an English gentleman took delight in driving himself, would have been a hopeless case we fear. The Shah, by the way, arrived too late for something he ought to have seen, Ascot and the Meets of our coaches more especially. The unprecedented number of 38 coaches turned out on the 5th, the noble President of the Club, the Duke of Beaufort, making his first appearance this season in the buff and blue. There were besides all the crack teams and the crack coachmen; Lord Paulett, Lord Worcester, Mr. Gerard Leigh, Baron Alfred Rothchild, Captain Bell, Mr. Murietta, Major Rolla, Colonel Armytage, Lord Macduff, Lord Cole, Captain Whitmore, Captain Ashton, Hon. Colonel White, Mr. Chaloner Smith, Hon. Captain Needham, Mr. Price Hamilton, and many more which to name would too much encroach on our space. The coaches never tire in the eyes of Londoners, and the Park was as usual crowded to excess. The route was down Piccadilly and St. James's Street, through St. James's Park—where the effect of the long procession of 38 was most striking—along the Buckingham Palace Road to Eccleston Square, in which place the coaches not proceeding down to the dinner at the Crystal Palace, were directed to fall out. And very gay did the same falling out make the dull decorum of the square, and the inhabitants looked on half in admiration half in doubtful acquiescence of our proceedings. That portion of South Belgravia prides itself on its eminent respectability, and we are not quite sure but that coaches are regarded by it as belonging to the fast people in this wicked world. However, the C. C. lined each side of the square (there were not above nine or ten coaches that went down to the Palace), and then one by one returned to the Park. The dinner was a pleasant one, presided over by Lord Cole, and the parade on the terrace gave great satisfaction to the visitors.

The first Annual Report of the excellent Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, agreed to at the general meeting held on May the 31st, at Albert Gate, the Earl of Cork in the chair, has been issued, and we are rejoiced to see the revenue is satisfactory, notwithstanding the Society have had some heavy calls on it during the past hunting season, rather fruitful in accidents. Eleven benefit members have received full sick pay allowance, and one, poor Tom Melrose of the Tynedale, may, it is feared, be a permanent charge on the funds. It is still much to be wished that the number of honorary members would increase; and we can hardly think hunting men have sufficiently considered the undoubted claims the Society has on them. The simplest and easiest things to do are but too often precisely the things that are not done. The annual subscription of one guinea, or the writing a cheque for a 'fiver' one would think could not be much trouble or inconvenience to the countless numbers of hunting men—but somehow it is. We were glad to see that at the meetings the services of Mr. W. N. Heysham, one of the Auditors, was heartily acknowledged; the Hon. Robert Grimston, in proposing that those office-bearers should be added to the executive Committee, paying just tribute to that gentleman's exertions for the Society. By the way, we trust we may not fall under the penalty of

'contempt of Court,' in alluding to the examination the other day of Mr. Heysham for the prosecution in a celebrated trial now pending, in which it transpired that in a certain eventuality coming to pass, the Hunt Servants' Society would benefit to the extent of 5*l*. Shall we have Chief Justice Cockburn down on us if we say we trust the Society will get it?

The distribution of prizes to the farmers and others who have reared foxhound puppies for the entries of the ensuing year is becoming everywhere the occasion of collecting a pleasant party. The dog exhibitors may have contributed in some measure to this cause of gathering, and as the foxhound is taking a prominent place as an animal of high breeding peculiar to the country, together with the high prices now given for valuable drafts, the competition for entry, and the judgment of the respective merits of the hounds, is acquiring each year in the several kennels a greater amount of interest. On Monday, May 19th, a large party assembled at the Ivybridge kennel, to inspect the entries of the year of Mr. Trelawny's hounds. The judges were the Rev. John Russell, Francis Glanville, and H. Woodley, Esqrs., well-known and experienced sportsmen, the first being the great authority of the day. Sir H. Keppel, Lord Charles Beresford, Captain Tago, J. Bulteel, C. W. Harris, J. Hawker, &c., and a large party were present. The kennels are situate on the borders of Dartmoor, the runs over the wild wastes of which give a distinctive character to the establishment. The prize hounds were:—1. Hildebrand, by Harewood from Luxury, a granddaughter of Lord Portsmouth's Lincoln by Belvoir Guider, a large hound of great symmetry and power. 2. Druid, by Washington, by Lord Poltimore's Monitor, from Diligent by Castor, from Lord Portsmouth's Dowager, an even hound, with deep shoulders and rare back and quarters. 3. Conqueror, by Mr. Garth's Conqueror from Sunbeam. This hound was out of condition, and only recovering from distemper, which has committed great ravages in the kennel. *Bitches*:—1. Rosamond; 2. Restless, two clever sisters, with quality and shape well fitted for a lead over Dartmoor; 3. Nemesis, by Tedworth Noble, from Starlight. There were also some well-shaped hounds by the Garth Conqueror, and a handsome lot from Whimsey, sister to Washington, by Mr. Parry's Tomboy. Mr. Parry's hounds have that close and eager drive which was peculiar to those of the late Mr. Drake. Lincoln also, by Tedworth Noble, from Lola, another granddaughter of Lord Portsmouth's Lincoln, was full of merit. The Portsmouth Lincoln, by Belvoir Guider, by the Drake Duster, has left his mark of worth wherever he has been used. Boxall had his hounds looking well and blooming in good summer condition, and strong for another season.

And among other things that we did in the leafy month, we one summer day dreamed a dream, not entirely of fair women, though there were a good many of them in it, too, but a sort of mixture of all pleasant and delightful things—the scent of flowers and the ripple of water, the song of birds and the clank of the wine cup, the merry sunshine and the cooling shade. We thought we were gliding on a peaceful river, bordered by green slopes and flowery banks, in a very goodly company—a court some one, we thought, said it was—and we are sure there was a queen, charming and beautiful, who had her subjects to do what they pleased, and herself set them the example. And we glided on to the soft music of women's voices (we had no other instruments), to the sound of merry jests and cheerful laughter, here and there a flash of humour, a happy saying and a happier thought, and where

'Some lay in of full-grown wit,
And others of a pun miscarried.'

And we reached, we thought, a palace—a palace in a garden, with green pleasaunces surrounding it, canopied over with arching trees, through the glades of which strolled parties of twos and threes, discoursing in undertone, and, but that it was a dream, we should have fancied we felt the touch of palm to palm, though *not* the holy palmer's kiss. And yet we thought there was one there whom we had seen in holy palmer's guise somewhere or other, 'in cocked hat and 'saddled shoon,' under the greenwood tree, or did 'Ivanhoe' get into our dream? Perhaps it did; but the scene seemed to shift, and again we were on the water, gliding down towards the sea, bound for a pleasant place where limes did grow, some one told us, and in due time we reached it—a mansion, tall and stately, which also we fancied we had seen before, and not unassociated in our dream with a prevalence of dark and light blue colours, profuse hospitality, a good deal of shouting, and a good deal of fun. And there we disembarked from our galley—for that it *was* a galley we felt convinced, though we heard something said about its belonging to a citizen—and we roamed through the rooms until we were summoned to a banquet, and this was one of the curious incidents of the dream, for the banquet seemed a reality to taste and smell, and we distinctly heard the popping of many corks. And we thought that our fair women feasted first, and that we waited duteous on them all, and that, when our time came, they in turn became our waiters. There were very many charming incidents in our dream, but this was one of the most charming. Such attentive waiters, anticipating our looks, forestalling our wishes, flying to obey our orders. Here and there it struck us that there was favouritism shown to some of those who sat at meat (especially in the matter of peas and champagne), and that secret bribery and corruption were being practised, but these instances were few, and the waiters deserved well of their country. And then there was the garden, and a swing (oh, that swing!), and broad terraces, and coffee and honeysuckle, and ices and cigars. And somehow we found ourselves in the land of Offenbach, listening to a certain serenade, not in the glare of the footlights, but in the gloaming of a summer eve, and then we were again at the swing; and there were strolls under trees, long lingering sittings on hard benches, transformed by the power of imagination (and champagne) into luxuriously stuffed sofas, and from which came sounds resembling

'The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies,'

until our queen summoned her court to embark once more, and to return to the wicked world. For we had been in our dream in a happy land all day, and the awakening was to come. Not yet, though; for there was the broad river walk, silent until we awoke it with flashes of song. It was a rich *répertoire*, and a varied, that broke the stillness of that summer night; many a murmured question, many a half-audible reply that were uttered in the pauses of melody.

And the rest *is*—silence.



